THE LITERARY DIGEST

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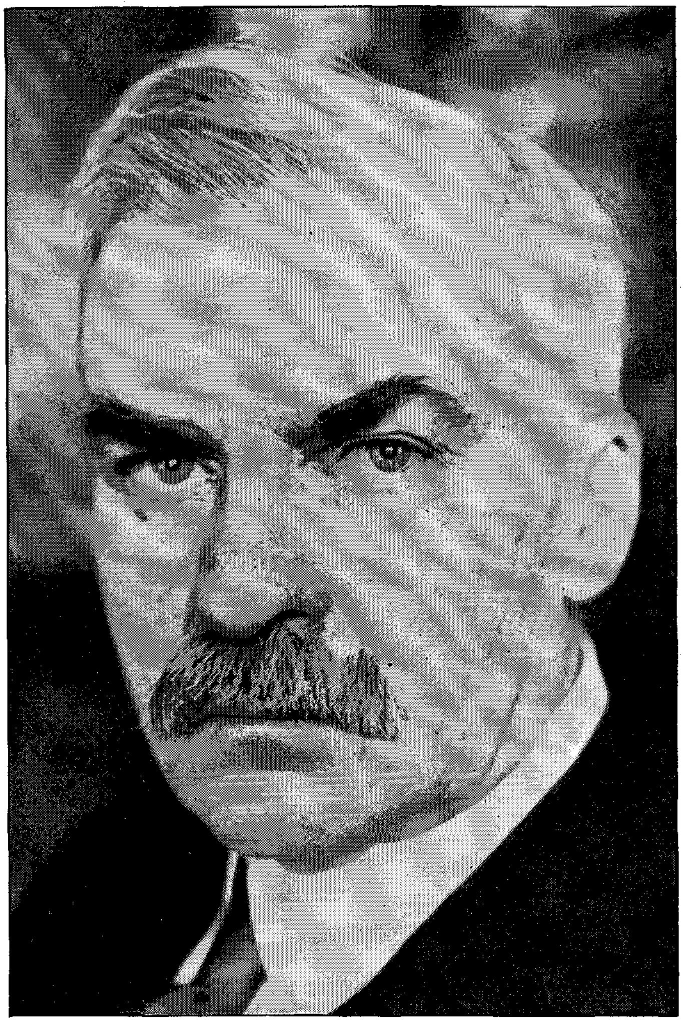
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

WALSH OUT TO BEAT SMITH

WITH THE "DRY, CATHOLIC HAT" of Thomas J. Walsh thrown into the Democratic corner of the political ring after those of Governor Smith and Senator Reed, all the political writers and editors see a hot fight in prospect at Houston. They wonder with the Kansas City *Star* whether the distinguished Senator from Montana, the exposer of oil scandals, the real hero (as permanent chairman) of that never-to-be-forgotten Madison Square Garden convention, "will develop as the outstanding dry leader, taking the place that McAdoo held with his party four years ago." Mr. McAdoo is out for Walsh, and Mr. Walsh will let his name be entered in the primaries in several States. Republicans, observes *The Nation* from its point of vantage outside the party lines, are eagerly hoping for a "three-cornered dog fight" in the Democratic camp. The Chicago *Evening Post* sees "a glorious shindig" ahead, being absolutely certain that if Smith, Walsh and Reed "stay in the race until the delegates assemble, there will be a pretty ruction at Houston before anything is decided."



Acme News Picture

DEMOCRAT, WESTERNER, DRY, CATHOLIC

Senator Thomas J. Walsh's dramatic entrance into the political ring as candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination adds mightily to the complications of the pre-convention campaign.

"Henceforth, more than ever, the Presidential preference campaign will be a game of batter-the-leader," predicts the Wichita *Eagle.* This Walsh candidacy "is going to cause a lot of grief in certain quarters," the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.) thinks, and Henry Suydam, Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, agrees so far as to say that the announcement that Senator Walsh would be a candidate did not put the Washington supporters of Governor Smith in a very happy mood. The point is, as the Kansas City *Star's* Washington correspondent puts it, that "Democratic lines are beginning to stiffen against Governor Al Smith of New York." As this writer explains:

> "The program is to raise Prohibition as the big issue against 'Al' and to launch a concentrated and intensive drive against him in both South and West. Senator Walsh, besides being an ardent champion of Prohibition, is a Catholic, and the drys believe this eliminates completely the taint of Ku Kluxism and religious intolerance from their fight on Governor Smith and will enable them to get the wet issue squarely before the party."

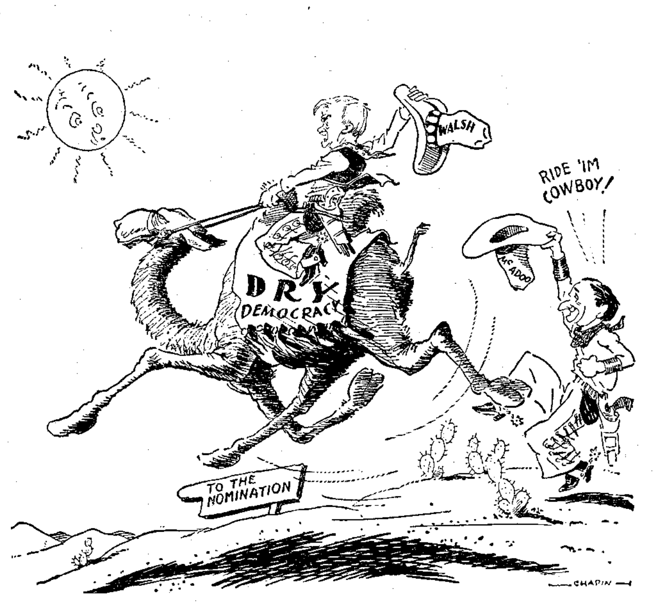
At the outset Senator Walsh entered only the contests in California, South Dakota, and Wisconsin, but the plan, so the writer for *The Star* understands, "is to push his candidacy in all the mountain States, and even into the South." Thus the Democrats have this three-way fight in prospect: "Smith, standing out as a wet candidate, for, under fire of the drys, it will do him no good to back up on the issue; Senator Reed, wearing a wet label, but demanding that the party ignore Prohibition as not a party question, and Walsh, standing as a bone-dry." This, we are told, is bound to mean trouble for Smith.

And yet, continues the correspondent for the Missouri newspaper, Governor Smith certainly has not been blocked yet, "despite the manifest stiffening of the ranks opposed to him". We are informed that:

> "Smith, as his friends view the situation, still has better than an even chance at the nomination.
>
> "He will come to the convention with the East almost solid, splitting the Middle West and the Far West, but with only Louisiana for him from all the Southern States.
>
> "The greater part of the Smith strength to-day is built on the theory that if he is not named, the Democrats might as well close shop for the campaign, while if he is, the party will have a chance of sweeping the wet East, and winning.
>
> "So while all the maneuvers against Smith are causing increasing concern and worry in his camp, yet, in the last analysis.

his adherents believe the opposition will not go the limit against him and risk the certain feud that would ensue."

The announcement of the Walsh candidacy was made on March 2. The report first came from California that the McAdoo leaders in that State would present Walsh, and that a slate of Walsh delegates, including William G. McAdoo, would be entered in the primaries, and that they would constitute "a solid and unbroken phalanx of dry, progressive, anti-Tammany, Woodrow Wilson Democrats." When Mr. Walsh was asked about it, he admitted that he had allowed the use of his name in Wisconsin, South Dakota, and California, in each case merely assenting "to the plans of friends." He says he has no campaign plans and will stick to his duties in Washington—"if my services to the party have been such as to entitle me to consideration in connection with the Presidency, I dare say the rank and file are not ignorant of the fact." But some Democratic leaders, writes Mark Sullivan in one of his New York *Herald Tribune* dispatches, feel that "if Walsh would make a Western speech-making trip, such as Reed's present one, he would sweep the West much more successfully than Reed can."



SAHARA LIMITED

—Chapin in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

A recent United Press dispatch carries an interview with Senator Walsh in which he informally outlines his platform. The Senator would seek to bring about a radical change in our attitude toward and our relations with foreign nations, believing that no nation now bears us "any particular good-will." He thinks this is due first of all to our refusal to cooperate with them through the League of Nations, and next to "our insistence on the payment of the debts due from our late Allies, while raising up prohibitive tariffs which make it impossible for them to pay." But farm-relief is set down as the paramount issue, and Senator Walsh thinks that such relief can come only from tariff reduction, and tariff reduction can come only through the Democratic party, for "the Republican party never lowers the tariff." Senator Walsh is a dry; he believes the country is dry, and that there is no reason why Prohibition should enter into the campaign. And, altho the Montana Senator's national reputation is based on the oil scandals, he does not stress them in his platform, regarding them as merely an incident in a greater struggle "between the influential few, eager for special privileges, and the mass seeking only a free and equal opportunity to work out their temporal salvation."

Now comes the question: "How seriously are we to take the candidacy of Senator Thomas J. Walsh for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency?" The question is phrased by the Boston *Herald*, and it seems to express a wide-spread wonder It is too soon to look for any answer in political occurrences. The only one of the kind is the endorsement of Smith over Walsh by the Democratic State Convention in South Dakota, by an extremely close margin; the primaries are still to be held. Senator Walsh is naturally strong in his own State of Montana, but his announcement is so late that certain correspondents doubt whether he will be able to overtake the Smith movement there J. Bruce Kremer, the State National Committeeman, is said to be for Smith. As for Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Mr. Walsh's colleague, correspondents differ, some saying he favors Smith, others that he will support Walsh.

So the only place to look for an answer to the Boston *Herald's* question is in the utterances of the editors and political writers who are giving careful study to the Walsh candidacy. Quoting first from correspondents impressed with the seriousness of the Walsh boom, we find John A. Livingstone of the Raleigh *News and Observer* reporting the optimism of Democratic drys who feel "the entry of Senator Walsh certainly means that Governor Smith will get few votes from Western States," and who generally agree that the "Walsh entry put Smith back to the starting-point of 1924." Richard V. Oulahan, of the New York *Times*, credits Mr. Walsh with many valuable political assets. In the first place, the Senator stands out "as the champion of the Prohibition cause." Then there may be added "the fact that he is a Western man, which makes a strong appeal to that part of the country, and the services he has rendered in exposing the corruption involved in the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills Naval Reserve leases." "He appeared to many Democrats as an attractive figure as permanent chairman of the Madison Square Garden convention." Taking all these things into consideration, Washington politicians, we are told, concede that they are impressive assets in a candidate for the party's highest honors. It seems most significant to Ulric Bell of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that the Walsh undertaking "comes at a time when the revived Teapot Dome investigation again is at a peak of interest"—

> "Walsh at last has wrung out the fact that even while Will H. Hays, former Republican National Chairman, was hiding the full facts when testifying in 1924, the National Committee at that time was in possession of large sums in bonds handed over by H. F. Sinclair, the branded chief figure in the corruption case.
>
> "Going on the theory that the whole oil scandal dated back to dickerings done in smoke-filled rooms at the 1920 Chicago convention, Walsh and his associates have established through Hays's latest testimony that $160,000 of Sinclair's money, in bonds, went to wipe out the 1920 campaign deficit in 1923 when preparations were being made for the 1924 Coolidge campaign. It also has learned that at least $5,000 was contributed to the Coolidge campaign by Harry M. Blackmer, one of the principals in the weird Continental Trading deal, a fugitive even then from the investigators. In bringing out these facts, Walsh has made it obvious that in 1924 President Coolidge was the beneficiary of Hays's deceptive original testimony.
>
> "Teapot Dome revelations made no impression on the voting public in 1924. Perhaps the average cerebrum still resists the facts. But 1928 is held by the Walsh claquers to be 1928 and not 1924, and Walsh to be a more deserving leader of a crusade against corruption than Jim Reed, who is now basing his own hopes on the preachment that this, and not Prohibition, is the issue."

Editorial recognition of Senator Walsh's personal qualifications for the Presidency and of the political importance of his boom appears in the columns of independent papers like the Washington *Post*, Washington *News*, and Springfield *Republican*. If he were nominated, declares the Troy *Record* (Rep.), "it would take the best Republicanism possesses to hope to defeat him."

Turning to the papers of Mr. Walsh's own party, we find *The Daily Oklahoman* (Dem.) in Oklahoma City calling attention to the shrewdness of the introduction of Walsh, and the peculiar

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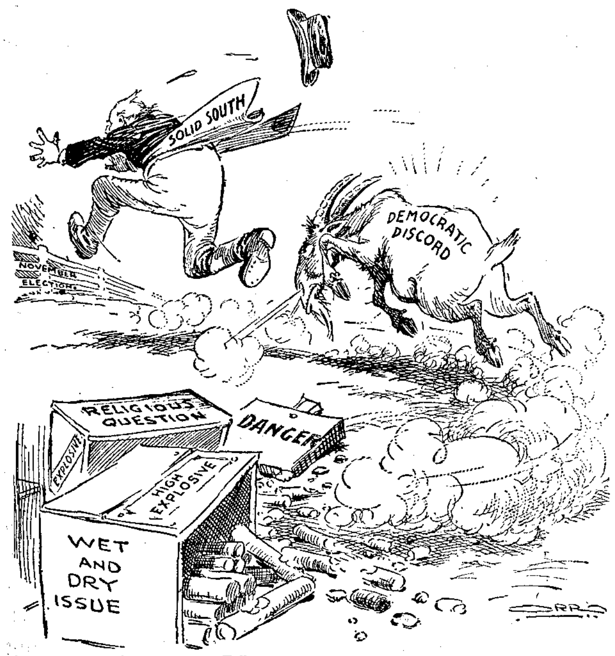

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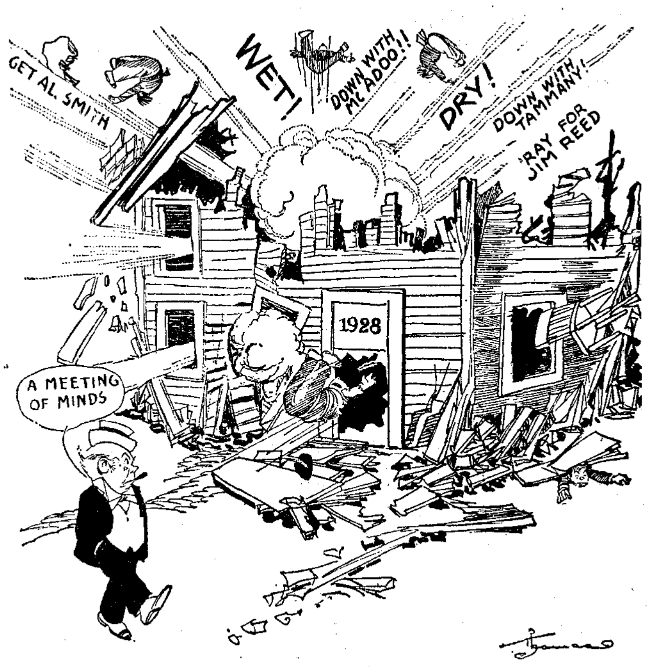
HE'S BEEN EATING DYNAMITE

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.


GET AL SMITH
WET!
DOWN WITH McADOO!
DRY!
DOWN WITH TAMMANY!
'RAY FOR JIM REED
1928
A MEETING OF MINDS

DEMOCRATS PUTTING THEIR HOUSE IN ORDER

—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

PREDICTIONS OF A LIVELY TIME AT HOUSTON

erit of his candidacy: “More than any other candidacy that as been projected it opens the way for a straight-out, clean-cut ecision between the forces of Prohibition and the forces of beralism, without any of the complicating embarrassments of ligious prejudice and bigotry.” And in the East the Boston *lobe* pays tribute to Mr. Walsh's qualifications in a long leading ditorial, noting in particular his record in the Senate as an nvestigator and as “the ablest constitutional lawyer in that ody.” *The Globe* admits certain weaknesses of the Walsh movement, but concludes that “such an opponent will compel the mith forces to fight harder than they expected they would eed to.”

Similarly in the South there is Democratic inclination to take Valsh seriously. The other candidates, says the Jacksonville *ournal*, will find in him “a formidable foe, and the Democrats eed not be ashamed of him if he is nominated.” “Walsh will be igorously supported,” declares the Nashville *Banner*, which, owever, is inclined to look for a deadlock and the eventual omination of Cordell Hull of Tennessee. The Tampa *Tribune* hinks “it will be difficult to conceive of a more ideal nominee han Senator Walsh.” The Charlotte *Observer* ventures the pinion that “Walsh is a stronger man with the people than is mith.” “If the rank and file were left free to pick their candidate, the leaders would have a hard time beating the fighting Senator from Montana for the Democratic nomination this year,” the Winston-Salem *Journal* tells us. The Raleigh *News and Observer* rejoices to see Walsh in the field:

> “He has ability, he has courage, he has a record that is a platform in itself. If Walsh shall be the candidate, no matter what is written by the platform makers, the people will read it to mean: ‘Thou shalt not steal!’—oil or anything else, directly or by legislation favoring any class or any individual.”

This North Carolina daily, owned by ex-Secretary Josephus Daniels, enlarges upon Walsh's strength as a dry and quotes the North Carolina *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) of Greensboro, as saying: “A great Roman Catholic citizen and statesman like Senator Walsh would be an acceptable candidate to Protestants.”

But right here in the predominatingly dry and Protestant South we find some of the papers taking a far less favorable view of the Walsh boom. For instance, the Montgomery *Advertiser* does “not see much promise in the Walsh candidacy for the Destroy-Smith-or-Bust wing of the Democratic party”:

> “Where the much more flashy and spectacular McAdoo failed, we do not see how the able but somewhat ponderous Walsh can succeed.
>
> “Senator Walsh undoubtedly will receive some votes from Southern delegations. But no delegate from the South who is afraid of the sentiment which made the Klan possible will vote for Walsh, Prohibition or no Prohibition.
>
> “Even if the Democratic South were solidly against Smith—which it positively is not—Walsh could not hope to be the undisputed beneficiary of the situation. The anti-Smith delegates from the South will never unite on him.”

Walsh's candidacy will not stir any ardor in the South, explains the Macon *Telegraph*, “because the favorite-son movement is so far advanced as to make it impossible for Southerners who might follow McAdoo to turn back upon what they have already done.” In Richmond neither *The News Leader* nor *The Times Dispatch* takes Senator Walsh's boom seriously, the latter observing that “he lacks the national support which must come to a winner.” Admitting that “Thomas J. Walsh is one of the strongest and best Democrats in America,” the Charleston *News and Courier* says:

> “The facts are, nevertheless, that a wet Democrat this year, that is to say Governor Smith, would probably be elected President and a dry Democrat would be defeated. Governor Smith would carry New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, probably Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Illinois, Wisconsin, and would have an excellent chance in Pennsylvania. There are those who believe that Pennsylvania could not be held in line by the Republicans against Smith, stronghold of the Republican party tho it be.
>
> “*The News and Courier* is not especially interested in the candidate. It is interested in the November election. It would not have the Democratic party swamped for the sake of Prohibition or any other issue. Smith can win. Therefore *The News and Courier* is for Smith.”

Before we leave the South, attention must be called briefly to a casual remark which Senator Walsh made in debate a while ago, and which Clinton W. Gilbert of the New York *Evening Post* says “would make it impossible for him to ever be a candidate for President, if there were any likelihood of his being

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is manufactured from the Trochus shell? (p. 19).
2. What nations have told their war stories officially in films? (p. 27).
3. How is Joseph Pensendorfer, ex-convict, helping his fellows? (p. 28).
4. When did baseball first become popular in Japan? (p. 41).
5. In what European country is an Anti-Political Union at work? (p. 17).
6. Who are the three greatest masters of Spanish art? (p. 24).
7. What is Jai Alai, and where is it now popular? (p. 54).
8. Can river water ever be hygienically safe without treatment? (p. 22).
9. What and where is the greatest coral reef in the world? (p. 19).
10. How much German property did we seize during the war under the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act? (p. 12).
11. Do stars ever "explode"? (p. 22).
12. Can any minister, with a wife and two children to support, be expected "to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way" on $1,000 a year? (p. 30).
13. What two famous London newspapers were lately merged? (p. 18).
14. In what sport was "Cap" Anson a popular idol? (p. 62).
15. In what European country is a movement under way to eliminate all politicians? (p. 17).
16. How may sea-waves be made into money-making agencies? (p. 20).
17. What is the most important marine industry in Australia? (p. 19).
18. What service did "emergency officers" render during the war? (p. 14).
19. What large fish is sometimes called a "sea-tiger"? (p. 66).
20. For what are Viscount Rothermere and the Berry brothers famous in England? (p. 18).
21. In what respect does the speed-boat *Fantail* differ from other craft? (p. 50).
22. Of what did our war-confiscated German property consist? (p. 12).
23. Who recently broke the world's indoor pole-vault record? (p. 60).
24. What Eastern railways are almost exclusively using all-steel cars? (p. 21).
25. What philosopher, who recently visited America, disapproves of prize-fights? (p. 56).

nominated by the Democrats." Mr. Gilbert refers to the fact that, in discussing the Senate's right to bar members submitting credentials, he spoke of members-elect of Congress who had participated in the Civil War and were thus "technically guilty of treason," and he spoke of the Civil War as the "Rebellion." Several papers agree that this means that the South would turn down Senator Walsh. "As a politician he must be hopeless," remarks the Asheville *Times.*

Coming North we find the Democratic Providence *News,* Hartford *Times,* Brooklyn *Eagle,* and New York *Times* refusing to take the Walsh boom seriously. The Philadelphia *Record* dismisses him on account of his age—Senator Walsh will be sixty-nine on the 12th of June, and if elected would be the oldest President ever to assume office. The same point is made by the Brooklyn *Citizen,* which adds that he is too radical to be elected President in a country "in which business is so powerful," and that because he is a dry he is unacceptable to New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, while being at the same time "persona non grata" among Southern Democrats because of his creed. The Chicago *Journal* thinks his candidacy can not receive serious consideration, because its evident purpose is to defeat another candidate. In Arizona *The Star* of Tucson sees McAdoo merely bringing up Walsh to get Smith out of the way, and then intending to secure the Walsh vote for himself.

In Senator Walsh's own State of Montana, the Helena *Independent* declares that the State party leaders are for Smith, and that "the Walsh candidacy means a divided Democratic party." Another Democratic paper in Montana, the Great Falls *Tribune,* gives us this summary of Montana's attitude toward the political ambitions of its senior Senator:

> "Montanans, irrespective of party, believe Senator Thomas J. Walsh would make a great President of the United States. Most of them would be proud to vote to place him in that office. But there are many, even in his own party, who doubt his ability to carry those Eastern States that are essential to Democratic national success.
>
> "The situation here as it relates to Governor Smith and Senator Walsh differs from that in the East and South. It is expected that Montana's delegation to Houston, which will be elected in State convention in May, will be composed of men who are friendly to both Senator Walsh and Governor Smith; men who will vote for Walsh so long as they believe he has a reasonable chance of winning the nomination, then for Smith in the conviction that he is the best vote-getter the party has.
>
> "Treasure State's Democrats are proud of Senator Walsh. They believe him in every way qualified for the Presidency and they will be pleased to offer him for that position, but not if it means a repetition of the fight that marked the New York Convention."

And among independent and Republican papers all over the country we find a tendency to speak highly of Mr. Walsh, but not seriously of his candidacy. Among such dailies are the San Francisco *Bulletin,* Milwaukee *Journal,* St. Louis *Star,* Detroit *News,* and Syracuse *Post-Standard.* As the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) sees it, "the Walsh candidacy appears to represent the last gasp of the anti-Smith forces." Almost the same phrase is used by George Van Slyke, political writer for the New York *Sun,* who dismisses Southern opposition to Smith with the remark, "the South does want those postmasterships." The majority of the party leaders, declares W. W. Jermane of the Seattle *Times,* are openly or secretly for Smith "and expect him to be nominated; they will discourage the Walsh candidacy because of its divisive implications." This, we are told, means that Mr. Walsh's candidacy "will peter out." Frank R. Kent of the Baltimore *Sun* is likewise convinced that Senator Walsh will get nowhere in the convention. Finally, we note Robert Barry, of the New York *Evening World,* declaring that in accepting the patronage of William G. McAdoo, Senator Walsh "has hitched his Presidential hopes to the tail-end of an eclipse." Those opposed to Governor Smith have now available, we read on, two outstanding "Democratic Senators of unchallenged ability and undisputed eminence":

> "Walsh of Montana, a Catholic teetotaler.
>
> "Reed of Missouri, a Protestant, wet in principle and practise.
>
> "Will they repudiate their religious bigotry by going along with McAdoo in support of Walsh?
>
> "Washington will bet a million to one they will not.
>
> "Failing, they have one alternative.
>
> "Will they admit their opposition to Smith is not on account of his wetness but his religion?
>
> "There is the candidacy of Senator Reed. Will they espouse it?
>
> "Washington will bet they will not.
>
> "The situation, it thus appears, far from operating to the disadvantage of Governor Smith, seems to Washington observers to enable him to sit back and enjoy a hearty laugh. For the moment, at least, the drinks seem to be on the 'cawn belt.'"

THE "HOLY WAR" IN ARABIA

ABDUL AZIZ IBN SAUD, Sultan of Nejd, King of Hedjaz, and master of the holy Moslem cities of Mekka and Medina, seems to have chosen a ripe moment in which to loose his fanatical Wahabi tribesmen against the mandated British territories on his northern borders. For Great Britain just now is wrestling with embarrassing problems in India, where the Simon commission is snarled up in a boycott, in Egypt, where the Government has fallen because of its refusal to sign a treaty of alliance with Britain, and in Persia, where the Foreign Office is encountering snags in a number of important negotiations. Furthermore, the correspondents remind us, the Arabs in Palestine are looking forward to a chance to shake off the British in order to be able to deal in their own way with the Jews who have settled there since the end of the World War.

In explaining his move against Koweit, Irak, and Transjordania, King Saud is quoted as saying that "the infidels" in those States "must be brought back to the faith by the sword." This suggests to many journalistic observers the possibility that the "holy war" thus launched by Ibn Saud may be the spark from which a widespread conflagration will develop. In some quarters, we are told, Saud's latest activities are interpreted as the beginning of a drive on Damascus and the realization of Pan Islamism.

The Arabian territory of which Ibn Saud is already overlord, altho containing only some two million inhabitants, has an area as large as that of England, France and Germany combined. Concerning Saud himself, the Boston *Globe* tells us:

"He has long been recognized in London as one of the major threats to British imperial peace. In fact, for some years England paid him an annual tribute of $300,000 to keep him quiet. Discontinuance of the British subsidy may be partly responsible for his policy at present.

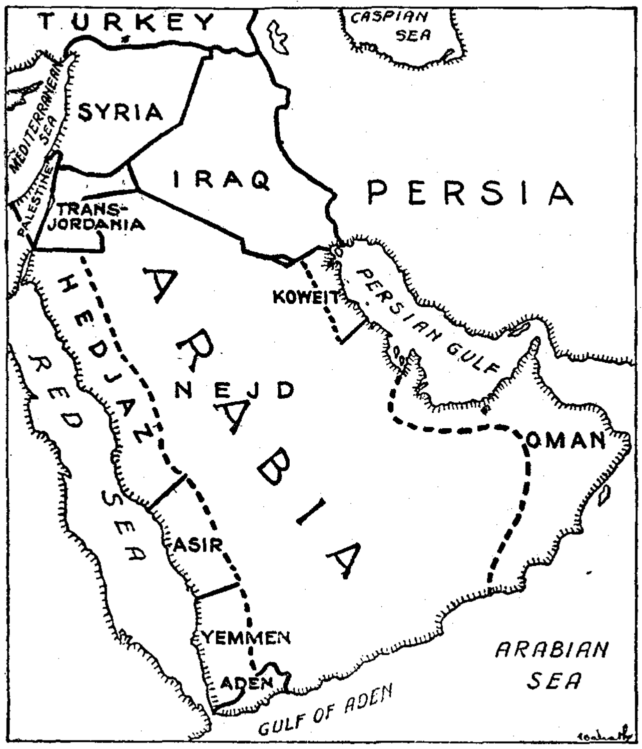
"This astute Arabian raider has already given the British Foreign Office much to think about. It was he who gathered the Wahabi tribes, not long ago, and smashed the British ruler, Hussein, King of the Hedjaz, driving him from Arabia into exile, and completely disrupting British policy. When England named two of Hussein's sons to the thrones of Irak and Transjordania, Ibn Saud was only kept from taking the field against them by bribes. For the leader of the Wahabis considers these two Kings abominations, not only in native policy in the Near East, but in religious matters as well. They represent to him 'Westernization.' Also, they represent religious backsliding from the pure faith of the prophet. And, it so happens, Ibn Saud is a Moslem Puritan. He belongs to a tribe, the Wahabis, who consider it their mission to restore the pristine faith of Mahomet; to rid it of the outgrowths of cult and dogma that have appeared through the centuries. Ibn Saud is a Cromwell of the deserts. He and his religious dreams have adherents—and enemies—in every Eastern land where Islam claims worshipers.

"His present holy war derives from this religious purpose. As keeper of the holy city, he declares he has wasted time enough trying to persuade backsliding Moslems to return to the virile faith of their fathers. He will now try the sword—or rather the machine-gun, rifle, bomb, and knife—to convert them. Recently his raiders gave evidence of their method by exterminating a small tribe that had failed to return to Islamic fundamentalism."

Acme News Picture

HE DEFIES THE BRITISH EMPIRE

King Ibn Saud, who with an army of 20,000 Arabs, has attacked territories under Great Britain's protection.



From the New York *Times*

WHERE A LITTLE WAR MAY FLAME INTO A BIG ONE

Enumerating some of the possible repercussions that may follow Saud's move, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:

"Irak lies on the borders of Persia and is coveted by Turkey. Not so very long ago it looked as if the Turks might fight for its possession. This difficulty was got over. But who can tell what might happen in the event of a Moslem invasion from the south? East of Irak and north of Arabia is Syria, for which France holds a mandate and where serious difficulties already have arisen. If Ibn Saud succeeds in stirring all the Arab tribes to the fighting pitch, it will be like dropping a match in a powder magazine. The Arabians have never become reconciled to the creation of a Jewish State in Palestine, where they are in a majority. They feel that they have been discriminated against in favor of the Jews. The Palestinian Arabs are not Wahabis; but, nevertheless, they are probably open to the propaganda of Wahabism.

"Too much stress need not be laid, however, upon the ability of Ibn Saud to start a 'holy war.' The Moslem world is far from united, as indeed the overthrow of Hussein showed. But the Wahabis hope for the rise of a great Moslem State, which will crush Western civilization within its borders and unite the followers of the Prophet from Central Asia to Morocco. Were this possible, all the work of the European Powers in giving force to Western ideals through this vast territory would be undone. And the repercussions elsewhere would be tremendous. Persia, a country which has the possibilities of a successful future, might be badly disorganized, and India would experience a more profound unrest than ever."

HUNGARY DEFIES THE LEAGUE

THE TANGLED STATE OF AFFAIRS in central Europe is revealed to a number of American newspapers by the recent stir, particularly at Geneva, over what a Sherlock Holmes might call "The St. Gothard Affair." It is the first case that has arisen under the system whereby the League of Nations was charged with authority to maintain the disarmament provisions of the peace treaties, observes John Gunther, in a Geneva dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, and it is important, thinks this political writer, because not only is the prestige of the League deeply involved, "but actually the whole question of disarmament in Europe." Opinion throughout France and the Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Roumania—says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, considers that Hungary has defied the League in the St. Gothard matter, and that she would not dare do this unless she felt sure of Italy's backing. "There can be no underestimating the seriousness of the episode," agrees the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, "for the St. Gothard affair involves the good faith, not merely of Hungary, but of Italy." As this paper summarizes the situation:

> "Five car-loads of machine-guns made up a shipment originating in Italy, and ostensibly destined for Poland. They were seized on the Austro-Hungarian border at St. Gothard. Altho labeled agricultural machinery, the guns were Austrian war material surrendered to Italy at the close of the war. Poland denied any connection with the matter. There seems to be no doubt that the guns were intended for Hungary.
>
> "Now, the importation of arms is forbidden by the Treaty of Trianon. With the removal of direct military control, the League has assumed the obligation of keeping Germany and Hungary disarmed. But within the League there is division of opinion. Italy would naturally prefer to have the case dropt. Germany is inclined to let things drift. France is all for making an example of Hungary, both because that would be good medicine for Germany and because Paris is favorable to the Little Entente.
>
> "Yet, if ever there was need for the League to express itself in unmistakable and aggressive terms, the emergency is at hand. Just as soon as the Hungarians heard of the League Council's intention to deal with the episode, they scrapped the guns, destroying all marks of identification, and selling the junk at auction. This was done in the teeth of a request from the president of the League Council to stop the sale of the incriminating evidence.
>
> "The League has been placed in a humiliating position by the Hungarian authorities. Unquestionably Hungary has defied it, and unquestionably the rough Italian hand of Mussolini is behind the objectionable transaction and Hungary's subsequent arrogance. Without that support, Hungary would never have dared to be so devil-may-care.
>
> "The special difficulty in the situation is due to the fact that Italy is involved in the incident. Hungary can be told to behave and can even be disciplined for the sake of common welfare. But it is a different matter with Italy, dominated by a dictator who might renounce his country's affiliation with Geneva in preference to admitting its contribution to the ugly business.
>
> "Mussolini's consistent policy has been that of 'rubbing salt into . . . Europe's post-war wounds.' His treatment of the Germans living in the South Tyrol has, in spite of his efforts to suppress the information, become knowledge as the result of outbursts in the Austrian National Assembly. Italy is there, repeating the stupid tyranny of which Germany was guilty in Alsace and Lorraine. Every conceivable method of making Italians of an alien people is being employed. It is not surprizing that even the dispirited Austrians are protesting vigorously against the inhumanity of such a course. The hour has come for the concerted opinion of Europe to halt the ruthlessness of Mussolini's dictatorship."

If, as the Alabama paper maintains, the machine-guns—enough to equip forty-five regiments—were old Austrian arms, delivered to the Italian Government after the World War, then, say European correspondents, it is hardly possible that the shipment came from some Italian dealer in arms. The only other source, points out the Indianapolis *News*, was the Italian Government, "and the secret recipient was the Hungarian Government." Critics stress what they term the evasive course of Premier Bethlen, of Hungary, and the announcement from Italian official sources that the shipper of the consignment can not be found. Nor has any one else claimed the shipment of machine-guns. "Altho marked for Poland," explains the Newark *News*, "it is evident that the guns were intended for Hungary, otherwise the Hungarian Government would have sent them on to Poland, putting the responsibility of an explanation on the Polish Government." The attempt of Hungary to make it appear that the machine-guns were en route to Warsaw, agrees the Detroit *Free Press*, "was ridiculous, since Poland is free to import arms from any country." Continues the Detroit paper:

> "Premier Mussolini undoubtedly wants the matter forgotten, for was not Italy one of the Powers signatory to the Trianon Treaty? As for the Budapest Government, Premier Bethlen decided to destroy the evidence before the League investigators could examine it. He had the machine-guns unloaded and sold at auction to junk dealers. Meanwhile he is busy at Geneva trying to avert a League inquiry.
>
> "To say the least, Count Bethlen selected a curious method for proving Hungary's innocence. If he were as guiltless as he says he is, he might have left the shipment intact for the Council's scrutiny. The presumption is, therefore, that his government was guilty of treaty violation. That the Hungarians should be arming secretly is a revelation calculated to disturb the peace of mind of Europe. But even more serious is the knowledge that Italy should have served as the source of supply for war weapons."

In the opinion of a North Carolina paper, the Asheville *Citizen:*

> "The friends of Hungary regret the grave mistake which she is making. It is a blunder for Hungary to try to smuggle in arms. She can not possibly equip herself adequately for fighting, and the effort to do this merely exposes her to fresh danger. Having been caught in the very act of smuggling, it is a more serious error still for Hungary to taunt and defy the League of Nations. Of course, it may prove embarrassing to the League, but if that should turn out to be the case, so much the worse for Hungary.
>
> "It would have been a much wiser course for Count Bethlen to have acknowledged at once the smuggling of the machine-guns into Hungary and to have exprest his country's regrets. That would probably have ended the whole matter. Persistence in the present policy might well alienate from Hungary the sympathy she greatly needs, and to which on the broadest counts she is honestly entitled."

The seriousness of the affair is dwelt upon by a correspondent at Geneva—Edwin L. James, of the New York *Times:*

> "If the incident had been allowed to remain a material one, the solution might have been easy. But we have Count Bethlen defying the League by destroying the evidence and then denying the League's right to intervene. We have Italians talking about oppress Hungary and considerable sentiment in England in favor of Budapest. We have the French afraid a precedent may be set which would interfere with League inspection of Germany.
>
> "The strangest factor about the business, with all its chicanery, is that no one in Italy or Hungary has cared to deny the facts in the case. Austrian machine-guns delivered to Italy after the war were shipped from Verona to Hungary. That violates the Treaty of Trianon, but that seems to be the last thing bothering those involved. The affair has drifted into European politics and may indeed end up by indicating just how much peace treaties still remain in effect."

A contemplation of the present state of European affairs "arouses no high hopes for the kind of international order of which Woodrow Wilson dreamed," observes the Birmingham *Age-Herald* in a second editorial. Superficially viewed, adds the Providence *Journal*, "this small shipment of machine-guns, with its aftermath, is but a tempest in a teapot. But in reality it has created one of the most serious diplomatic issues that Europe has seen since the war." According to the Indianapolis *Star:*

> "The St. Gothard affair does not presage another outbreak of hostilities nor does it indicate that the League will be helpless in the event of a major crisis. It illustrates the temper of European nations and peoples, and the difficulties which still block the path to drastic armament reductions and the outlawing of war."

TO TAME THE LOBBYISTS

"IMPUDENT AND INSULTING" is the comment of one Republican editor upon the Anti-Lobbying Bill introduced by Thaddeus H. Caraway, Democratic Senator from Arkansas, and passed by the Senate on March 2 without a dissenting vote. "It marks gratifying progress," retorts a Democratic editor, "toward some sane action against a serious and rapidly increasing evil." Both opinions seem to be fairly representative of the divided sentiment on the subject. Meantime the bill has gone to the House, whither a large assortment of good and bad wishes accompany it.

Never have lobbyists at Washington been so numerous and brazen, we are told, as at the present time. Between 300 and 400 organizations are there to lobby for or against legislation, according to Senator Caraway's statement, and 90 per cent. of them, he adds, are "fakes who prey upon the credulity of those who have an interest in what Congress may do." His bill, if it becomes a law, will compel all lobbyists to register with the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House, telling what they are there for, how much they are paid, and who pays it. The bill defines lobbying as follows:

> "Lobbying shall consist of any effort to influence the action of Congress upon any matter coming before it, whether it be by distributing literature, appearing before committees of Congress, or interviewing or seeking to interview individual members of either the House of Representatives or the Senate."

This definition, the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* thinks, is one of the bill's weak points. For—

> "It does not distinguish between the sheep and the wolves. It compels representatives of the Anti-Saloon League, numerous peace organizations that have made their presence felt particularly this session, soldier associations, and all persons who are paid for interesting themselves in Congress to register."

In this connection, the Springfield *Union* (Rep.) says:

> "The measure is aimed at those who raised Congressional dander by appearing in the interests of the power industry and, earlier in the session, in favor of the repeal of the Federal estate tax. But those who are most likely to be hit are those who are at work to sustain Prohibition, to appeal for blue laws, and to urge the Government to take a hand in raising babies.
>
> "Congress may think twice before passing a measure that might embarrass those groups upon whom it too willingly leans for guidance in legislation, and whom it too eagerly placates in the hope of votes. It can scarcely enact a measure that will hinder only those whom it dislikes while granting complete freedom to those whom it dare not offend."

A newspaper publisher opposed to the tariff, and seeking to "influence the action of Congress" by "distributing literature," would be eligible to a term in jail under the bill's present definition of lobbyists, says the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), waxing mildly humorous on the subject. Moreover—

> "What about Congressmen themselves? Aren't they paid to influence legislation, and don't they spend much of their time 'interviewing or seeking to interview individual members' in behalf of the bills they are specially interested in?"

More fiery is the protest of the Helena *Independent*, which quotes the definition of lobbying, and proceeds indignantly:

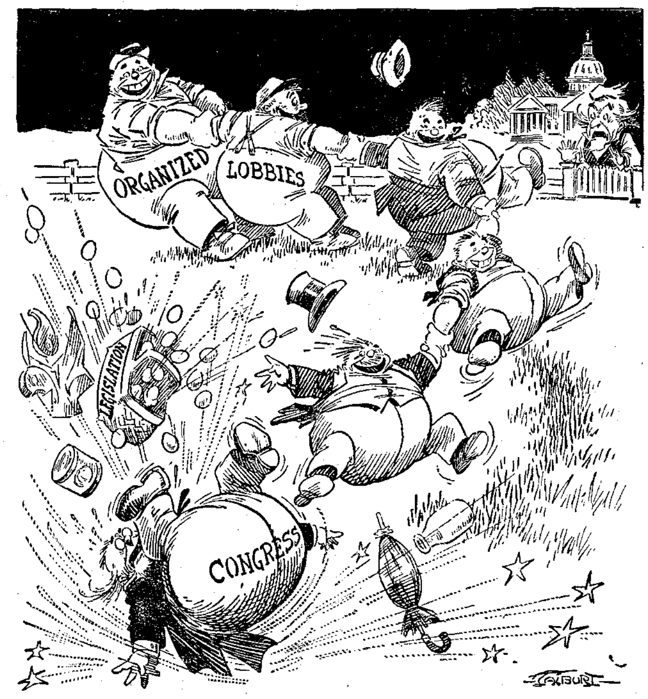
> "As proposed, the bill to regulate lobbying is an impudent insult to the people of the United States. Such a proposal could only be indulged in by conceited members of the Senate, who believe their actions need no guidance; their information is complete without the advice or help of the men and women who pay the taxes. Under this bill it would appear that people of Montana will not be permitted to write any more letters to Senator Walsh, giving him any advice or seeking in any way to influence his vote on pending legislation."

On the other hand, the New York *Evening World* (Dem.) cites the hordes in the corridors of the Capitol, who "compete with Congress itself in determining legislation," and declares:

> "Not only should Congress pass this bill, but it should order an investigation of the power lobby, said to be the most powerful ever mobilized in Washington. In view of the decision of the Senate that there shall be no investigation of the power trust, a failure to order an investigation of the power lobby will justify the public in reaching an unpleasant conclusion. Congress, not lobbies, must make the laws."

In like manner the Washington *Post* (Ind.), after having a little fun over the idea that the bill hits President Coolidge and the White House breakfasts, goes on to say more seriously:

> "As to commercial lobbyists, lame ducks and otherwise, the Caraway bill offers a remedy for conditions that have become scandalous. Thousands of citizens are swindled out of money by men who pose as influential manipulators of legislation. This money is taken secretly, and gullible contributors are sometimes assured that it finds its way into the pockets of legislators. Lobbyists acting for foreign interests, and even for foreign governments, working for or against treaties, can be exposed by means of the Caraway bill. Fraudulent organizations must make their operations and their agents known under the proposed law."



ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE BROKE UP THEIR GAME?
—Talburt in the Washington *News*.

It would be idle to pretend that there is any great moral significance in Senator Caraway's bill, remarks the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), but "it should serve as a desirable check upon disreputable forms of lobbying." In supporting the bill, that paper goes on to say:

> "It is impossible nowadays actively to oppose or support important legislation without doing the sort of work called lobbying. It is not the word that matters; the motive and the methods that enter into the work so defined require attention.
>
> "To go to Washington and attempt to influence, in a clean way, the votes of members of Congress by arguments, printed or oral, by interviews, by appearances before committees at public hearings, is to lobby. There is nothing wrong about such lobbying. Indeed, it is part of the process of reflecting and building public opinion. No honest person sent to Washington to represent openly, in good faith, a group interested in a pending measure can object to registration and publicity."

Properly safeguarded so as to throw no unnecessary obstacles in the way of legitimate lobbyists, there is no reason why the proposed measure should not be passed, says the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.), and the Democratic New York *World* thinks the bill has much to recommend it.

RETURNING GERMAN PROPERTY

ON THE BRINK OF A MORAL PRECIPICE, we have drawn back before it was quite too late, we are told, by passing the law that finally restores the German private property seized by our Government during the World War, and retained for more than nine years since the Armistice. The delay of this measure in Congress has been condemned by many newspapers. In those years of "dawdling over a plain duty," according to the New York *World* (Dem.), we came perilously near to denial of a fundamental American principle—the inviolability of private property in time of war. The word "Bolshevistic," declares the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), is not too strong to apply to the policy—laid down in the Treaty of Versailles and supported by some members of Congress—of confiscating property as a gage for claims of our citizens against Germany. "Such a principle, held and put into practise by the Soviet Government," it adds, "inspires in us horror; held by ourselves, it should inspire in us shame." On the other hand, the Manchester *Union* (Rep.) contends that "it is not only reasonable but just that a final settlement should be held in abeyance until such time as suitable guaranties were given by Germany that provision would be made to indemnify the claims of Americans."

More than $500,000,000 worth of property, the Washington correspondents remind us, was seized during the war under the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act. At the same time Germany seized property of American citizens in Germany and caused damages to American interests on the high seas, for which she was held responsible. After the war Germany returned the property she had taken from Americans, but there still remained claims against her. The United States, on the other hand, returned to alien enemies all seizures of not more than $10,000 and allowed $10,000 toward each of the larger claims, leaving more than one-half of the original total in our hands as a cause of debate and scandal.

Thus one of the most complicated problems left by the war, the critics generally agree, was creditably solved at last when President Coolidge, early in March, signed what is officially known as the Settlement of War Claims Act, providing for the restitution of $264,609,000 of German property that still remains in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian. The new law provides also for an appropriation of $100,000,000 to pay for the German ships, patents, and radio station seized by our Government and not included in the holdings of the Alien Property Custodian. Settlement of Austrian and Hungarian claims likewise is provided for. Finally—and here, the apologists tell us, is the chief cause of the long delay—the act arranges for the payment of claims totaling $191,729,162 held by American citizens against Germany.

This settlement solves three major war-indemnity problems involving the United States and their nationals, as explained by Senator Reed Smoot, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, in his report recommending the bill for passage. He says:

> "First, the United States Government and many American citizens suffered losses during the war period by reason of acts for which the German Government is responsible, and their claims must be satisfied. A commission, known as the Mixed Claims Commission, has been created to hear and determine the claims and to enter awards for the damages for which Germany was responsible.
>
> "Germany has undertaken to pay these awards. But if the American claimants were forced to rely upon the distributive share in the payments by Germany [under the Dawes agreement], approximately eighty years would be required for payment in full. Consequently, some method must be provided by which the American claimants can obtain a more immediate payment.
>
> "Second, property of German nationals in the United States was seized during the war by the Alien Property Custodian, under the provisions of the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act, and a large part of it is still retained. Under the Knox-Porter peace resolution, which was incorporated in the treaty of Berlin, the United States unquestionably possesses the right to retain this property until Germany has made suitable provision for the satisfaction of the claims of American nationals against the German Government.
>
> "Third, the United States Government, under the authority of a joint resolution of Congress, seized and took title to a large number of ships owned by citizens of Germany, and acquired for its own use during the war a large number of patents and a radio station.
>
> "The United States is justly indebted to the German nationals for the value of their property, for there was no thought at the time, and certainly no serious consideration has been given subsequently, to the possibility of the confiscation of private property not of a naval or military character. Consequently, some provision must be made for the payment of the amounts justly due."

The Settlement of War Claims Law, the Senator explains further, is the result of an earnest effort to find the best available solution of all the problems involved. It provides for the immediate return of 80 per cent. of the German property held by the Custodian; also for the immediate payment of 50 per cent. of the $100,000,000 or less which we owe for German ships, patents, and radio station. In regard to American claims against Germany, Mr. Smoot says:

> "All death and personal injury awards to American nationals (385 in number and aggregating more than $4,000,000) will be paid in full.
>
> "All awards to American nationals not in excess of $100,000 will be paid in full (3,046, aggregating about $29,400,000), and the sum of $100,000 will be paid upon each of the larger awards. The total of the claims in excess of $100,000 is $158,000,000."

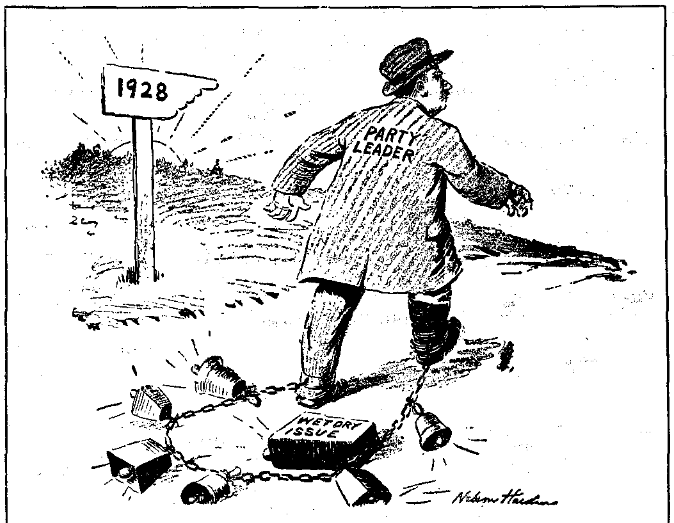
Among the American claimants, we are reminded, are the insurance companies, which were awarded by the Mixed Claims Commission tens of millions of dollars they had paid out as insurance losses on ships sunk by German submarines. Other features of the act, as stated by a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, are as follows:

> "It provides for the creation of a 'special deposit account' from which will be made all payments, except for the 80 per cent. of German property held by the Alien Property Custodian, which shall come from the custodian's fund. The special deposit account will include 20 per cent. of the German property held by the Alien Property Custodian, valued at $40,000,000; the German share of the unallocated interest fund, $25,000,000; payments made by Germany under the Mixed Claims Commission decisions up to September 1, 1928, $23,000,000, and one-half of the appropriation made available for ships, patents and radio, $50,000,000. The total, $138,000,000 is to be available shortly after passage of the act."

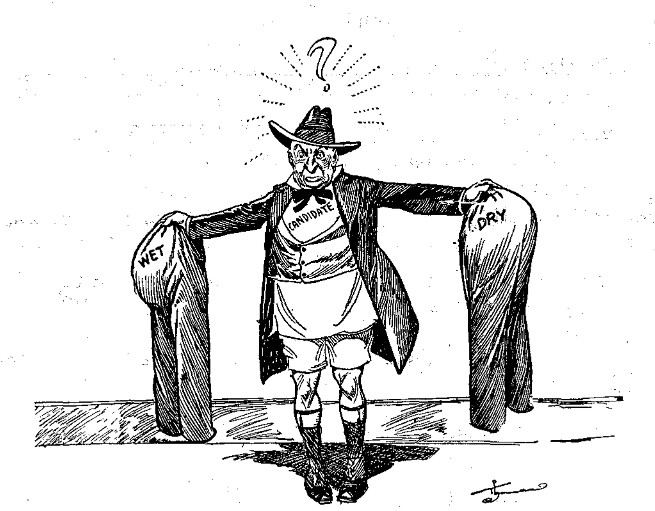
The Dawes agreement, from the proceeds of which the United States gets $10,700,000 annually, will continue in operation, the correspondents explain, and the sum just named will help to swell the "special deposit account" from which all the deferred payments to Americans are to be made in course of time.

"The most malodorous of post-war scandals" is the term applied to the alien property episode by Charles Michelson, staff correspondent of the New York *World*, with special reference to the indictment and conviction of a former Alien Property Custodian, Col. Thomas W. Miller, who was accused of defrauding the Government of $7,000,000 worth of American Metal Company stock, seized during the war. "The buzzards that hovered above the alien property during the years of its retention," *The World* charges in this connection, "have had their counterpart in the swarm of lobbyists who have infested the Capitol whenever an attempt has been made to pass a law returning the property." Senator Smoot, however, looks at the brighter side. As the bill was about to pass, he said:

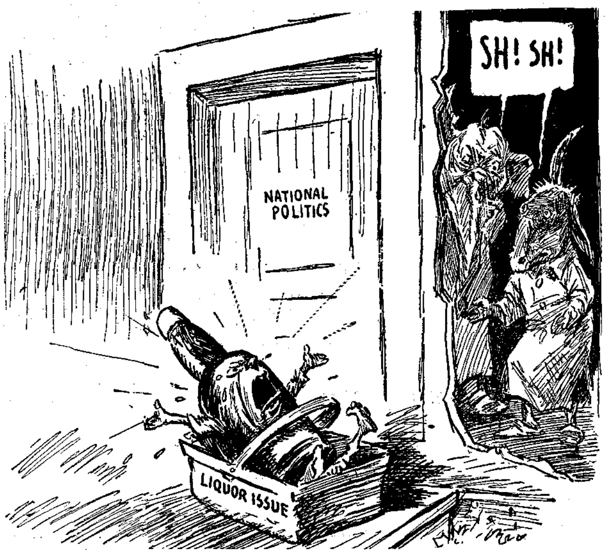
> "I believe this bill presents one of the most important matters of legislation which have been before Congress. It is far-reaching in international policy, it involves tremendous sums of money, and it affects a vast number of persons. The basic policies of the bill are sound. I am glad indeed that it is soon to become a law."


1928
PARTY LEADER
WET OR DRY ISSUE

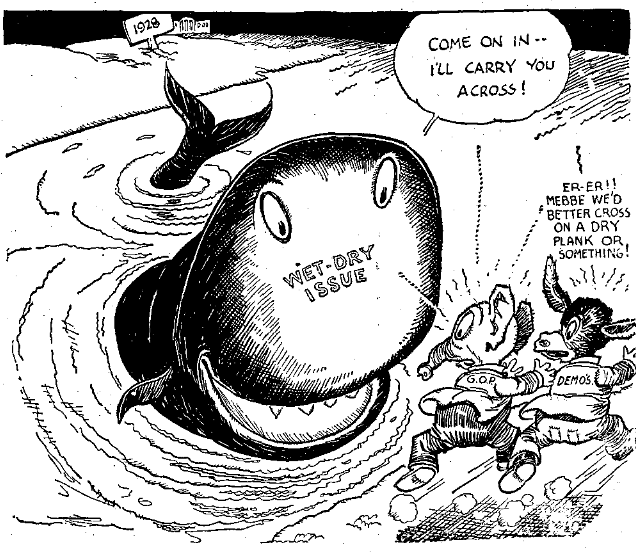
HOW CAN A POOR FELLOW PUSSYFOOT?
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*


?
CANDIDATE
WET
DRY

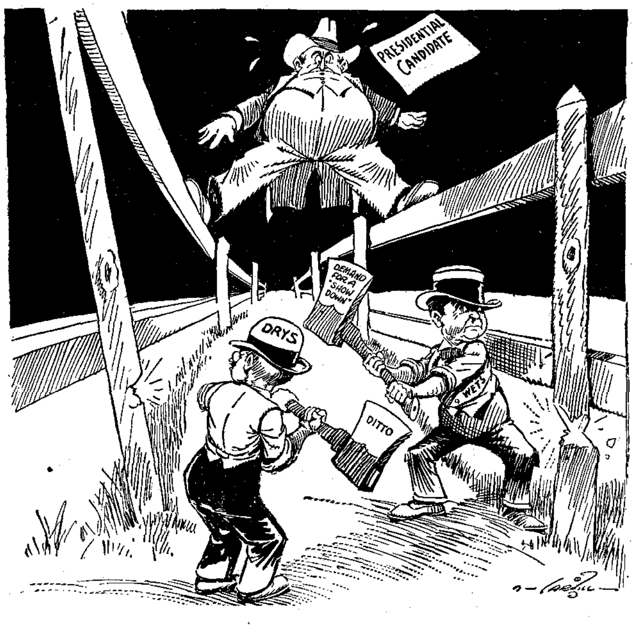
THE TWO-PANTS SUIT
—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*


SH! SH!
NATIONAL POLITICS
LIQUOR ISSUE

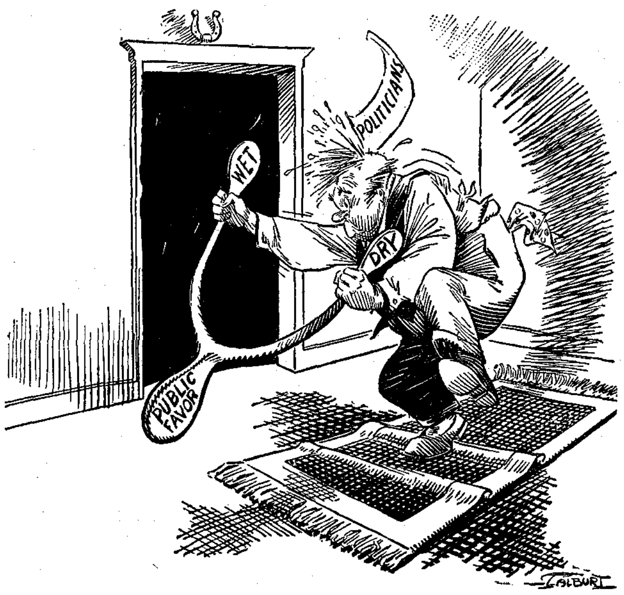
"ORPHANT ANNIE"
—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*


1928
COME ON IN -- I'LL CARRY YOU ACROSS!
WET-DRY ISSUE
ER-ER!! MEBBE WE'D BETTER CROSS ON A DRY PLANK OR SOMETHING!
G.O.P.
DEMOS.

A COUPLE OF JONAHS AND A WHALE!
—Thiele in the New Rochelle *Standard-Star.*


PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE
DEMAND FOR A SHOW DOWN
DRYS
WETS
DITTO

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO STAND?"
—Cargill in the Jersey *Journal.*

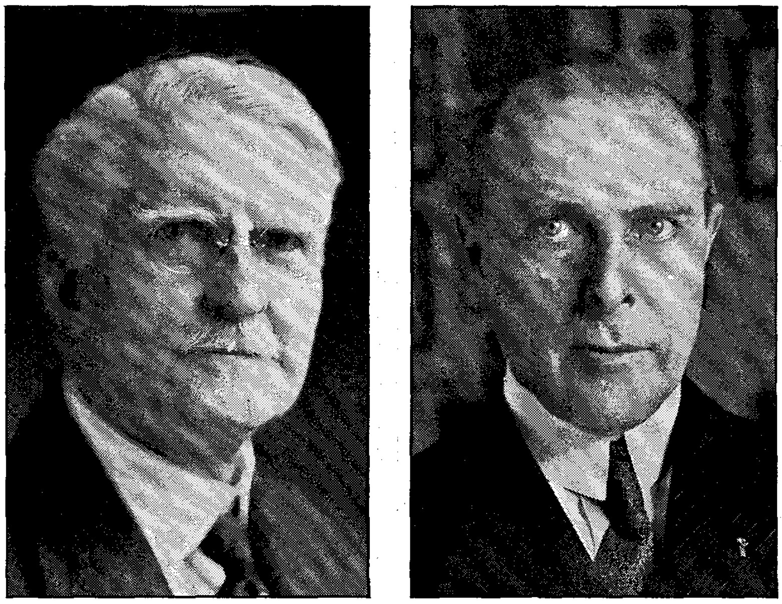

POLITICIANS
WET
DRY
PUBLIC FAVOR

PLAYING BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE
—Talburt in the New York *Telegram.*

BARLEYCORN'S GHOST MAKES THE POLITICIANS SHIVER

RELIEF FOR DISABLED EMERGENCY OFFICERS

IT WOULD BE UNJUST for the Seventieth Congress to adjourn, maintains the New York *World*, without passing the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill providing for retirement pay for permanently disabled emergency Army officers in the World War. Too long have these brave men been overlooked "by a presumably grateful republic," agrees the Newark *News*, and we find scores of daily newspapers through the United States echoing the declaration of the Duluth *Herald:* "When the war was being fought, these officers performed the same duties, received the same pay, gave as much and suffered as much as the Regular Army officers. And now that the war is over, they should get the same treatment."



Underwood & Underwood photograph

Times-Wide World photograph

SENATOR TYSON

CONGRESSMAN FITZGERALD

The two leaders in the fight for equal retirement pay for disabled emergency officers of the World War. Senator Tyson, Democrat of Tennessee, and Representative Fitzgerald, Republican of Ohio, believe there should be no discrimination shown between disabled emergency officers and those of the Regular Army.

The average emergency officer, we are told, came from private life to do what he could for this country. "A lot of them," observes the Newark paper, "died with just as much enthusiasm as did the regulars." Equality for all officers and enlisted men, we are reminded by the New York *Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard dailies, "was promised in the Selected Service Act of May, 1917." Yet, says the New York *Morning Telegraph:*

> "For eight years the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars have been trying to get Congress to pass such legislation. Now the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill is once more before both Houses. Let this Congress not follow the neglectful policy of its predecessors, but put the measure before President Coolidge, who is only waiting a chance to endorse it."

"These emergency officers," explains *The Morning Telegraph*, "were not men who went soldiering for a living; they were not professional fighters. They took up arms for patriotic reasons." To the Los Angeles *Times* it seems that "ten years ought to be long enough to permit even such a slow-moving body as Congress to do justice to these men." As the Kansas City *Times* explains:

> "Officers who participated in the World War were divided into nine classes; that is, regular, provisional, and emergency officers in the Army, in the Navy, and in the Marine Corps. The nation's obligation to make some provision for such of these officers as were disabled through performance of duty was recognized shortly after the close of the war. The result was that eight of the nine classes of disabled officers were placed on the retired list, with moderate compensation privileges. Only the Army emergency group was left out.
>
> "Why discriminate against the single group, one out of the nine? No satisfactory answer has been forthcoming. There are only about 2,000 disabled officers involved in this one class. But they deserve equal treatment with the rest. Most of them are men past middle age; many have dependents.
>
> "Twice the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill has passed the Senate; four times it has been reported favorably by a House committee. Yet, due to one of those deep mysteries that now and then enshroud action of a branch of Congress, the measure has never been allowed to reach a vote in the House.
>
> "Arguments of economy do not hold, because of the small number of veterans concerned and the limited expense that would be necessary to place them on the retirement list. Arguments from principle similarly are valueless, since the same type of recognition now sought was accorded long ago the eight other classes, two of them emergency classes. Nor is any impairment of the rights of enlisted men involved. The best evidence of this is the fact the American Legion, in which enlisted men strongly predominate, has called for enactment of the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill."

Under the present law, points out the Los Angeles *Herald*, a disabled Major of the Regular Army is allowed to retire, and the Government grants him a pension equal to three-fourths of his pay, amounting to $187.50 a month, "but if he was an emergency officer, of the same rank, he gets but $30 a month, altho the sacrifice he made probably was greater, since he abandoned his career to serve his country." There are said to be two thousand of these officers, and the amount of their retirement pay, under the Tyson-Fitzgerald measure, asserts the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "does not involve any staggering figure." And even if it did, declares the New York *American* and other Hearst dailies, "it should be paid. Our huge Treasury surpluses are used to pay off the national debt; how about paying off a prior debt to these disabled emergency officers?" This, it might be added, is the view taken by such widely scattered papers as the New York *Times*, Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, Waterbury *Republican*, Brooklyn *Citizen*, Akron *Times*, Birmingham *Post*, Kansas City *Star*, Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, Washington *Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, New York *Evening Post*, Los Angeles *Express*, Jersey City *Journal*, San Francisco *Call and Post*, New York *Sun*, Boston *Post*, Brooklyn *Standard Union*, Chicago *Tribune*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Columbus *Dispatch*, Indianapolis *News*, Knoxville *News-Sentinel*, Dallas *News*, Montgomery *Advertiser*, San Antonio *Express*, Macon *News*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, and others.

So far, a search of the country's editorial pages has revealed no opposition to the Tyson-Fitzgerald measure. We learn in a House of Representatives minority report, however, that Senator Reed, Republican of Pennsylvania, Senator Bingham, Republican of Connecticut, and Senator King, Democrat of Utah, have opposed the measure on several occasions. In the opinion of the authors of the minority report, Representatives Vincent, Republican of Michigan, and Rankin, Democrat of Mississippi, "if every Service man in the United States understood what this bill means, we doubt if it would receive the indorsement of one Service man out of ten." Moreover, says this report:

> "This bill is just the opening wedge. It is lifting the latch to the floodgates of expenditure, the consequences of which no one can foretell.
>
> "We regret very much that we are unable to agree with the majority of the committee that reported this bill out. In justice to the taxpayers of the United States, on whose shoulders the burden of these expenditures would rest, we respectfully dissent from the views of the majority, and submit that this bill ought not to become a law."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

More pax; less tax.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Little more aviation and we'll have to start zoning the ozone.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The next great European war will make the world safe for Orientals.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Loan sharks rarely attack those who do not go out beyond their financial depth.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

It may be possible for a man to have more money than brains, but not for very long.—*New York American.*

During its lifetime, the oyster produces about 50,000,000 eggs. It's a good thing for quiet seaside resorts that oysters don't cackle.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A compromise is just a way of delaying the ultimate outcome.—*Wall Street Journal.*

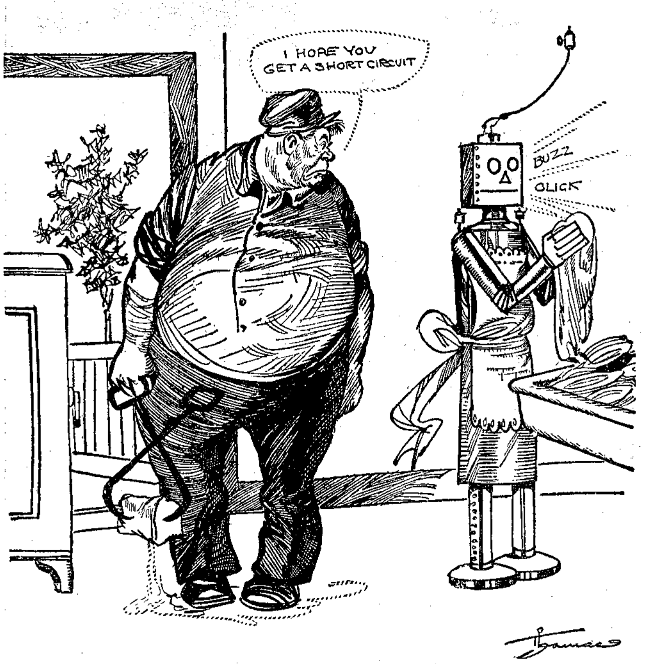
The reason why the woman pays and pays and pays is because she buys on the instalment plan—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Psychoanalysis will be more valued when it can be used more to prevent crime instead of exculpating criminals.—*Washington Star.*

If the fuelless motor proves practical, the only thing needed to make the automobile complete would be a driverless back seat.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A pessimist is a man who judges the unemployment situation by the number of persons who are preparing to run for office this year.—*San Diego Union.*

"I just want to forget," a young lady out in Indiana, who has just been jilted by a rich manufacturer, is quoted as saying. Well, our suggestion is that she arrange to be called as a witness in the oil inquiry.—*New York Evening Post.*


I HOPE YOU GET A SHORT CIRCUIT
BUZZ
CLICK
Thomas

THE ELECTRIC SERVANT WILL NEVER BE POPULAR

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

And now official circles in Indiana ought to get together and raise a monument to the man who invented the statute of limitations.—*San Diego Union.*

The old intrepid, daredevil spirit of the West is not dead yet, and we see that a man out in New Mexico heckled Jim Reed the other day.—*Ohio State Journal.*

At the hour of birth, says an authority, human intelligence stands at the zero mark. Which proves that some adults weren't always as dumb as they are now.—*San Diego Union.*

Buyers are racing back from Paris with the latest designs in gowns, most of which extend below the knees. No doubt the modistes are planning to tack on a cover charge.—*Chicago Daily News.*

We have arrived at a happy solution of the subway problem. Let us keep the five-cent fare and have the Interborough Rapid Transit's annual deficit paid by that generous sugar papa, the Continental Trading Company.—*The New Yorker.*

Colonel Lindbergh has very calmly flown over and above the advice that he abandon flying, so the chances are it wouldn't do any good to suggest to Senator Heflin that he give up public speaking to conserve his voice.—*New York Evening Post.*

Mr. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, jumps the critics of the $740,000,000 Navy program and recalls that the women in 1925 spent $1,825,000,000 on cosmetics. But, Mr. Secretary, just consider one catches 'em and the other kills 'em.—*Facts (Atlanta).*

His clothes may make the man, but hers oft break him.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Gold filling keeps teeth from hurting, especially the teeth of the criminal code.—*Erie Times.*

Favorite sons prove nothing, except that you can't trust the judgment of parents.—*Peoria Star.*

Vicious criminals get too much rope of wrong sort and too little of right sort.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The doom of warfare sounded when patriots began to rob the home folks instead of the enemy.—*Sherbrooke (Quebec) Record.*

The trouble with a platform promise seems to be that it has no due date.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

Maybe a visit from Lindy would help the Houston convention.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Texas frog lived thirty-one years in a corner-stone. It couldn't croak.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

The nation's doctor bill is now a million and a half a day, but apples are not cheap, either. What to do? What to do?—*The New Yorker.*

However, after his experience in the Mississippi Valley, it was to be expected that Mr. Hoover would have dry leanings.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A horned toad has lived thirty-one years entombed in a corner-stone. Vice-Presidential possibilities might study the toad's technique.—*San Diego Union.*

At a conference on agriculture at the London School of Economics, Mr. G. K. Chesterton gave an address on "The Fallacy of Mass Production." Still, England has no cause to regret having produced Mr. Chesterton.—*Punch.*

A Georgia judge has decided that a husband is merely "a figurehead." And how he has to figure!—*American Lumberman.*

Soviet Russia's disarmament gesture somehow carries the suggestion of a dove hatched in a buzzard's nest.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Can't the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and its employees compromise on a sort of companionate union?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Pennsylvania man has invented a motor that dispenses with gas. Now let him develop a legislature that does the same.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The French Senate has rejected a plan to conscript women in time of war. Anybody who has ever tried to conscript a woman will understand why.—*San Diego Union.*

Marines are needed in Nicaragua to insure a bloodless election. You see, nobody down there has enough money to buy an office in a fair and orderly way.—*La Porte (Ind.) Argus.*

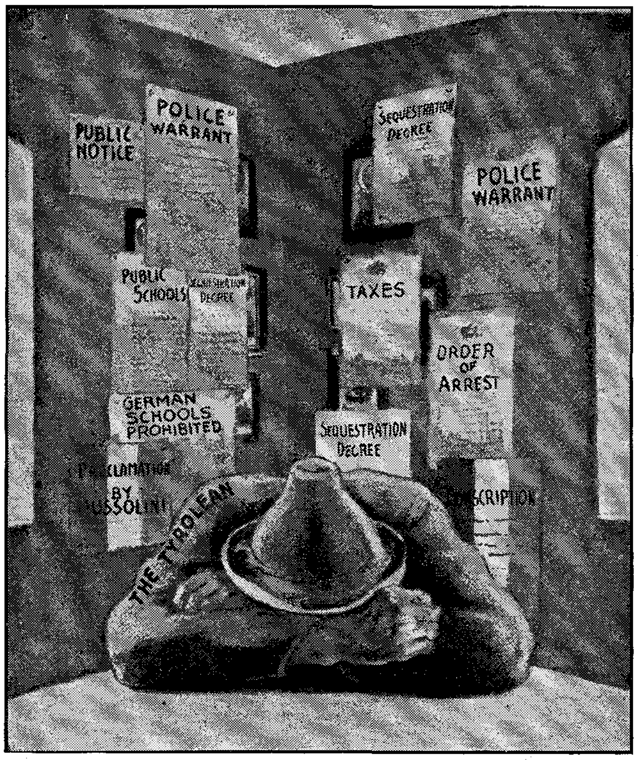
A bird refuge is being proposed for the State of Kansas. This seems timely just before the coming Republican convention to harbor the lame ducks that may appear.—*Troy Record.*

Most of the Presidential candidates have now clarified their attitude on the wet-dry issue by the bold, unequivocal and thunderous statement that it is the solemn duty of a President to uphold the Constitution.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

MUSSOLINI'S TYROLEAN BLAST OF WARNING

THE RIGHT OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE in Southern Tyrol to treatment worthy of human beings was demanded in dignified but firm tones by the Tyrolean Deputy Klobe of the Christian party in the Austrian Parliament, and all the members of the Assembly regardless of party, it seems, frantically applauded his plea. Nothing in a long time, we are told, has so roused the indignation of Premier Mussolini and the Italian press, and much attention has been attracted by the Italian Dictator's declaration in his Parliament that the administration of South Tyrol is a matter of internal Italian policy, interference in which by foreign governments would be intolerable. The Austro-German population in South Tyrol is 250,000, and it was charged by Deputy Klobe that in the course of persecution by the Italian Administration, families with German names have been forced to adopt Italian names, hotels and inns must remove German engraving from their silverware, politicians are beaten by gendarmes, and thousands of German Tyrolese are imprisoned without trial. He added that only a small fraction of the cases of brutality have become known, and also said that, tho the hands of the Austrian Government are fettered, he called it the duty of the representatives of the people to draw the attention of the world to the unbearable conditions in South Tyrol. By way of retort, Premier Mussolini asserted in the Italian Parliament that "a State respecting itself can not tolerate foreign interference," and as quoted in a Canadian press dispatch from Rome, he issued a warning that the fifteen German-language newspapers published in the Upper Adige, where there is a strong German-speaking minority, would be summarily suppressed in case of a revival of "intolerable interference" from Austria or anywhere else outside of Italy's confines. It is further reported that Premier Mussolini said:



GERMAN SYMPATHY FOR THE TYROLESE

"The poor Tyrolean succumbs to the Fascist edicts, proclamations, and prohibitions that meet him on every side."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

> "It is time to declare that insolent speeches, odious insinuations, and vulgar insults have only one result—to accelerate the turning of the Fascist vise and to open an abyss between two neighboring peoples. As much as it is in our power, we wish to be friends of the German world, of which we recognize the good qualities and appreciate the contribution brought to human civilization, but on one condition, that our safety, namely the safety of 42,000,000 Italians, should not be put even vaguely in question."

After asking whether it was worth while to reply to the Austrian accusation, we learn further from this Rome dispatch, the Italian Premier said that despite the violence of Austrian criticism he would speak with "the utmost calm, but without equivocation," and he added: "Furthermore, this is the last time that I shall speak upon this theme. In the future I shall let the facts do the talking." As to submitting the question of "minorities" to the League of Nations, the Premier is reported to have declared that such an idea is nonsense, for if Geneva "entered such a labyrinth it would never succeed or emerge."

Answering protests in the Austrian Parliament against the alleged mistreatment of the German-speaking inhabitants of the Upper Adige, Mussolini is reported as having said that all talk about "systems of tyranny, brothers tortured, and peoples slaughtered by the barbarous Fascist dictatorship, besides being false, are superlatively ridiculous," and he asserted then: "We are not the pupils of Austria, which for a whole century filled the countries of half Europe with executioners, filled the prisons with martyrs, and erected scaffolds everywhere." Referring to the fifteen German-language newspapers published in the South Tyrol, Mr. Mussolini declared: "Since our great tolerance is badly understood, I give a last warning: If the anti-Italian campaign continues beyond the Brenner, the fate of these publications is sealed. They will be supprest." In closing, this final defi is cited from Mussolini's speech: "Let us make known to the Tyrolese, to the Austrians, and to the whole world, that upon the Brenner Pass, all Italy with its living and its dead is upright and on its guard."

Caution and moderation characterized the comment of the Austrian newspapers on Mr. Mussolini's speech, we learn from Vienna Associated Press dispatches, which quote the *Reichspost*, Chancellor Seipel's organ, as deploring the Italian Premier's denial that the sufferings of former Austrian subjects do not constitute an international question. It contends that the Italian Premier ignores the essence of Austria's real grievances, which, it points out, are that the South Tyrolese are denied the use of their native tongue in schools, churches or elsewhere; that they are forbidden even to recall the identity of their dead on tombstones, to sing their native songs, or to teach their children the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Says the Vienna *Tageblatt:* "The arguments of the Duce are the arguments of the strong, but not strong arguments. They have no connection with the facts on which the complaints of South Tyrol oppression are based."

That Premier Mussolini "wronged Austria" is the downright charge of Dr. Ernst Benedict, editor and publisher of a famous Austrian newspaper, the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse.* In an open letter addrest to the Italian Premier, he writes:

"The world knows you are a man of exuberant temperament, prone to the use of superlatives and exaggerated language, but how found you it necessary to threaten Austria? You speak of an 'Italy of 50,000,000, and Austria, what is she?' These words can only mean that you consider yourself strong and us weak.

"What mean you this time by the use of the words, 'next time, deeds'? Why refuse us the only right which the weak have, namely, the right to complain?

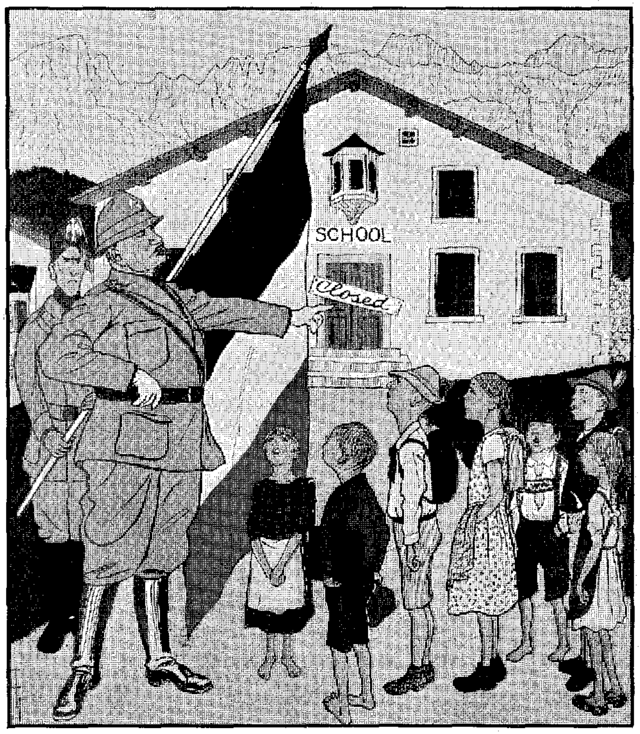
"We can not think a political athlete such as you is not able to find one frontier which is so weak you are ashamed to attack. You must realize you have wronged us, because you did not and can not refute Chancellor Seipel's arguments. Moral forces are on our side, and they are stronger than all the international law. But the South Tyrol can not alienate Austria and Italy. Peace we must have."

There is more of the bludgeon retort to be found among the Austrian Socialist press, of which we have a specimen in the remark of the *Arbeiter-zeitung* that:

"The speech of Mussolini in what is a travesty of Parliament will impress nobody. The fight of the Socialists for the liberty of the Tyrolese is inseparably bound up with the fight against the Fascist pest. It is a fight of international democracy against Fascist despotism, which is strangling the Italian nation. Only when Italy is liberated from this tyranny can the Tyrolese expect real freedom."

An English view of the situation in German South Tyrol is contributed to the London *Nation and Athenæum* by C. H. Herford, who concedes that as a method of governing modern Italy, Fascism has won considerable approval among intelligent Englishmen who have no foible for autocracy, and are by no means inclined to accept the claims of its advocates that it is a political panacea. But in dealing with the peoples of alien race and speech brought under its sway by treaty, this adverse critic remarks, Fascism, among those who know the facts, has won almost unqualified disapproval. Italy, under the Fascist press, can not know the facts nor express her mind about them if she did. All the attacks on the Germanism of the South Tyrolese might be ascribed to the bungling of a régime so politically adolescent as Fascism, this writer says, but—

"Unfortunately there is more behind it. There are many similar indications that if not the declared aim, the driving force of Italian policy is not to Italianize the South Tyrolese but to replace them with Italians. This is effected in part by a quiet but systematic use of financial pressure. The farmers were formerly financed by a network of branch banks, with their head office in Bozen. The Italians founded a central bank there, but no German entered it. This annoying situation was met, in October, 1926, by a coup, when the annual meeting of the Bank at Bozen was raided by a body of Fascists, and the president thrown out of the window. The network of branches were shortly after closed. Loans were henceforth granted or refused at the good pleasure of the Italian Administration, with results easily imagined. But often, recently, families have been simply dispossessed of their ancestral heritage, and this has become a favorite method of rewarding old soldiers, who thus serve the double purpose of ejecting peasants of doubtful loyalty and forming colonies of patriots in the heart of the disaffected land."



A GERMAN THRUST AT ITALY

ITALIAN AUTHORITY: "When I have taught these children the Italian alphabet, they will be half Italians."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

"SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK"

THIS TIME, WE ARE TOLD, it is politics, a trouble that seems to afflict one or more other lands also. The curse of parties in democratic governments has often been said to be the reason for the triumph of Fascism in Italy and of the dictatorship in Spain, yet some cynical observers meet this view by paraphrasing a famous witticism to the effect that "we can't live with them, and we can't live without them." So in Denmark considerable interest attaches to the ambitions of the Anti-Political Union, which, last autumn, for the first time, gained a couple of seats in the Riksdag, where, we are told, the four traditional parties are so divided that it is impossible to carry any decisive measures. The Conservatives, it seems, speak mainly for the protectionists, the Moderates for the free-trade peasantry, the Radicals—who are described in some quarters as "inflationists"—for the public employees and half of the small-holders, while the Socialists are for the great mass of the workers. In a contribution to *The English Review* (London), a firm believer in the Danish Anti-Political Union, August Schvan, tells us that its main objective is a complete separation between politics and economics, and he continues:

"The State should merely become the guardian of justice. Everybody should be able to obtain and keep the full reward of his labor. The complete freedom of exchange must therefore be maintained, and all taxes, direct or indirect, national or local, be abolished. They are simply robbery, whether imposed by an autocrat or by a Parliamentary majority.

"But, on the contrary, all who exclude others from the direct use of any part of the natural resources that constitute the only source for all commodities, owe their fellow beings full compensation for thus curtailing their possibilities of livelihood.

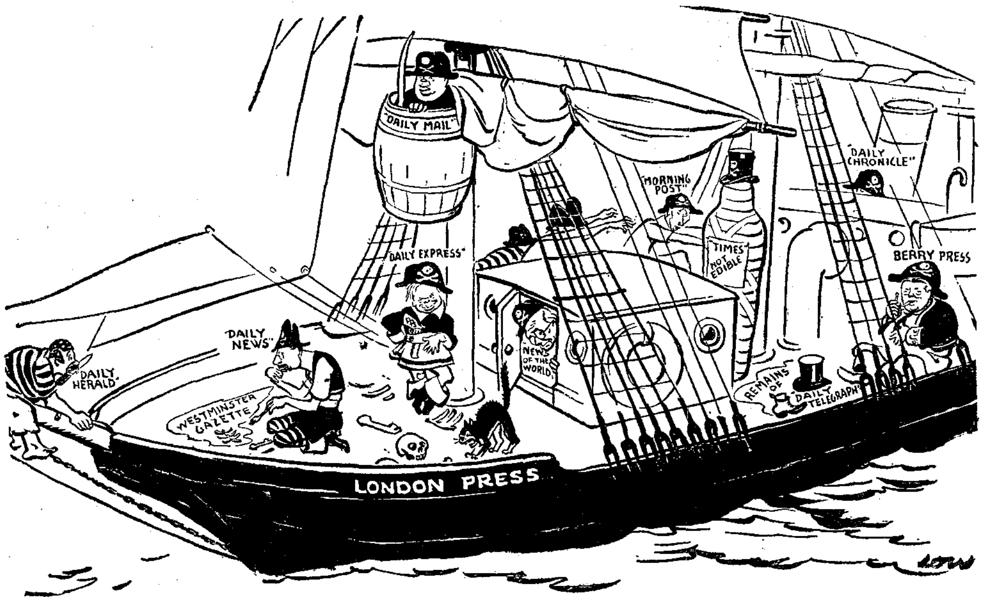
"This compensation, the economic rent, is therefore not a tax arbitrarily imposed by some public authority, but a due, a debt, determined by the simple law of supply and demand, according to the situation and productive capacity of each piece of land.

"With the removal of all taxes and rates that increase the costs of production, the users of the land will, of course, both be able and willing to pay correspondingly more for its use. In view of the fact that such taxation everywhere in Europe absorbs about a quarter of the gross national income and that the actual economic rent, which is identical with the current rate of interest on the value of unimproved land, averages from $20 to $30 per head of population, according to its density, it may be stated, as a general proposition, that the removal of this taxation would double the economic rent.

"To levy the whole amount of this from the present landowners, who under the protection of existing laws have their capital invested in land values, would be to commit as glaring an injustice as to 'hit' people with taxes, and nobody but the fanatical 'single taxers' can contemplate such a proceeding with equanimity."

The most practical way of compensating landowners, August Schvan goes on to say, is to begin by levying only half of the real economic rent, allowing the other half to remain in their pockets until they have been able to reconstitute the capital they have sunk in unimproved land values. In Denmark, he tells us, where already about one and one-half per cent. of the gross value of land is collected in annual taxation, this transitory period would last some twenty-five years. Yet even then the payment of half of the real economic rent would suffice to cover the necessary public expenditure, he contends, and further avers:

> "For the central administration of the country the revenue derived from a State bank and the Mint is sufficient. It will cover the cost of the Law Courts and protection against contagious diseases, floods, coast erosion, etc.
>
> "The collection by the local authorities of the economic rent would enable these to provide the necessary outlay for roads, parks, etc., police and fire brigades, besides placing at least $15 annually to the credit of each man, woman, and child, thus meeting the expenditure for schools and insurance as well as old-age pensions until the citizens, freed from State tutelage, have learned to provide for these necessities by their own efforts."



THE CANNIBAL SHIP

EACH ONE (singing softly to himself):

"When at times I'd neither wittles nor drink
And a-hungry I did feel,
I just drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
A shipmate for my meal.

"O, I am a cook and the captain bold
And the mate of this fancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

—"*The Yarn of the 'Nancy Bell'*" (*Adapted*).

—Low in *The Evening Standard* (London).

In this way politics will be reduced to a minimum, thinks Mr. Schvan, who adds that the central administration can be carried out by five directors-general, presiding over the departments of Justice, Public Works, Health, the Inspectorate of Police, and the State Bank. They would be appointed by a small State Council of, he suggests, fifty members, who would assemble every year to revise the laws required for the protection of life, property, and individual freedom and control their administration. This would require scarcely more than one month's labor, in the opinion of Mr. Schvan, who further claims:

> "There would therefore be no scope for the misdeeds of professional politicians. In itself the electoral system devised by the Anti-Political Union in Denmark prevents these from coming to the front. The whole country will form one single constituency.
>
> "The fifty men or women who obtain the greatest number of votes will constitute the Commonwealth Council, where they will vote with the same number of votes that they have obtained at the general election, plus those which immediately afterwards have been transferred to them by the electors who in the first instance voted for candidates who did not succeed. In this way each elector will always have the influence that is his due on every decision taken by the Council. To keep its members straight each elector will possess besides the right to transfer his vote from one member to another as soon as he is dissatisfied with the use made of it."

"TRUSTIFICATION" OF THE BRITISH PRESS

$125,000,000 WERE OFFERED in fifteen minutes as subscriptions to the new issue of $15,000,000—5½ per cent debenture stock, made by the Northcliffe Newspapers, Ltd., for the purpose of establishing a circuit of provincial papers, and London press dispatches further advise us that a quarter of an hour after the subscription lists opened, the lists had to be closed. Viscount Rothermere, proprietor-in-chief of the Northcliffe Newspapers, Ltd., who is the younger brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, declares in an article in his London *Daily Mail* that, to those with technical knowledge of British journalism, it has for some time been apparent that one section of the national press which still lags behind the rest in enterprise and development is that of the provincial evening newspapers. Very few existing publications of this class, he points out, are equipped with the large resources required to maintain the best possible supply of news and pictures, for most of them are isolated economic units and suffer in quality from their lack of connection with a powerful press organization. But the Rothermere enterprise is not the only one in England that attracts the attention and arouses some concern among various sections of the press as to the future of editorial independence. Another group of newspapers is controlled by the Berry brothers, who, as a contributor to the London *Morning Post* notes, has been acquiring publications at a great rate of late years, the most famous of which is the London *Daily Telegraph*. Then came the cessation of the publication of *The Westminster Gazette* and its fusion with the London *Daily News*, which leads the London *Spectator* to say:

> "The trustification of the British press is no new symptom, but it is a process which has developed rapidly since the war, and it is probably one of the most serious problems which democracy has to face in this country. What has been happening in Great Britain is similar to what has occurred in the United States, except that in the latter country, owing to its size, the press is not dominated by New York in the sense that the British press is dominated by London. As journalism must be conducted on commercial lines, it is difficult to see how this tendency of combination and trustification is to be avoided, and we fear we have no ready-at-hand solution to offer. But we confess to a feeling of something akin to dismay when we compare the ownership of the British press to-day with that of thirty years ago. The successful and independent newspaper proprietor is becoming a *rara avis*. The costs of newspaper production have become so great, and the capital outlay involved so considerable, that few private owners are in the position to meet the demands made upon their purses; for newspaper ownership, except in special cases, is not the Eldorado that it is sometimes supposed to be.
>
> "The British press is now largely owned by three trusts, and once again we wish to dissociate ourselves from any attack upon the directorships of any of these combinations. We are dealing with the trustification of the press as a whole, which has been slowly going on since the 'nineties, but which has increased so alarmingly in the last ten years. No doubt, from the standpoint of the public, the multiple newspaper owner, like the multiple store, can provide the public with good value for its money. There is this difference, however. Syndicated views distributed *en masse* can never be quite the same as the honest opinions of the working proprietor-editor or the independent editor, who may

have certain obsessions but who, nevertheless, has the courage of his convictions and who honestly seeks to act as a watchdog for society."

Ten columns of news and opinion supplied by the independent editor, who has not to consider constantly what his absent proprietor will think, *The Spectator* believes, is worth more to the public than double that amount of syndicated news and syndicated views. Yet in taking a survey of the British press, this weekly finds the outlook not entirely dark from the standpoint of those who believe in independent journalism, and it observes by way of proof that:

"In London there is the standing example of *The Times*, and throughout the country there are great organs like the Manchester *Guardian*, *The Scotsman*, *The Irish Times*, and many more which we have not the space to mention, which carry on the best traditions of British journalism.

"In the case of *The Times*, its absorption by one of the newspaper trusts has been rendered impossible by the public-spirited action of Major Astor and his fellow-directors. Because of the part they play in influencing public opinion, newspapers never should be mere articles of barter, to be sold to the highest bidder like so many tons of coal or so many acres of land.

"Fleet Street will watch with interest Lord Rothermere's establishment of the chain of provincial evening journals, the launching of which at an early date has been announced. We think that Lord Rothermere is probably correct when he says that some of the provincial evening newspapers are 'unenterprising and old-fashioned' compared with some of their morning rivals, and that they have suffered in quality as 'isolated economic units from their lack of connection with a powerful press organization.'

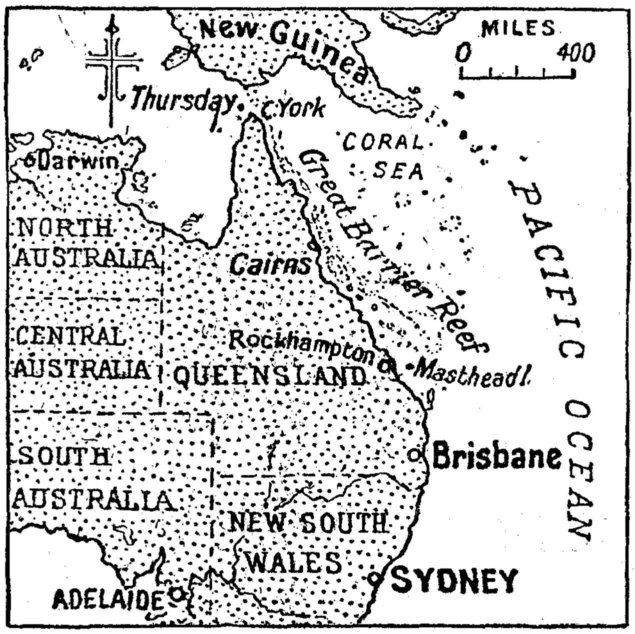
"What we deplore in all these changes is the passing of the independent editor-proprietor, and we view the future of the British press with some alarm if this trustification of independent journals continues. Is there any reason, apart from the ownership of the longest purse, why this process of amalgamation and absorption should not be continued indefinitely? In a few years' time we might witness the formation of one great newspaper trust, owning most of the dailies, evening papers, weeklies and periodicals in the country. A special obligation surely rests on all the remaining independent journals to safeguard their independence. As we announced when the control of *The Spectator* was sold by the late Mr. St. Loe Strachey to the present chief proprietor, we hope to insure, as *The Times* has done, that *The Spectator* shall never be sold in the open market to the highest bidder, apart from other considerations. There is no more solemn duty resting on the newspaper owners of Great Britain than the safeguarding of the independence of the press."

In defense of the wider extension of newspaper control Viscount Rothermere declares in his London *Daily Mail* that he is sure Sir William Berry and his brother, who are also great newspaper proprietors, will be the first to admit the undesirability of any form of press monopoly, and to welcome experienced and powerful competition in the industry to which they have devoted their energy. Editorially, the London *Daily Mail* remarks:

"The Northcliffe newspapers feel that the public require these new and improved evening journals, and will see that no effort and no expense are spared in providing the country with the best that human activity and intelligence can supply."

AUSTRALIA'S 1,200 MILES OF CORAL

THE GREATEST CORAL REEF in the world is said to be the Great Barrier Reef, which runs for more than 1,200 miles along the coast of Queensland "like a rampart out at sea." It extends roughly from the Tropic of Capricorn to Cape York and then on to the level of New Guinea, and, according to a Melbourne correspondent of the London *Times*, it suggests the "original link of dry land between Australia and the islands to the north that is said to have existed long ages ago." Few parts of the world still offer to science so many unsolved problems, both economic and academic, we are told, and tho investigators from Europe and America have visited it from time to time, and have written of various aspects of the Great Barrier Reef, most of these writings are buried in obscure volumes of "proceedings" and are not readily accessible even to specialists. But now it is proposed that a party of British scientists visit the Reef this year, to study the economic biology of the formation, it appears, and Australians, looking at the matter from a commercial as well as a scientific standpoint, are extremely interested. This Melbourne correspondent goes on to say:



From the London *Times*

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

"Like a rampart out at sea," this coral reef runs for more than 1,200 miles, and suggests "the original link of dry land between Australia and the islands to the north that is said to have existed long ages ago."

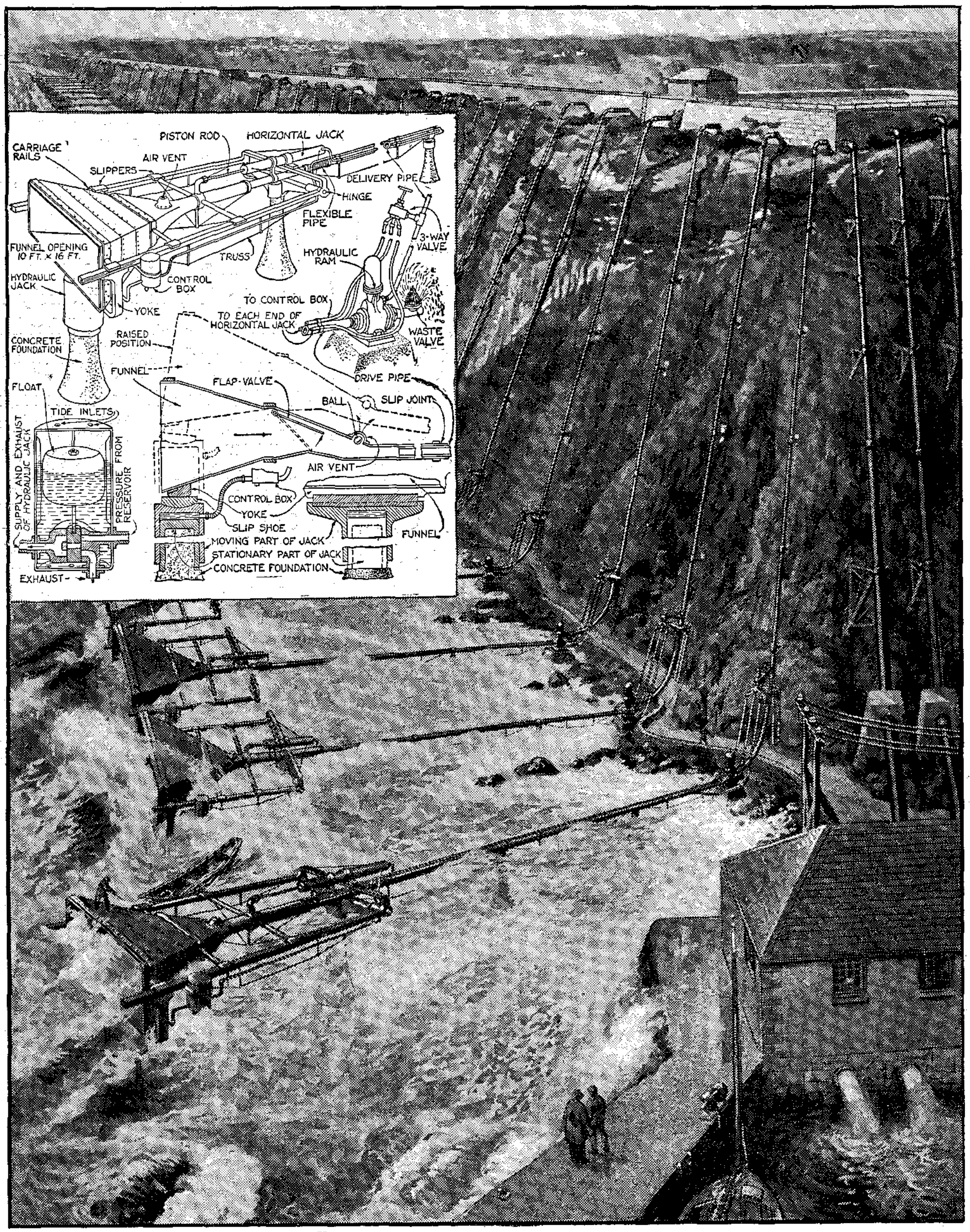
"The most important marine industry in Australia has been for many years the production of pearl shell, which reaches an annual value of more than $1,500,000. As the world's production of the pearl oyster is decreasing, the advisability of placing Australian production on a sound basis is obvious. Much was done for the pearl fisheries of Ceylon by the institution of Government control along lines suggested by a special biological investigation which defined the possibilities of the whole of the oyster banks in that region. There is no such parallel in tropical Australian waters. The headquarters of the industry are at Broome, on the west coast, and at Thursday Island, in the Great Barrier Reef region, on which points the luggers, manned largely by Japanese and Malays, concentrate. No scientific investigation has ever been made of the habits and life-history of the pearl oyster in Australian waters, altho it is known that local conditions cause a considerable variation in different localities. Information concerning the incidence of pearls, the quality of the beds, and the possibility of establishing beds artificially would have the effect probably of increasing its annual value considerably.

"Associated with the production of pearl shell, and usually carried on in conjunction with it, are several other marine industries of importance. Trochus shell, from which common pearl buttons are made; bêche-de-mer, which finds a ready sale in China and Japan for the making of soup; and the hawksbill turtle, from the carapace of which the so-called 'tortoise-shell' of commerce is obtained, are all found in the tropical waters round the reef, more particularly at the northern end. These have received even less attention from the scientific aspect than has the pearl oyster. One thousand tons of trochus shell, valued at $380,000, were exported from Australia in the last financial year, almost the whole going to Japan, whence the completed buttons are exported. The hawksbill turtle is rare, and is not likely to become anything more than a subsidiary product of the larger tropical marine industries."

Of particular interest to Britons and Americans is the further information of this correspondent that a relative of the hawksbill, found much more freely and extending much farther south, is the green turtle, which is the source of turtle soup.

A NEW PLAN TO HARNESS THE SEA

SIXTY BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF ENERGY is reported going to waste annually on the sea coasts of the United States. It would evidently be quite worth while to capture and utilize even a very small fraction of this, if it could be done. An officer of the U. S. Navy thinks he has discovered a way, and Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, director of Science Service, writing in *Collier's* (New York), thinks his plan worth trying. Says Dr. Slosson:


PISTON ROD
HORIZONTAL JACK
CARRIAGE RAILS
AIR VENT
SLIPPERS
DELIVERY PIPE
HINGE
FLEXIBLE PIPE
3-WAY VALVE
FUNNEL OPENING 10 FT. × 16 FT.
TRUSS
HYDRAULIC RAM
HYDRAULIC JACK
CONTROL BOX
TO CONTROL BOX
YOKE
TO EACH END OF HORIZONTAL JACK
RAISED POSITION
WASTE VALVE
CONCRETE FOUNDATION
FUNNEL
DRIVE PIPE
FLAP-VALVE
FLOAT
BALL
SLIP JOINT
TIDE INLETS
SUPPLY AND EXHAUST OF HYDRAULIC JACK
PRESSURE FROM RESERVOIR
AIR VENT
CONTROL BOX
YOKE
SLIP SHOE
FUNNEL
MOVING PART OF JACK
STATIONARY PART OF JACK
CONCRETE FOUNDATION
EXHAUST

Courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

LIEUTENANT SMITH'S WAVE-POWER SCHEME

The impact of the waves drives the water up through the pipes to the reservoir on the cliff, whence it plunges down through turbines and generates electric power.

"A four-foot wave in sea water 30 feet deep—a very moderate and usual condition—has 5.45 horse-power per foot of front, or 28,000 horse-power per mile. If the wave is 8 feet high, the horse-power rises to 25.58 for each running foot of shore front, or 135,062 horse-power per mile. Power produced by the newest and most efficient plants in this country costs about four-tenths of one cent per horse-power hour. At this figure we are wasting day and night some $12,866,688,000 worth of potential power every year along our 12,800 miles of continental coast. The average selling price in the United States per horse-power hour in 1926 was 2.1 cents. At this figure the lost power of wave motion on our coasts would amount to more than sixty billion dollars a year. Can't some small fraction of this be somehow saved?

"The magnitude of the prize has tempted many engineers to devise some form of wave motor, but so far the problem has baffled them all. The latest to make the attempt is Lieut-Com. Lybrand P. Smith of the Bureau of Engineering of the United States Navy, who has planned a device for gathering and storing the energy of waves by means of a hydraulic ram. A large funnel is set at the surface with its mouth toward the open sea, and beyond the breakers. The force of the wave entering it drives the water through a long horizontal pipe leading below sea-level to the shore. At the end the shock strikes the ram, which at every stroke lifts a certain amount of water to a high reservoir on the cliff behind, perhaps 100 feet above the sea. The stored water can be drawn off as needed and converted into electric current by turbine and dynamo.

"Commander Smith calculates that approximately 60 per cent. of the kinetic energy of the waves could be accumulated in a usable form, but believes more data should now be obtained and experimental research made. But it seems a scheme worth trying, since here is a source of unlimited free motive power, more accessible, as a rule, to cities than coal-mines or waterfalls, and sites on the seacoast bluffs are mainly waste land. Is it not possible to make a seashore motor cheap enough so that the capital cost of construction will not swallow up the advantage of the free power?"

The Popular Science Monthly gives us this explanation of the device:

"When waves sweep into these metal traps, the terrific impact of the water is sufficient, says the engineer, to drive a stream through a pipe straight up the cliff that borders the shore. At the top, it has but one avenue of escape. Before it can reach the sea again, it must plunge down flumes and through the turbines of the power-house at the bottom to generate huge quantities of electricity.

"To make sure that no water can dodge the path laid out for it and slip back down the inlet pipe, one-way valves guard the entrances to the 'hydraulic rams,' as engineers term the funnels and their standpipes. A wave's force bursts open the valve and water rushes in; but when the wave recedes the valve closes and the imprisoned brine can find an exit only through the larger pipe to the power-house."

EXIT THE WOODEN CAR

THE OLD WOODEN railroad passenger-car is rapidly approaching its complete exit from the United States, according to the New York *Times*. To-day a wooden car is almost an oddity, says this paper, in any section except rural communities. We read:

"Many railroads still maintain wooden passenger-cars in service on short-haul branch lines, but, in the words of one New York railway executive, 'If a railroad to-day attempted to place a wooden car in service upon a line of any importance, it would be skinned alive.' In a majority of cases, too, carriers running short-haul branches in rural sections are turning more and more to the adoption of either the motor-bus or the gasoline-electric passenger-car to serve the needs of such branches. The latter types of transportation units have been found to be entirely adequate, railroad men state, for short-haul service, both passenger and freight, and are vastly superior to the old wooden-car steam-train, because they can be operated more speedily, more safely, and more cheaply in handling the same amount of traffic, if not more.

"The latest indication of the passing of the wooden car came in the recent announcement by the Pennsylvania Railroad that it had contracted for 530 all-steel passenger-train cars, to cost between $20,000,000 and $21,000,000. These cars were bought with the distinct idea, it was said, of eliminating the last of the Pennsylvania's wooden passenger-cars from all regular steam passenger-trains and also from seashore excursion trains.

"The Pennsylvania purchased its last wooden cars in 1906, and since that time has been steadily scrapping all wooden passenger equipment, until at the end of this year there will remain only about 200 wooden passenger-cars, all of the wide vestibule type, which are to be employed only in emergency service. Last year the Pennsylvania retired from service 559 wooden cars. At present it owns 4,541 cars of all-steel construction for the equipment of passenger-trains.

"Purchase of all-steel cars by the New York Central began about 1909, when, according to New York Central officials, the Government required that all wooden 'front-end' cars, which are the baggage, mail, and express cars usually run at the forward end of a train, be eliminated and steel cars substituted. The first steel passenger-coaches were bought by the New York Central in 1911, and at present only a very small percentage of the Central's passenger-car equipment consists of wooden cars. A number of these are still in service along small branches in northern New York, but these are expected to be replaced in the near future, either by steel equipment or by the motor or gasoline-electric type of car. The latest figures show that 95 per cent. of the New York Central's passenger cars are of steel.

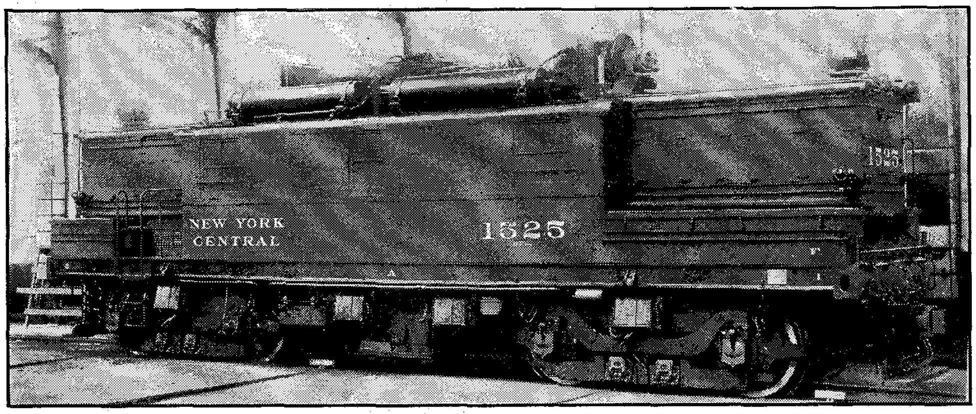
"The Erie Railroad which has undergone a vigorous 'house-cleaning' since January 1, 1927, is also engaging in replacing its wooden equipment with steel. During 1927 there were placed in service twenty-five all-steel commuter cars and a like number of combination baggage-passenger cars. The Erie's officials report that there are still a few wooden cars in passenger and postal service, but that within a reasonable period these are to be retired in favor of steel equipment.

"The Erie retired 174 passenger-cars in 1927, and under the budget for that year the passenger-car schedule, all items of which will be steel cars, totaled in value $1,258,500. The Erie purchased its first steel passenger equipment, including coaches and combination baggage-passenger cars, in April, 1915.

"The Lehigh Valley Railroad reports that it has not maintained a wooden car in regular service on any of its lines for three or four years. Steel cars were first bought by the Lehigh Valley in 1910. In connection with branch lines, the Lehigh Valley is one of the important Eastern railroads which has installed the gasoline-electric passenger car into service on short-haul lines with a large degree of success."

A THREE-POWER LOCOMOTIVE

A BATTERY-OIL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, carrying its own power plant, and the first of its kind ever built, was recently tested in New York by the New York Central Railroad, for which it was constructed for service in freight yards which are not completely electrified, and where part of the time it is required to operate through city streets. As this new locomotive will be required to operate at times over electrified tracks, third-rail shoes are provided, together with an overhead collector. This permits the operation of the traction motors from external sources of supply, when possible. We quote below from a press bulletin issued by the General Electric Company, which designed the locomotive in cooperation with the New York Central's electrical engineering department and the Electric Storage Battery Company. The locomotive was built by the American Locomotive Company.



Courtesy of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York

A LOCOMOTIVE THAT HAS THREE SOURCES OF POWER

Storage batteries, an oil-engine, or outside power led in by third rail or overhead wire.

"When the locomotive is operating in the non-electrified sections, the power is furnished by an Exide storage battery of 218 cells, weighing seventeen tons, one of the largest batteries ever used for locomotive service. The battery is charged by an oil-engine, connected directly to a generator, so designed that, if operated at the same time that power is being supplied to the traction motors, it will divide the load with the storage battery in periods of heavy output without overloading the engine, and will return automatically to charging the battery as soon as the load has decreased. The battery supplies the surges of power required in switching service when a locomotive must respond quickly.

"The locomotive is a swivel-truck type with a cab in three sections, the batteries in the end sections, and the oil-engine in the central section. The latter, in addition to the power plant and control apparatus, has two small operating compartments for the enginemen. There are doors giving access to each operating compartment from the outside and to the power plant from the operating compartments. In the roof of the central compartment, directly above the oil-engine, is a hatch permitting the removal of the engine, if necessary.

"There are four methods of operation: from the storage batteries alone; from the storage batteries and engine generator together; from the third rail, and from an overhead collector. As the change-over from external to internal power supply, or vice versa, occurs automatically, indicating-lights are provided in the enginemen's cab to show under which condition of operation the equipment is running.

"The locomotive has unusually complete metering equipment, in order to assist the engineers in studying its utility for service.

"Fuel tanks having a storage capacity of 200 gallons of oil are provided. These are sufficient to operate the engine at full load for about ten hours. The engine is run at constant speed under control of a governor.

"The locomotive will be tested in actual operation in the West Side freight yards of the New York Central Railroad in New York."

A STAR EVOLVES BACKWARD

A STAR THAT EXPLODED, and is now changing to a nebula, in reverse of the usual process of stellar evolution, is the rare spectacle being observed at the branch station of the Harvard College Observatory at Bloemfontein, South Africa, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). This unconventional behavior of Nova Pictoris, as the star is called, was discovered by Dr. J. S. Paraskevopoulos, who is in charge of the branch station. We read:

"Until the spring of 1925 this star was too faint to be seen with the unaided eye. Then it suddenly flared up as a nova, or 'new star,' and was discovered by R. Watson, a South African Amateur astronomer. The star is in the constellation Pictor, 'the painter,' a group not visible from northern latitudes.

"'The evolution of stars,' explained Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, 'is generally thought to be in the direction from nebula to star, but in this instance, and in two or three others, the transformation is in the opposite direction, and astronomically speaking, is very rapid. All of these reversed cases are associated with the so-called novæ, or new stars.

"'Examination of earlier plates in the great collection at the Harvard Observatory, in Cambridge, where the southern photographs are stored, showed that before its outburst it had been of the twelfth magnitude, and astronomers believe that it will gradually return to that same degree of faintness.

"'Dr. Paraskevopoulos' discovery was based on photographs of the star, made under various conditions, with the rapid photographic telescopes which he has recently transferred from the former Harvard station in Peru to the new site in South Africa. A ring or shell of nebulous matter appeared around the outer edge of the image of the star, and has gradually grown larger and more distinct. The phenomenon clearly indicates that the outburst of the nova, and its rapid increase three years ago to ten thousand times its former brightness, was actually an explosion of the star, which blew its outer parts away from the nucleus.

"'The ring of nebulosity now observed is the former outer portion receding with a velocity of several hundred miles a second. Future observations will show whether the explosive transformation will result in one of the permanent and typical "planetary" nebulæ, of which a hundred or so are known among the stars, or whether the receding atmospheres will gradually dissipate into space, leaving the nucleus as a typical star.

"'The normal course of stellar evolution,' Dr. Shapley stated, 'is believed to be in the direction of contraction, and for perceptible progress requires billions of years; but these suddenly expansive transformations are in the reverse sense, require but a few years, and may be exceedingly important in knowledge of the development of celestial bodies.'

"The observation from the University of LaPlata, which confirmed the Harvard astronomer's detection of the expanding gaseous shell around Nova Pictoris, was made by Professor Hartmann, director of the National Observatory of the Argentine. His observations were made visually with a large refracting telescope."

ANIMALS MISTAKEN FOR PLANTS—It would seem quite impossible, says Marjorie Shanafelt, writing in *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Conn.), that a colony of living animals could ever be mistaken for a plant, yet such is the case. After storms at sea, visitors to the seaside pick up great strands of these delicate colonies thinking them seaweed, and few would believe that they hold within their grasp hundreds upon hundreds of minute animals. These microscopic bits of animal life are called sertularians, from the Latin word serta, meaning garlands. We read:

"The gathering of this supposed seaweed is a profitable occupation for many people. Great quantities are sold in florist shops and in novelty shops as 'air plant.' The clerks will calmly assure the purchaser that the so-called plant will grow both in thickness and length on no other sustenance than air.

"After being removed from their watery home the animals in the colony perish, leaving behind the mere husk of what was, on a minute scale to be sure, very much alive. This dull-colored husk is dyed a brilliant green in order to restore some of the natural beauty. It is also treated with glycerin to render the strands less brittle and hence more lasting, after which we have a charming bit of greenery for use with shell or dried flowers.

"Seen under the microscope the air plant shows a row of cone-shaped cups on either side of the stems. In each of these cups a tiny animal, called a polypite, had its being. A polypite is really nothing but a digestive sac with a mouth at the top. Its business is to eat and help support the colony. Around the mouth wave some sixteen tentacles, moving so rapidly as to form a miniature whirlpool into which are sucked still more microscopic animals. These unlucky animals are first paralyzed by the stinging cells on the tentacles, and then devoured. Undigested food is thrown out again through the mouth while digested food passes through a small opening into the central canal owned in common by the entire colony. The young polypite secretes a protective layer of very hard skin, called chitin, from which it withdraws, when mature, leaving the polypite sitting in a cup, as it were."

RUNNING WATER NOT ALWAYS PURE

THE IDEA HAS LONG CLUNG to the popular mind that running water, if not always pure, will at least purify itself "in a dozen miles or so." Disastrous consequences, we are told in a *Health News* bulletin issued by the U. S. Public Health Service (Washington), have followed too literal application of this erroneous principle to the selection of municipal water supplies. A critical review of recent researches on the subject is given in "The Oxygen Demand of Polluted Waters," issued by the Health Service, together with reports of an extensive series of experiments conducted in its Stream Pollution laboratories. We read:

"Water contaminated with the organic matters found in sewage and in various industrial wastes does gradually rid itself of such pollution, if allowed free access to air. Early studies of this self-purification led to the abandonment of a theory based on the direct action of oxygen on the organic matters, and subsequent research has revealed that the self-purification of streams is essentially a biological process. In this sense, the oxygen contained in aerated or running water does not operate as a sterilizing agent, as once believed, but rather as a neutralizing or deodorizing agent for some of the gases resulting from the bacterial decomposition of the organic matters. Dissolved oxygen is also required for the maintenance of fish life. While thus relegated to a secondary rôle, the amount and rate of disappearance of the oxygen which is contained in a given water nevertheless serves as an excellent indicator, first of the threatened disappearance of fish life and, with increasing pollution, as a warning of impending nuisance conditions. With the understanding that a bacteriological examination is a much better index of wholesomeness or fitness for drinking purposes, it has accordingly become customary to express the pollution of a given water in terms of its demand for dissolved oxygen when reference is made to the threatened disappearance of fish life or to the approach of nuisance conditions.

"On the basis of extensive series of observations it has become possible to give numerical expression to the actual rate at which the oxygen demand of a water is satisfied. The rate at which the organic matter is oxidized, while strikingly uniform with a variety of waters, is exceedingly slow. Thus, with Ohio River water collected at Cincinnati, oxygen continued to be used up for fully 300 days, and bacteria of intestinal varieties persisted for almost that length of time. Even in the absence of intervening pollution, it would be necessary to allow for a stream-flow of several hundred miles before a water, once polluted, could regain its pristine purity. No river in the United States can now be regarded as hygienically safe without treatment. The possibility that a water polluted with sewage might be fully purified by flowing for 'a dozen miles or so' becomes too remote for serious consideration.

"The rate of deoxygenation of polluted river water compares favorably with that of the purely chemical reactions thus far reported. This constancy of the rate is also borne out when the oxygen-demand values are referred to a per capita basis. For the average community, the amount of oxygen required each day for the stabilization of wastes will be in the neighborhood of 100 grams [0.22 pound] per capita. The findings in this respect are of especial significance, inasmuch as they indicate the possibility of making fair estimates of the ability of a stream to withstand pollution without giving rise to offensive conditions by a calculation based solely on the contributing population and the volume of stream flow, and without resort to expensive laboratory investigations."

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A RICE HARVEST IN LOUISIANA

OUGHT WE TO BE A NATION OF RICE EATERS?

WE ARE A BENIGHTED PEOPLE, according to certain food experts, because we go on living in ignorance of the great food value of rice. Like the heathen, they tell us, we need conversion, especially in the Northern States; for our deplorable condition is due merely to the fact that nobody has taken the trouble to educate us on the subject. The needed missionary work in this direction seems to have been undertaken by various contributors to *The Rice Journal*, notably by Miss Kate Pond, the dietitian who supervises the cooking for 300 cancer patients in the Dr. Nichols Sanatorium in a Missouri town.

Miss Pond is a great believer in rice, both for hospital patients and for well people, and she deplores the fact that many even of our dietetic experts have not learned to appreciate it. She scouts the idea, recently put forth, that a rice diet is responsible for the deterioration of Oriental peoples. She also laughs at the old notion that the starch of rice or potatoes has anything to do with causing cancer. Her cancer patients improve and thrive on a rice diet, she tells us, and she has taught her sanatorium cooks to prepare it in many new and tempting ways, so that the patients enjoy it. In an interview, she says further:

> "Rice is right now where raisins were at one time—just a chance item of food. One day the raisin growers got together and began telling us about the merits of raisins. They preached raisins for iron, and folks everywhere got to eating raisins. Now we consider them an important food.
>
> "The whole trouble is that no one has made an effort to show us that there is a real value in rice, or that it can be served in almost numberless ways. We hear that the Chinaman uses rice, but that is about all we are told, and this is no special inducement to our people. Most of us don't know, and that is the whole explanation.
>
> "Rice is easily digested, but that doesn't mean anything unless people know that it is so. I have had cooks who had no idea of how to prepare it except by steaming for a pudding. They had to learn, and if I had not personally been converted to the use of rice by becoming acquainted with it in the rice-using States, they would never have been taught differently, and we would not be using one pound of rice where we now use ten. This is true of almost every institution with which I am at all familiar. Managers of excellent dining-rooms have told me that they can't serve rice because people don't want rice 'as a dessert all the time.' They just have not been told anything about its use in any other way."

Northern housewives never think of rice when planning their meals, complains R. C. Hampton in an article in *The Rice Journal*, continuing:

> "I have lived in Louisiana, where rice is served on the table almost every day; I have spent six months in Porto Rico, where rice is the main dish on every table. But I am a product of the North, and am at home again. I miss the good rice dishes. I haven't the time to think about planning the meals at my home, but on occasions I suggest to my wife that we have rice and gravy or a chicken stuffed with rice, or red beans and rice. 'Why don't we have rice oftener?' I frequently inquire. 'Why, only because I never think about it,' she invariably retorts. We belong to what is called the 'genteel middle class,' and therefore we have no cook. If I were a plumber or an iron worker or a millionaire, I could have a cook and an automobile, too, but I unfortunately belong to that class whose living expenses have advanced, but whose incomes have remained more or less what they were before the World War. Therefore, I should be very glad if my wife would become accustomed to serving dishes which are inexpensive, healthful, and palatable—like rice. But she never thinks of rice.
>
> "A few weeks ago, while I was standing in a grocery store waiting to be served, a housewife came in and asked for one pound of rice. I expected the grocer to say, 'Madam, we have it in two-pound or five-pound packages,' but he did not have any at all. She didn't go anywhere else for it, but substituted grits. I am only interested in rice because I like it. I told this lady that I had a two-pound package of rice which I would give her with a recipe-book. She, of course, objected, but I insisted, for I was possest with a whim to find out whether the people of my own town really would eat rice, if they knew about it, or whether they were constitutionally opposed to it. I sent her the two pounds of rice and a recipe-book. That was six weeks ago. I met her yesterday and inquired whether she had consumed all of the two pounds. To my amazement I found that she had used up the two pounds, and ten pounds in addition. This housewife is now a confirmed 'rice eater.'"

That the retrogression of India and China is due to the rice diet of their people—the contention of a Japanese writer, Mr. Matsumura, recently quoted in our pages—is combated by *The Rice Journal*, which says in reply:

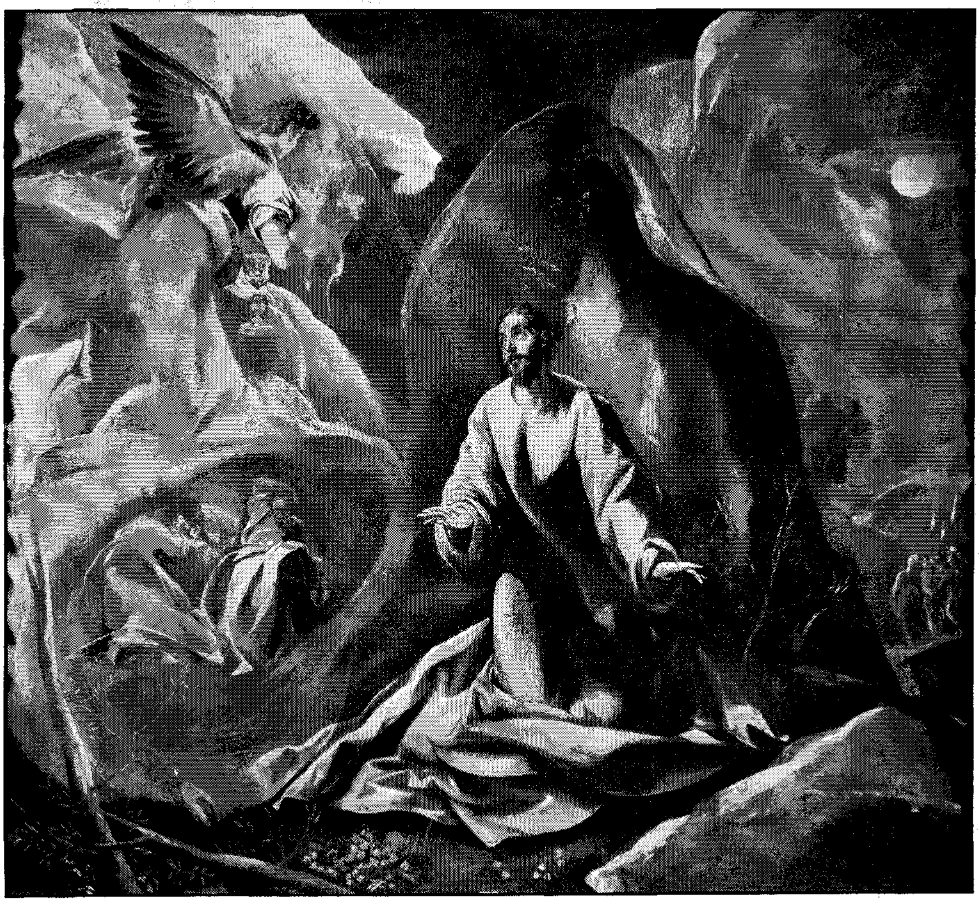
> "Mr. Matsumura states that diet determines the color of a race, and attributes the dark skin of the Oriental or the Chinaman to his rice diet. Let us inquire of this scientist (if he is not one, he assumes the rôle) how he accounts for the dark skin of the American Indian or the Aztecs of Mexico, who never saw polished rice until it was imported into the New World, and who lived almost exclusively upon game? India's civilization has existed for thousands of years uninterrupted by a period called the dark ages, such as Europe has known, but she never attained the height that Greece or Rome attained. She has many temples, but temples do not make a civilization. India, so far as enlightenment and government are concerned, is better off to-day than she has ever been. There are many great civilizations completely lost whose people were never rice eaters; ancient Egypt, for instance, Chaldea, Persia, and Tyre. There are other decadent civilizations who knew nothing of rice."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SPAIN'S OLD MASTERS

AMERICANS ARE SOMETIMES CARICATURED as trudging wearily through the art galleries of Europe, discharging an imposed duty, and glad when the task is done. Some truth may reside in the satire; one must come home with the evidences of the *quid pro quo* after the expense of the journey. But what of the report that thousands have flocked to the loan exhibitions, one in Detroit, of the Titians owned in America, and the other of the Spanish masters put on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art? Even to see such assemblies requires a journey, for all but local residents often only less arduous than a trip abroad. "Geographical conditions alone make necessary the gathering together of America's scattered masterpieces if we are really to foster a vigorous interest in art," says *The Art News* (New York), "but the difficulties of arranging loan exhibitions in America are many." For—



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

"THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN"

"Never as a colorist was El Greco more the virtuoso than in this work."

> "Too many of our museums either have restrictions or prejudices against making loans, while many private collectors have made definite rules against the departure of their treasures for even a brief period. In Europe, where the loan exhibition is less necessary, both geographically and culturally, the diplomatic courtesies of exchange have been worked out long ago, and there is excellent cooperation. Here, apparently, precedents must be established and an entente cordiale reached before our loan exhibitions can become really representative of the wealth of art scattered over this country.
>
> "The opening of the Metropolitan Loan Exhibition proved rather spectacularly that the interest in such a showing is widespread and eager. The crowd which thronged the Museum bore more resemblance to the first-night audience at a much-heralded play than a dutiful and straggling attendance at the shrines of culture. There is undoubtedly in America at present a great, if sometimes slightly pathetic, eagerness to know more about art. Those who can not afford a journey to Europe must depend upon the loan exhibition to give them something of that broad panorama of art which comes so easily to the European. The eagerness of the crowd at the Metropolitan could scarcely have been disappointed. If the casual gallery goer carried away only the sparkle, the spirited brush work and the inner light of the remarkable examples by Goya, he could scarcely depart with the private conviction that great art is, after all, a dull affair."

Of the three great Spanish masters, El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya, it is the last named, perhaps, that the general public know least. Margaret Bruening in the New York *Evening Post* combines in her notice of the examples shown an interesting sketch of the master:

> "Since this year is the centenary of Goya's death, to be marked in Spain by a large exposition, this group of his work has a special significance.
>
> "Goya is a romantic figure in popular legend. He flourished in his youth in plots and intrigues. Forced to flee the Inquisition, he crossed into Italy with a group of bull-fighters. Other and equally wild adventures are credited to him in Rome, but, in spite of this fantastic career, he won the second prize at the Academy at Parma for painting and received a commission for work in the Cathedral of Zaragoza, so there may have been a few respites from romance and adventure that the biographers omit.
>
> "His début in Madrid was made by his remarkable designs for tapestry, in which the subjects are taken, not from romantic themes of the Middle Ages or from antiquity, but from the everyday life of Spain. They show his fertility of creative imagination, his audacity and his vivid color contrasts.
>
> "Altho he had to struggle with poverty, insufficient technical training, deafness in early middle life and the final destruction of his fortune and entire possessions by the invasion of foreign Powers, the indomitable egoism of the man was never broken. It is in all his work. He presents too many varied and important aspects in his brilliant and versatile genius for any convenient summary. One can only see one facet of it at a time, and later come to realize how many more there still are.
>
> "Many influences are naturally sought for Goya's early work. He belongs to both the centuries which he spanned in his life, and which he drew from and influenced. It would be an astonishing list that one could compile of the artists who have been indebted to Goya in their work down to the present day.
>
> "In this exhibition the portraits receive emphasis. Viewing them, one does not need to be told that he was a remarkable

portrait-painter, endowing his subjects with much of his own vitality and temperament, but never seeking to prettify his sitters or surround them in a halo of pompous adulation. His palet is often restricted to black vermilion and white, with flashes of gold braid or ornament, or in the later period, when the ferocity of attack, his intensity of color contrasts and his audacity of design that mark his contempt for tradition were modified, he shows exquisite nuances with an almost austere handling. Often a transparent underpainting lends great luminosity."

El Greco was not a real Spaniard, he was born in the island of Crete, possibly in Candia, but must be seen in Toledo to be known aright, so it is said. Miss Cary of *The Times* gives us a biographical note:

> "We know that he went to Venice and was influenced by Tintoretto, and adopted that master's clever custom of working out his compositions with the help of little clay models; that he went from Venice to Rome, and that before 1577 he was in Spain and living in Toledo, the wonderful city 'strange and fantastic as a city in a dream,' and that his art became also strange and fantastic until it stood at last quite alone in its power to move through abstract form and color unapproached in this power in any century up to the present time.
>
> "After capturing the characteristics of Spain as Spain revealed itself in Toledo, El Greco stript away from the long austere form of that Spain the material substance obscuring the spirit, leaving it finally the thinnest of envelops enclosing a mounting flame, an envelop twisting and shriveling in strange agonies under the heat of the twisting, aspiring flame."

Mr. Cortissoz concentrates on the canvas we are able to reproduce opposite:

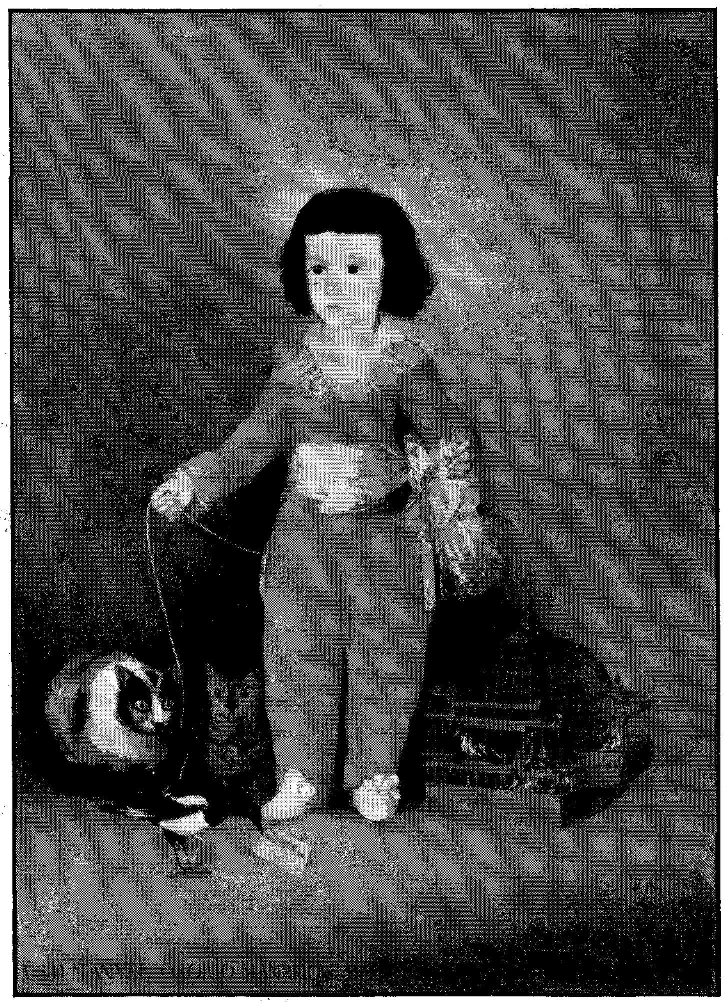
> "The most intensely characteristic painting in the group is 'The Agony in the Garden,' lent by Mr. and Mrs. Sachs, a great picture, vibrating with imaginative and emotional force. The scene is enveloped in the grayness that El Greco loved, from out of which the plangent color in which the central figure is clothed fairly leaps. Never, as a colorist, was El Greco more the virtuoso than in this work. But it is the conception of the thing that first and last drives home a sense of his inventive freshness, of that singularity to which, where he is concerned, we are bound again and again to return.
>
> "The landscape setting—if such it can be called—seems as tho upheaved volcanically in some remote No Man's Land. The illumination is unearthly. But the whole incredible scene is made absolutely credible by the master's creative power. His genius superbly validates the pictorial gesture that he makes. Appreciation of El Greco is sometimes overdone. With his tendency toward livid tones and to an exaggerated elongation of forms he often declines upon something like caricature. But a composition like this, so new, so rapt, so authentically seen, seems at a stroke to justify all the panegyrics. It is as tho the instruments of the painter were truly energized by a great soul. Insensate brush and pigment are touched by a kind of ecstatic flame. How could such a gift as his have been consolidated within the confines of a formally functioning school? Magic can not be harnessed to organization. And he had it in his very touch. Witness such a canvas as the little 'Portrait of a Man,' belonging to Colonel Friedsam. He painted that type of beruffed citizen over and over again, but never without leaving upon the Spanish features a glamour more than Spanish."

Velasquez must be seen in Madrid to be appreciated. What is shown here is early work, "Masterly paintings in which the promise of his supremacy is contained," says Mr. Bryson Burroughs in the catalog. But,

> "They lack the particular quality which his later works display in a degree of perfection which has never been equaled—the quality, namely, which the painters call values, the interrelation in light and aerial perspective of all the parts of the picture; in other words, the giving to the objects in the picture the appearance of being at the same relative distance from the spectator which these objects had in reality from the artist."

WHEN EUROPEAN COMPOSERS JAZZ

FOREIGN COMPOSERS AFFECT TO SCORN JAZZ, but can not keep away from it; also they apparently can not master it, but use a substitute which they doubtless think just as good. *La Press* (Paris) asserts that a class in jazz has been determined upon for the conservatory of Frankfort, but that Frankfort musicians have protested, declaring that the accursed thing shall have no place in an art school.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

NOTICE THE CATS

The real Goya comes out in them, for he had an eye for the terrible things in nature and life, but the little boy shows another side.

Kind words were spoken of it by Maurice Ravel, the French composer, who is now a visitor here. Here is a pen picture of the famous composer, by Olin Downes of the New York *Times:*

> "Mr. Ravel is neither young nor robust. His mentality, which is acute and highly developed, is not that of a youthful, ebullient people, or, perhaps, of any modern civilization. Like his art, he is delicately and fastidiously organized. Living can not be easy for him. Yet his qualities maintain him. The rapier withstands the onslaught of the bludgeon.
>
> "Other European visitors, with more physique than Mr. Ravel, and apparently better geared to the exigencies of the young civilization, have not withstood it so well. But that is Mr. Ravel's quality. He has traveled America under the auspices of the Pro Musica Society from coast to coast. Americans in large numbers have examined him. Mr. Ravel has courteously and curiously returned the examination—this without rancor or misunderstanding, but, on the contrary, with cognizance of the richness of a future that contrasts formidably with the boundaries of his present and past. The thought would make some artists of Mr. Ravel's years and sensibilities uncomfortable; but he is too sure and aware of himself and his background for that. A characteristic product of ideas refined and re-refined by centuries

of an aristocratic culture, he has been watching with coolness and curiosity the formation of a new and cruder society and its gropings in the field of an expressive art. He has surely felt the pressures, the potencies, and the swirling forces of a young, impulsive people. But he has stood against other inundations than the one which now sweeps against his defenses, and for the present, at least, he holds his own."

Mr. Ravel's "kind words" occur in Mr. Downes's article, and lead out of some observations he makes on composition in general here in America:

"In the field of composition I have found my earlier impressions of American music confirmed. I think you have too little realization of yourselves, and that you still look too far away over the water. An artist should be international in his judgments and esthetic appreciations and incorrigibly national when it comes to the province of creative art. I think you know that I greatly admire and value—more, I think, than many American composers—American jazz. I have used jazz idioms in my last violin and piano sonata, but from what point of view? That, of course, of a Frenchman. Fascinated as I am by this idiom, I can not possibly feel it as I would if I were an American. It is to me a picturesque adventure in composition to develop some ideas suggested by American popular music, but my musical thinking is entirely national—unmistakably so, I fancy, to the most casual listener. I am waiting to see more Americans appear with the honesty and vision to realize the significance of their popular product, and the technique and imagination to base an original and creative art upon it."

When his interviewer remarked that this was an astonishing opinion from a classicist and the inheritor of an ancient culture, Mr. Ravel raised his eyebrows:

"No, it isn't strange. It is only logical. It is not the developed artistic culture which fails to comprehend the significance of a culture and civilization different from itself. On the contrary, a developed artistic consciousness implies such appreciation. If we in France, for instance, listen to German music, we wish it to be fundamentally German. The thing we are inclined to reject is the German music which leans toward that of the French. It is precisely the same with the good German criticism. Criticism in that country, when it is not a matter of prejudice or chauvinism, is the criticism that recognizes immediately, and appraises at its full value, what is essentially the expression of the spirit of another race. You are most courteous and receptive to the ideas of your neighbor when you are most certain of the quality and the value of your own. There are musicians, I am happy to say, who feel that way in Germany and in France. A world brotherhood of art should include—must, indeed, imply—the confident affirmation by the creative spirits of national and racial consciousness. It is surely time for the American to look about him and found his own art traditions."

Mr. Ravel is not mentioned by Mr. Henderson of *The Sun* in his article on "modernism" and "jazz." Having exprest all there is to say, or nearly all, in the modernistic formula, certain Europeans turn to jazz. "Why let Brother Jonathan have all the fun?" Mr. Henderson "would be the last in the world to be so vulgar as to intimate that European composers don't know their onions. He honestly believes they do. But they certainly do not know their jazz." He shows us why:

"On Tuesday evening last Pierre Monteux, conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, produced in Carnegie Hall the third symphony of Willem Pijper, a Dutch composer highly recommended by Willem Mengelberg and also Rudolf of the same name. M. Monteux was engaged in the discharge of a pious duty in presenting the work because it is dedicated to him.

"Authoritative information declares that Pijper is the most radical of the Holland composers. His symphony proved him to be entirely abreast of the progressive movement in the treatment of harmony, cross rhythms, atonality, polytonality and instrumentation. It also showed us a native of Utrecht in the act of struggling to assimilate jazz. And there was no difficulty in perceiving that the music jazzed originated in the creative recesses of the soul of one Debussy.

"Try, kind reader and lover of the tonal art, to conceive George Gershwin or Zez Conrey aiming to make a jazz piece out of a few pages from 'Pelleas et Melisande' or 'L'Après midi d'un Faun.' Can you see either of them making such a blunder? Yet over and over we find the European musicians, who are striving to be up to date, and who believe that jazz is the high sign of the spirit of this age, endeavoring to transform melodic material rooted in their own soil into jazz by the mechanical process of tacking some syncopations to the beginnings of phrases and muting the trumpets and trombones.

"What they all fail to grasp is that the basic substance of jazz is the tune. If the tune is not suitable to jazz treatment, the result is just musical nonsense. And the tunes which belong to the domain of jazz grew in this country. Think of a spectacled German gentleman trying to compose 'blues.' What does he know about the half-desperate laughter of the negro torn by grief?"

BUT THEY KNOW WHAT THEY DON'T LIKE

WE HAVE NO DOUBT that others beside "an expert as art critic and critic of poetry" have the same bewildered feelings as those exposed below. They are unable to speak for themselves, so when a congenial spirit speaks for them, it seems only fair to let them have their day in court. The writer in the Kingston (N. C.) *Daily Free Press* hopes he will find a place for his effort in our pages. But he deals with more than "poetry," so it seems that this rather than the poetry page is the place for him, where we report him without prejudice:

"This new-fangled poetry and painting and sculpture is calculated to drive a lot of art-lovers distracted. There is the cubist kind of painting, for instance. We have carefully and conscientiously scrutinized specimens—originals and reproductions—a number of times, taking them right-side up, upside down and sideways, and we have as yet been unable to figure out what a darned one of the things represented.

"We have tried in vain to enthuse over blocks and curlicues in bronze and marble supposed to represent human forms or animals. We have been as unsuccessful in endeavoring to decipher these chiseled and cast atrocities as in finding the hidden figures in the cubist daubings.

"But the poetry that some modern geniuses are essaying fills us with extreme interest and curiosity. Here's a poem which we clipt and read and reread until we almost know it by heart:

Drab, dark, gusty.
Aching, aching, aching.
Dreams of the past.
Roaring winds.
Fires, flickering, fading.
Thinking, thinking, thinking.
Limitless, limitless, limitless.
Graves, cold white stones.

"This delightful effort is entitled 'Winter.' We, expert tho we are as an art critic and critic of poetry, are stumped by some of the phrases. Undoubtedly the lines are to be hooked up to form a mind-picture of a winter scene, the person doing the picturing dividing his time between gazing out of the window at a dreary landscape, broken by a graveyard, and sitting before a fire, listening to the wind blowing without. The impression of the vastness of winter is gained from the thrice-repeated 'limitless.' We are uncertain about the aching; perhaps the person has toothache, or earache, or merely aches at heart for balmier days, barring, of course, the possibility that he is suffering from that other kind of ache that strikes one about midway between where galluses cross and where they hook up.

"We would, were we such a poet, sing of brighter scenes. We have been doing a little experimenting. We take a secret pride, indeed, in this, which we pass along rather inwardly hoping that THE LITERARY DIGEST will find it worthy of reproduction on its page devoted to poetry:

Sunshine, shower, buttercups.
Three cats on a fence.
Mud puddles in a minute.
Pills, pills, pills (liver pills).
Woman with broom and entowelled head.
Bright, bright, bright.
Kites, kites, kittens.
Glorious, glorious, glorious.
Bluebirds, worms, wigglers.
Cats, cats, concerting.

"This delicate thing we have entitled 'Spring.'

"Should our readers decide it any less meritorious than 'Winter,' we shall promptly suppress it."

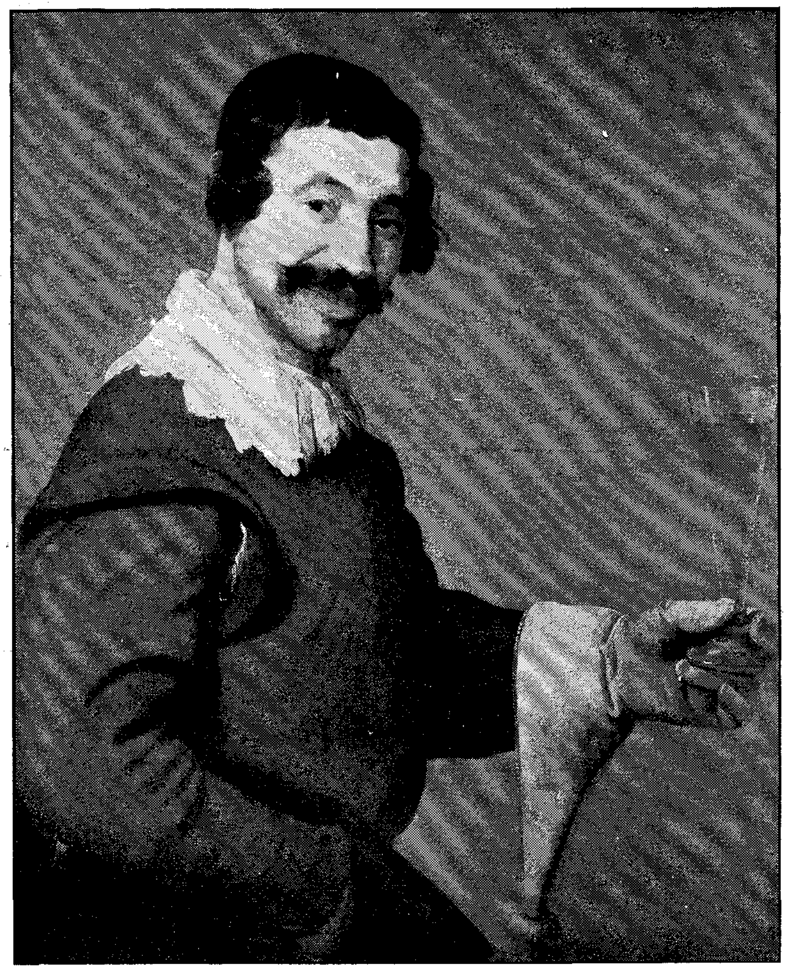
UNTRUTHFUL WAR FILMS

GALSWORTHY IS TROUBLED about the increasing number of war films. He asks a good many questions, none of which he answers, tho some imply the answer in the question. Why, ten years after the war, should we be reviving a subject that, when the war ceased, every human effort was made to forget? Just now a film with Edith Cavell as a subject has been made, but has been denounced both in Germany and England, tho absolute prohibition has not been insisted upon. "However carefully the story of Nurse Cavell's sacrifice be told, it can not, in our time, be appropriate fare for the screen," observes the Manchester *Guardian.* What Mr. Galsworthy implies is that no truthful picture of the war is fit for this purpose. Thus he writes in the London *Daily News and Westminster Gazette:*

> "The Youth and Middle Age of the warring countries spent four blasted years; knew blood, and mud, wounds, frost, lice, flies, stench and pestilence as they now know the streets down which they walk to work or play. And for four years the elderly lived with anxiety and sorrow by night and day.
>
> "When the war ended, and for some years after, no adults wanted to hear of war again, because they knew what it was—from beginning to end a hideous and bloody nightmare; a thing neither glorious nor sporting; one long confusion of suspense, hardship, sacrifice, and horror. When it ended, relief was such that strong men wept.
>
> "And now we have war films supported by the Governments that were at war. The American film, 'Convoy'; the German films, 'Emden,' 'When Fleet Meets Fleet,' and 'The Official War Film'; the forthcoming French film, 'Verdun'; and our own 'Armageddon,' 'Ypres,' 'Mons,' 'The Somme,' 'Zeebrugge,' 'Battles of Coronel and Falklands,' produced with the assistance of the Army Council and the Admiralty.
>
> "I have not seen any of these films, but report says that they are staged and censored so as not to shock the susceptibilities of the public, so as not to show the blood, the mud, the lice, the stench, the gaping wounds, the lingering pain, and the ghastly mental torture which make up real Armageddon.
>
> "Report apart, common sense tells one that it could not be otherwise. Films must pay their way; and ordinary knowledge of human nature assures us that they could not possibly pay their way in any country if they really got on the nerves of their audiences.
>
> "Reproduction of one-millionth part of the horror and misery which every day of the war brought would be enough to insure the utter failure of any of these films. They are, therefore, in no sense educational, for they can not tell anything even remotely like the truth. Indeed, to tell the truth about war in a film would be quite impossible."

All this being so, what lies behind this development, he asks, while declaring that it "is much greater in this country [England] than in any other." Whereupon comes his series of questions:

> "Is it desired that the memory of what war really is shall be wiped out? Do those who know the truth wish to see young folk brought up to think war glorious and inspiring?
>
> "Or has it been overlooked that the majority of those who see these films are young people who were under seventeen when the war ended, and know nothing of what war really is, and that with every year this majority will increase?
>
> "Or, again, is it considered that the promotion of peace and disarmament, and the furtherance of good-will among nations, of which we hear a good deal, is helped by the necessary national glorification in these productions?
>
> "Or it may be that official faith in love of country is so weak that these reminders of a war which proved love of country up to the hilt are deemed necessary?
>
> "Or are they designed to console the peoples of the warring countries for the fact that they are groaning from taxation caused by the war? Or is it thought, perhaps, that the best way to reduce expenditure on war services, which we are frequently told is desirable, is to fan the public's appetite for the pageantry of those war services?
>
> "Or might the opinion be held that the public's demand for this particular kind of thrill was inevitable and had better be glutted at once, like a child's appetite for Christmas cake with a maximum of iced sugar?
>
> "Or, again, do governments fear that war films without official support would be even less like war?
>
> "Or, finally, is it simply that they wish to encourage the film industry of their countries, and can think of no better way of doing so?
>
> "In short, what is the exact object of official aid to war films, at a time when statesmen, according to their repeated assurances, are doing their best to repair the ravages of war, and to make war unlikely in the future?"

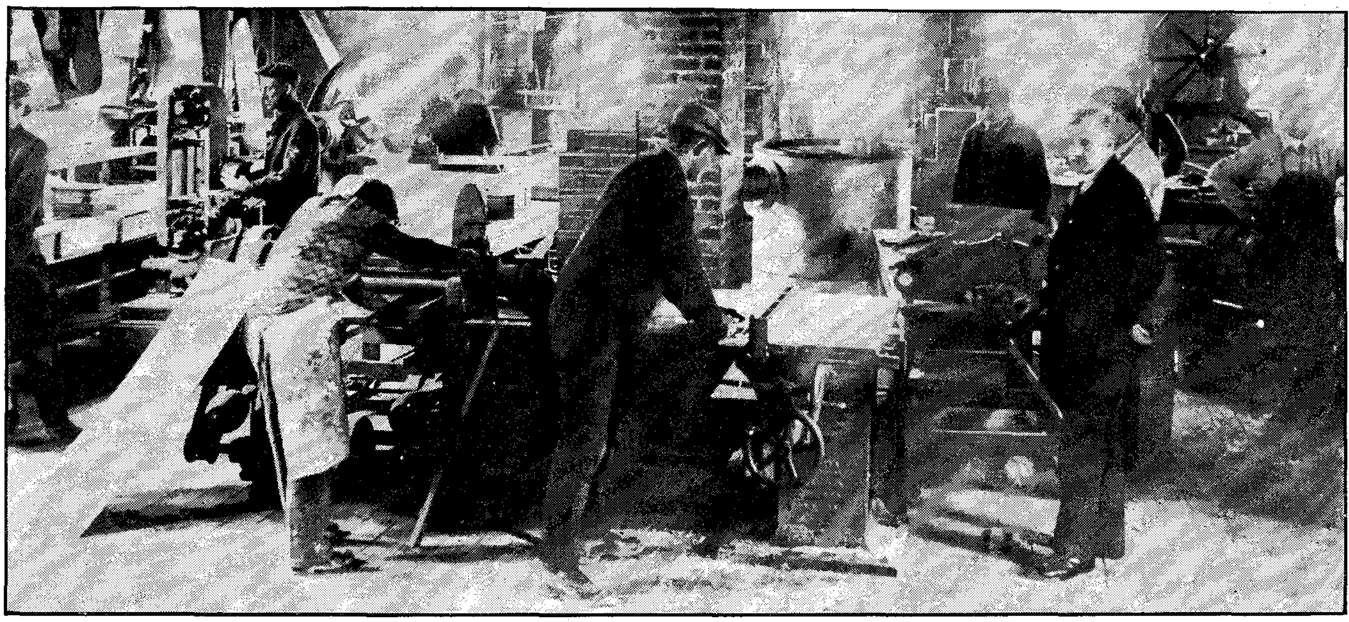

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

VELASQUEZ'S MAN WITH A WINE-GLASS

One of the notable paintings at the loan exhibition of Spanish paintings.

THE COVER—We do not intend to go into competition for pretty-girl covers, but we feel that the present offering will be a not unwelcome change from the severe classicism of our series of old masters. We can not refrain from calling attention to the charming color scheme, the pinks and greens and yellows which ought to put any observer into the hopeful spirit of the coming spring. It may be too early to occupy the wicker chair in the open with a gown so little protective against the chill winds that invade us in March, but we can solace ourselves at least with the daffodils, for they are already with us. Mr. John Newton Howitt the artist, was born in White Plains, May 7, 1885, and studied at the Art Students League in New York. He has a studio at present in the latter city, and is a member of the Society of Illustrators, Salmagundi, the Guild of Free Lance Artists, and the League of American Artists.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE



International Newsreel photograph

AN EX-CONVICT'S SHOP FOR EX-CONVICTS

The shop was established by Joseph Pensendorfer, after he had been in the shadow of death and had served twenty-five years of a life sentence for the murder of his father-in-law. While in prison he learned wood-working and patented several wood-working processes from which he derived enough to start a factory of his own after his release. He employs only ex-convicts.

AN EX-CONVICT AS A SAMARITAN

SAVED FROM THE GALLOWS almost at the last moment, Joseph Pensendorfer, now fifty-three, has managed not only to rehabilitate himself and reestablish himself in the esteem of his fellows, but to help others who, like himself, have served their enforced penance and been released. Usually the ex-convict needs help, and if it is not forthcoming he is likely to find himself in the toils of the law again. More than a quarter of a century ago, we read in the New York *Times*, Pensendorfer stood in a court-room in Philadelphia and heard himself sentenced to be hanged for the murder of his father-in-law. Two days before he was to die the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and he was sent to the penitentiary. While in prison, Pensendorfer, who was pardoned nine months ago, became a woodworker, mastering the arts of carving and inlay, and patented devices for wood-working processes. When freed, he had $50,000 to his credit in a bank in Philadelphia from royalties on his inventions and the sale of his work. Recently he sat in the office of his busy wood-working factory at West Berlin, New Jersey, and told of the realization of his dream of furnishing employment to men who had served prison sentences. "During my time in prison," he said, as he is quoted in *The Times*, "I saw that the released convicts had no chance in the world. I saw them come in, serve their term and go out with the determination to go straight. Then I saw them come back again, licked. They had tried, but their prison records and the cops were too much for them. They would go back to crime again, because there was no other road open to them."

So Pensendorfer dreamed of the time when he might have a business organization where he could give these unhappy men a chance. The factory has been in operation more than eight months, and he feels that his dream "is beginning to come true." His superintendent, we read, had served ten years for murder, and had been pardoned; his chief draftsman had been a bank cashier, and had served a similar term for embezzling. Business, he says, has grown to such a volume that he intends soon to double the capacity of his plant. Fifteen men were at work turning out radio cabinets, ship models, and all manner of wood objects, at the time of the interview. Employment is now the principal problem, Pensendorfer said. "I could use 100 more men to-day, if they were available," he added. "I know where there are some very skilled wood-workers"—here he smiled—"but unfortunately the authorities are detaining them." Any convict will have a chance in his factory, Pensendorfer said, and there are only two rules to obey: "Work hard to follow the straight and narrow path, and quit booze entirely."

The lesson the Brooklyn *Eagle* draws from this novel adventure into social service is that, given the man, prison can prepare him for a life of honest and useful endeavor. "It does not show that every released convict deserves confidence." For, we read,

> "Convicts, like other people, are diverse. Some lack the sense of social obligation and the will to go straight; of that type the group of professional criminals is largely composed. Some lack capacity for useful work. Some, chiefly among those who have committed crimes of passion, may rank high in ability and in natural sense of duty.
>
> "The average citizen, the average employer, and to some degree the penal system, treat all convicts alike. A man who has undergone imprisonment himself knows that convicts are not all alike. He can tell which ones deserve employment and trust. He can, if the Camden case furnishes any evidence, render such men resources of the community, employing them to his own profit and theirs.
>
> "It may take a convict to judge a convict, in which case there is room for other former prison inmates to start other businesses and put to work the prison graduates capable of giving good service in other industries. Yet it seems as tho social study, which has accomplished so much with other classes of the handicapped, might apply itself successfully to diagnosing the men who issue from the penitentiaries, and selecting the sound ones for their own employment and for safeguarding society from the enforced criminality of the employment outcast."

YOUTH'S RELIGIOUS PUZZLE

MODERN YOUTH IS NOT GODLESS, but is nearer the truth about religion than was any other generation, asserts Dr. Clarence C. Little, President of the University of Michigan, thus allying himself with those who have been questioning the now hoary and apparently outworn charge that the young generation of to-day is sunk in iniquity. "In this day when it seems to have become the favorite indoor sport to view with alarm the tendencies of youth," comments the Columbus *Evening Dispatch*, "it is refreshing to hear from a man who not only has retained his faith in the rising generation, but who is in a position to know. . . . A little more of Dr. Little's attitude and the 'revolt of youth' will die of inertia."

International Newsreel photograph

FROM PENANCE TO SERVICE

Joseph Pensendorfer, with his seventy-nine-year-old mother. Pensendorfer is now serving humanity by offering employment in his factory to ex-convicts. Fifteen are now on his pay-roll.

It was in an address before two hundred Presidents, Deans, Headmasters, and Professors of universities, colleges, and preparatory schools gathered at Princeton University to discuss religion among college men that Dr. Little delivered his encouraging observations on the youth of to-day. But youth has its religious problems, and not of its own making, either, and according to Dr. Little, it is not being greatly aided by the adult generation in solving them. He presented a "Bill of Questions" which, he says, puzzle youth in their approach to religion. The first is the subject of death. Christians, says Dr. Little, as he is quoted in the New York *Times*, proclaim their belief in a happy immortality. Yet they do their utmost to keep alive persons who are suffering from incurable diseases. Then, again, they shoot the suffering family dog out of a sense of humanity. "There is a discrepancy here somewhere," he declares. Birth comes next on Dr. Little's list. He asks how the attitude of religion toward birth is to be squared with a "social system which spawns thousands of unwanted children" in down-town New York and other places. "Are these children born just because we love them?" he asks. "Or are they born because of greed, thoughtlessness, animal instinct, lust?" Next comes the attitude toward recreation. Many common forms of recreation that tend to "undo in leisure time the good done in hours of the classroom," says Dr. Little, "are countenanced in the universities." The attitude toward law also comes in for consideration. The enforcement of law, according to Dr. Little, is "all wrapt up in hypocrisy and cant." He sees this as the fault of the elder generations who made the laws, and not as the sin of the younger persons who had nothing to do with passing such laws as the Eighteenth Amendment. As for youth's attitude toward wealth, Dr. Little believes boys and girls are "not particularly desirous of worshiping rich persons." On the reaction of youth toward the elders who shout at them, "Get out and vote," Dr. Little notes that candidates are put up by parties condoning bad faith and dishonesty, and asks: "Why vote?" Why vote, he goes on, under a system that disenfranchises millions in so far as a chance to vote for some one they approve of is given them? Seventh on Dr. Little's list is the position of the older generation toward international responsibilities. As he sees it, the attitude of "me first" of a so-called Christian country is calculated to cause the young to ask inconvenient questions. Dr. Little next criticizes the attitude of the older people, and the attitude of many of the Christian clergy, toward marriage. He deprecates, we read, that social pressure and economic interests should hold a marriage intact until physical death dissolves a partnership "where mental and spiritual death had already occurred." Last on Dr. Little's list is the attitude toward the "survival of medievalism in religion." He believes that youth can not be expected to listen to a Church that tolerates medieval concepts of intolerance, such as the doctrine, "You must think as I think." Youth, according to Dr. Little, has a "real, human, and lovable attitude toward Christianity." But he says that this same youth can not be expected to rally to the support of churches whose members talk one way and act in just the opposite way or to the support of a clergy which spends much of its time bickering over "dry bones of theology," two of which he lists as the "infallibility of the Bible" and the question of the Virgin Birth.

Unquestionably, comments the Camden *Post*, the youth of to-day is thinking more definitely than did the youth of a generation ago. "And youth's thinking on religion is just as logical as it is on other subjects. Probably the only difference in the generations is that the youth of to-day is more alert than that of yesteryear. It wants to 'be shown.'" There is some measure for justification for Dr. Little's criticisms, thinks the Detroit *Free Press*. "But in view of the fact that the Church represents a cross-section of society, which means that the mass of both the laity and the clergy are persons of average mentality, capacity, and education, it seems to us," says *The Free Press*, "he is asking a great deal from the organization if he is suggesting that it go ahead and renovate all the bad religious, moral, social, and political conditions he discerns in the country." The relative impotency of the Church to deal with all the problems suggested by Dr. Little, thinks *The Press*, is due to a considerable degree to the result of work by such men as Dr. Little himself. This remark is not meant unkindly, says the Detroit paper, and explains:

"But it is a fact that the enlargement of cultural, scientific, and historic knowledge of all sorts has seriously unsettled the beliefs of millions of Christians, including most of the more brilliant leaders of the churches, and these people are at present hard put to it to rearrange their ideas on some satisfactory basis. Unless, and until they can do so, their potency as militant, well drilled, effective soldiers in a war for righteousness and enlightenment must of necessity be limited. People who are not quite sure what they believe regarding matters that are fundamental can scarcely be expected to work very hard or strike very hard as crusaders. They must clear up their ideas before they can do so; and in these days, when an increase of knowledge has flagrantly increased sorrow, that is not always a quick or easy process."

THE MINISTER'S CHANCE FOR RICHES

IT IS A ROSY PICTURE, indeed, of the clergyman's life, which Bishop James Henry Darlington, of the Episcopal Diocese of Harrisburg, paints in *The North American Review.* It is not convincing to some, as we shall learn later on in this article, and most of us, perhaps, are accustomed to more lugubrious word-pictures of a clerical career. But Bishop Darlington has enjoyed his forty-five years' experience in the ministry, and he gives us a most engaging description of the opportunity such service presents for the pursuit of happiness, leisure, comfort, and even a little luxury. Of course there are some crosses, but, Bishop Darlington states, as the summing up of his life's experience, "that the joys of the ministry are much more than its sorrows, and that its happiness is a continual blessing. On the whole," he says, "the ministers I know are the most cheerful class in the community." Dr. Darlington specifies thirteen joys, thus:

"1. It is a mentally stimulating life. There is considerable study to be done, with varied reading; and a clergyman keeps up with all secular knowledge, the leading reviews, as well as the strictly religious magazines and the contemporary developments in theology.

"2. It is physically attractive, because a part of nearly every day should be given to calling in the homes of parishioners, which means the exercise of walking from house to house, climbing stairways to invalids and the aged, and in the country means owning and using a motor-car, so that one is kept in God's out-of-doors by the needs of his work.

"3. It is spiritually helpful. A clergyman, by preaching sermons to increase the faith of others, takes these reasons to his own heart, and, with soul at rest, has few spiritual worries.

"4. It is a prayerful life, in which the clergyman cultivates dependence upon his Divine Master and Best Friend, so that whatever discomfort may threaten, his mind and soul are not disturbed, and his nerves are at rest.

"5. It is an independent life, when one can rise at any hour one pleases and retire at such time as he deems best; when days in the middle of the week can be used and taken for any desireable trip or purpose, and one is not confined to a small, stuffy office for eight hours, six days in each week.

"6. It is an honored calling, so that a clergyman, his wife and his children are universally respected and esteemed, and great deference is paid to his words on civic and social affairs, as well as to his Sunday discourses.

"7. It is a fairly well paid calling. In fact, the minimum salary in most dioceses is $2,000 or more, and a comfortable home; making the net salary about $3,000.

"8. It has permanence of tenure. A clergyman in the Episcopal Church is called for life or good behavior and, under ordinary circumstances, with faithful work there is always a majority in each congregation who will vote to sustain the pastor against opposition. . . .

"9. The clergy are exempt from being drafted for war. A discount of 10 per cent. is generally allowed them on clothing, books and some other merchandise they buy, and they travel on half-fare on the railroads.

"10. They are so favored by the kindly attention of wealthy and leading parishioners that their children enter the highest social life, and a census shows that listed among prominent Americans in 'Who's Who' there are more clergymen's sons and daughters who have distinguished themselves than the children of any other class in the community.

"11. Some clergymen do manage, by economy and careful planning, to save money. . . . Through the kindness of financial leaders who are on their church boards the clergy are often advised to make certain low-priced investments, and years afterwards find that, through following this wise counsel, they are in very comfortable circumstances.

"12. The Church Pension Fund, with $18,000,000 of assets, rapidly increasing at the rate of about half a million a year, now pays but $600 to $800, but when it is a little larger, every clergyman is to receive, when he retires at sixty-eight, one-half the average salary he has been paid all his life, and so the clergy who have received $5,000—that is $4,000 and a parsonage—will get about $50 a week automatically. These premiums are not paid by the parson himself, but by the church for him. . . ."

The great joy of the ministry—which comes thirteenth on the list—however, has nothing to do with its financial compensations which "should be sufficient to keep the clergyman from worry as to food and raiment and the education of his children." The great compensation "is the fact that his life work is to make bad men and women good, and through his prayers, his preaching, his advice, and, most of all, his consistent example, he is 'to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way.'" Bishop Darlington, then, "would advise any young man who feels called of God to preach the Gospel, and wishes to do good, to enter the ministry without hesitation, and feel sure that he and his will never regret his choice." And Bishop Darlington's three sons are in the ministry.

But one who writes in *The Churchman* (Episcopal), under the nom-de-plume of "The Cleric," tells us that he is now in correspondence with eighty-three clergymen in the Episcopal Church, with families, who receive less than $2,000 a year. Forty-one of these men receive less than $1,800 a year. Here are a few instances given by "The Cleric": $1,400 a year, a wife and five children to support; $1,200 a year, a wife and two children to support; $1,000 a year, a wife and two children to support; $1,800 a year, a wife and six children to support; $1,200 a year, a wife and four children to support; $1,500 a year, a wife and six children to support. "The Cleric" writes that he has before him a list of similar cases, which if set in the smallest type would overflow his column. "All of them entirely dependent upon their salaries. Despite government statistics which say it is not possible, they endeavor to keep themselves and their families alive on these amounts."

The writer says that the Cleric's Service Bureau of *The Churchman* receives repeatedly $1,000, $1,600, and $1,800 calls from vestries—and Bishops, too—of dioceses with an official $2,000 minimum, and he goes on:

"Young men, know these things:

"Almost every vestry in seeking a rector demands a man who has been out of the seminary four or five years and had some experience, but who is not over forty or forty-five years of age. Therefore, generally speaking, one must maneuver his way into a suitable parish between the ages of thirty and forty, and hang on or take the consequences.

"A man over fifty years of age has, as a rule, very little chance of receiving the call he desires. I am now in correspondence with one hundred and two clergymen between the ages of fifty and seventy whom I am unable to place.

"A man who has left a parish for some reason, perhaps to recover health, to go to war or to do special service, will find it extremely difficult to get another parish. Non-parochial clergymen generally receive little consideration.

"When so-called 'good parishes' become vacant—especially in the East—wire-pulling on a very extensive scale will begin immediately.

"An able young man who is unmarried can always command a living salary as a curate—but marriage immediately shuts off this possibility.

"There are various 'sacred cows' in most parishes which must be reverenced.

"Even so—remember: An able man—married or unmarried—can usually make his way; so do not lose heart. But still it is true that, through no fault of their own, there are scores of priests of the Church who find themselves in predicaments such as the following:

"The Rev. Mr. A. lost his voice and had to resign his successful parish. In a year or two he recovered, but was at last report sprinkling city park lawns for his livelihood.

"The Rev. Mr. B. ekes out his salary by reading gas meters.

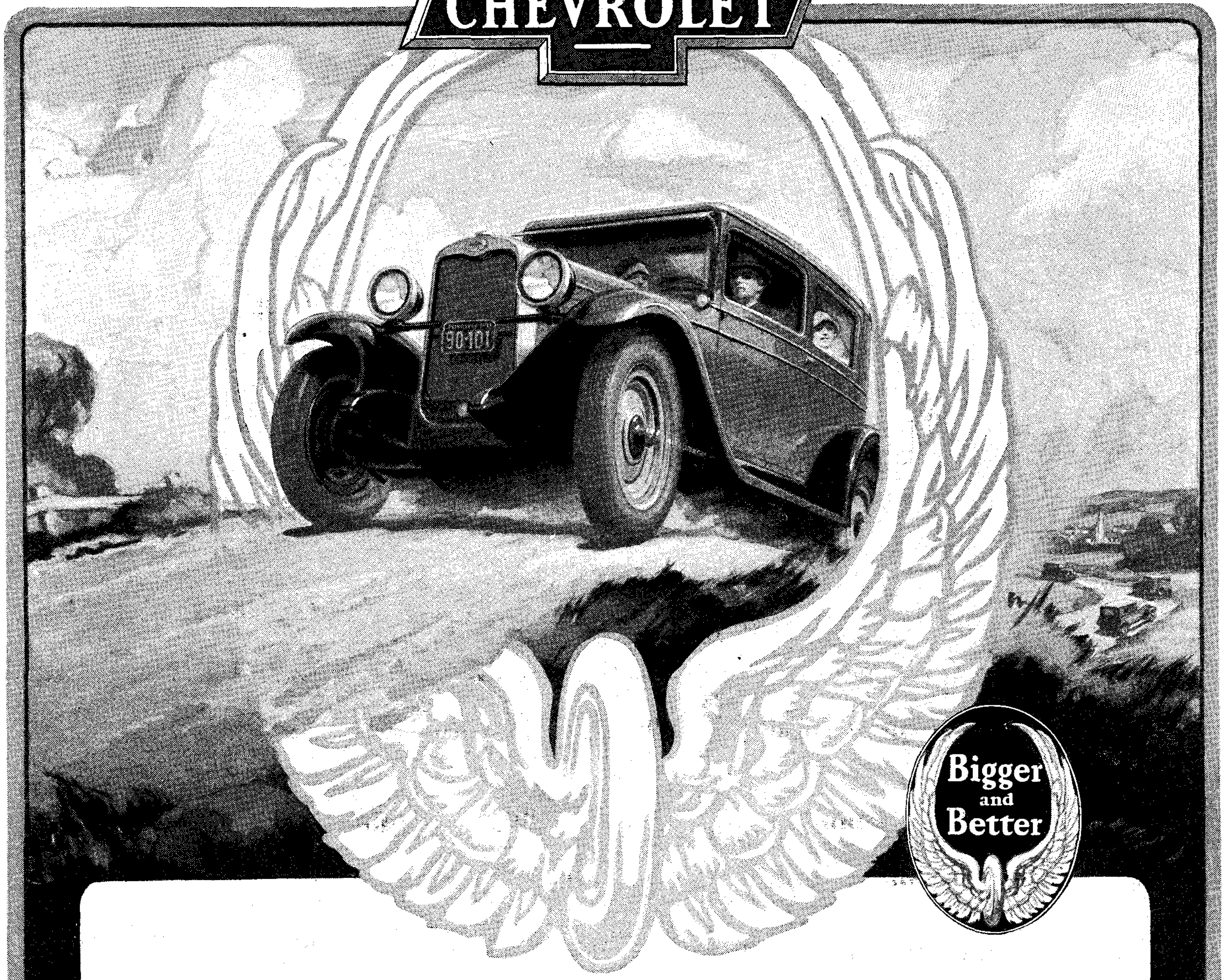
"The Rev. Mr. C. does the housework while his wife supports the family by teaching.

"The Rev. Mr. D. has had to remove his twelve-year-old son from school and put him to work in a blacksmith's shop to add his earnings to the family budget.

"I can utilize the rest of the alphabet in describing similar cases. But enough of that! There is great joy in the Christian ministry; go in it—but go in it with your eyes open and with a determination to do your part toward a correction of the unhappy, unhealthy and unjust situation which now exists."

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



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The Coupe	$595
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The Sport Cabriolet	$665
The Imperial Landau	$715
Utility Truck *(Chassis Only)*	$495
Light Delivery *(Chassis Only)*	$375

All Prices f. o. b.
Flint, Mich.

In every section of the country, the Bigger and Better Chevrolet has become a familiar sight upon the streets and highways—for more than 250,000 new Chevrolet cars have already been delivered into the hands of owners!

This tremendous popularity is due to the fact that, to a greater extent than was ever before thought possible, this great new car combines exactly those qualities of beauty, performance and comfort that everyone wants in an automobile—*at amazing low prices.*

Among the seven distinguished new Chevrolet models there is a body type for every driving preference. See them today!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

NO place is mentioned, no particular event signalized; but the often overlooked tragedy of children following on the passionate tragedy of parents is given poignant expression in *The Lyric* (Norfolk):

THE CHILDREN OF THE CONDEMNED

By Mary Brent Whiteside

Broken plaster, faded paint,
And one image of a saint—
Good Francesco, hear us pray;
Keep us in the holy way!

Once she knelt with bended head
By their bed;
Laughed at baby hearts, afraid
Of the shadows night had made.
Holy Virgin, have you smiled
In the eyes of one frail child;
Will you listen, will you plead,
Mary, mother, for his need?
Stefano, who only fears
What he neither sees nor hears;
Darkness, pressing like a shout,
When the smoking lamp is out;
Wondering in his little bed,
If the kitten has been fed!
Stefano is only three;
Are there hells for such as he?

Shadows, shadows, curve and close;
Round the bed the darkness flows
Like a river wide and deep,—
God, the blessedness of sleep!
Darkness shattered by a scream
From a black, infernal dream;
Night that is a mammoth blot,
Pierced and broken by a shot.
In a garden far away,
Marianna learned to pray
For the one who died to-day!

Holy candle, priest, and bell;
Can they light the way in hell,
For this one who hears it said,
"By the neck till you are dead"?
Mother neck, still smooth and young;
Neck, where little arms have clung;
Tawny fingers, tipped with rose,—
Marianna's, Stefano's.
How could she, who gave it, take
Life away, for passion's sake?
But no human heart may know
Of the road her soul must go—
She who loved and hated so!

Four bare walls the whole day long,
And one memory of a song—
"Holy Mary, in your grace,
Look upon each little face;
Bend and touch them here below,—
Marianna, Stefano.
Blessed Virgin, through the night,
Lead your children to the light!"
So the mother lips had sung,
In a universal tongue.
Now she walks with measured breath
In the blackest way of death!
"By the neck till you are dead!"
Tucked into an alien bed,
What new prayer have young lips said?
Only that some hand will feed
One lost kitten in its need?

Mother heart, a long night yet
To remember and forget;
What dark vigil will you keep,
While the little children sleep,
And grave angels bend to weep;
Lingering till the shadows go,
Over little Stefano?
One is seven, one is three;
What shall their to-morrow be?

Palms (Aberdeen) shows us a new kind of Spoon River:

FUNERAL ORATION

By Marie de L. Welch

A lady died in our town;
Carve the wood, and grave the stone;
Stretch her straight and lay her down;
And here be words for her renown:

Though her body lieth low,
High and high her soul doth go,

She never said, "I told you so."

Her body lieth with the night,
Her soul disporteth in the light,

She never cried, "It served you right!"

Her body taketh earth's decay,
But her soul walketh heaven's way,

She never whispered, "Well, they *say* . . ."

HERE is a flying poem from *Harlow's Weekly* (Oklahoma City), not about Lindbergh, tho one who wishes may think Lindbergh into it:

THE WESTBOUND MAIL

By Phil Braniff

A drizzling rain was falling.
A nearby clock tolled eight.
They watched the sky with an eager eye
For the Westbound mail was late.

The rain beat down on the old tin roof.
The hangar-chief stood by.
Then the drumming tone of a motor's drone
Came from the misty sky.

The beacon sent its welcome beam
To the rider of the night
'N he brought her down the soggy ground
Up to the landing light.

They swap the mail 'n shout "Okay!"
Then she roars 'n lifts her tail,
She's up again in the snow 'n rain
On with the Westbound mail.

The dim, blurred lights of a city
Loom in the space below.
Their work is done but the mail flies on
And on, through the blinding snow.

The rain is freezing on her wings.
She seems to feel the weight.
It'll soon be dawn but she staggers on
Hopin' she won't be late.

The crystals stick on the windshield
Formin' a silvery veil.
Icy struts 'n a man with guts
'N a sack o' Westbound mail.

Over the peak of a mountain now,
Clear o' the treacherous rim,
Away up there in the cold night air,
Just God 'n the mail 'n him.

His thoughts turn back to a summer night
'N a girl, not so long ago
Who shook her head 'n firmly said
"As long as you're flying, no!"

He tried to quit the bloomin' job
'N stick to the concrete trail
But the wish came back for the canvas sack
'N the feel o' the Westbound mail.

The wind kept whisperin' secrets
It had heard the stars confide
So back he went to the big blue tent
Back to the long, black ride.

The sleet 'n snow were far behind,
Before the night was gone.
Out of the rain the grey dawn came
'N found him flyin' on.

He tilted her stick 'n banked her in.
She seemed to feel the gun
'N voiced her wrath at the cinder path
At the end of a perfect run.

Three points touched 'n she taxied in
Up to the hangar rail.
He stretched a grin as they checked him in
"On time" with the Westbound mail!

LIFE surrounds us with a host of things but leaves us alone in ourselves. This truth is well exprest in the latest *Century*:

LIFE—DEATH

By Grace Noll Crowell

I

And now that I have traveled many miles
Down many a road—and many a crooked lane,
And know Life is a thing of tears and smiles,
Of peace—and white-winged joy—and bitter pain,
Yet should some brother ask the way to go,
I could not tell him—nor which road is best,
I do not know his way—I only know
That every road and every trail leads West.

No one can go the way that I have gone;
I cannot go where other far trails run,
Through light and shadow—Life has beckoned on
Into the glory of the setting sun.
The way I go—no other feet have trod,
And no one walks the road with me but God.

II

Not knowing Life—how can I well know Death?
Yet when he comes—I think that I shall be
Tip-toe upon a shore—with bated breath,
Watching a broad gold path lead out to sea.
The sun will gild the spires of the town—
Clear bells will call the village folk to prayer,
The sudden summer darkness will drop down,
And I shall turn—and see Death standing there.

The shadows will be very deep that night,
But O, I trust I shall not be afraid;
Perhaps Death carries in his hand a light—
These are the things for which I long have prayed—
And looking in his face—that I shall see
The one friend who had walked the road with me.

MEREDITH'S centenary passed with scant notice from us on this side the water, but the Boston *Transcript* contains this worthy tribute:

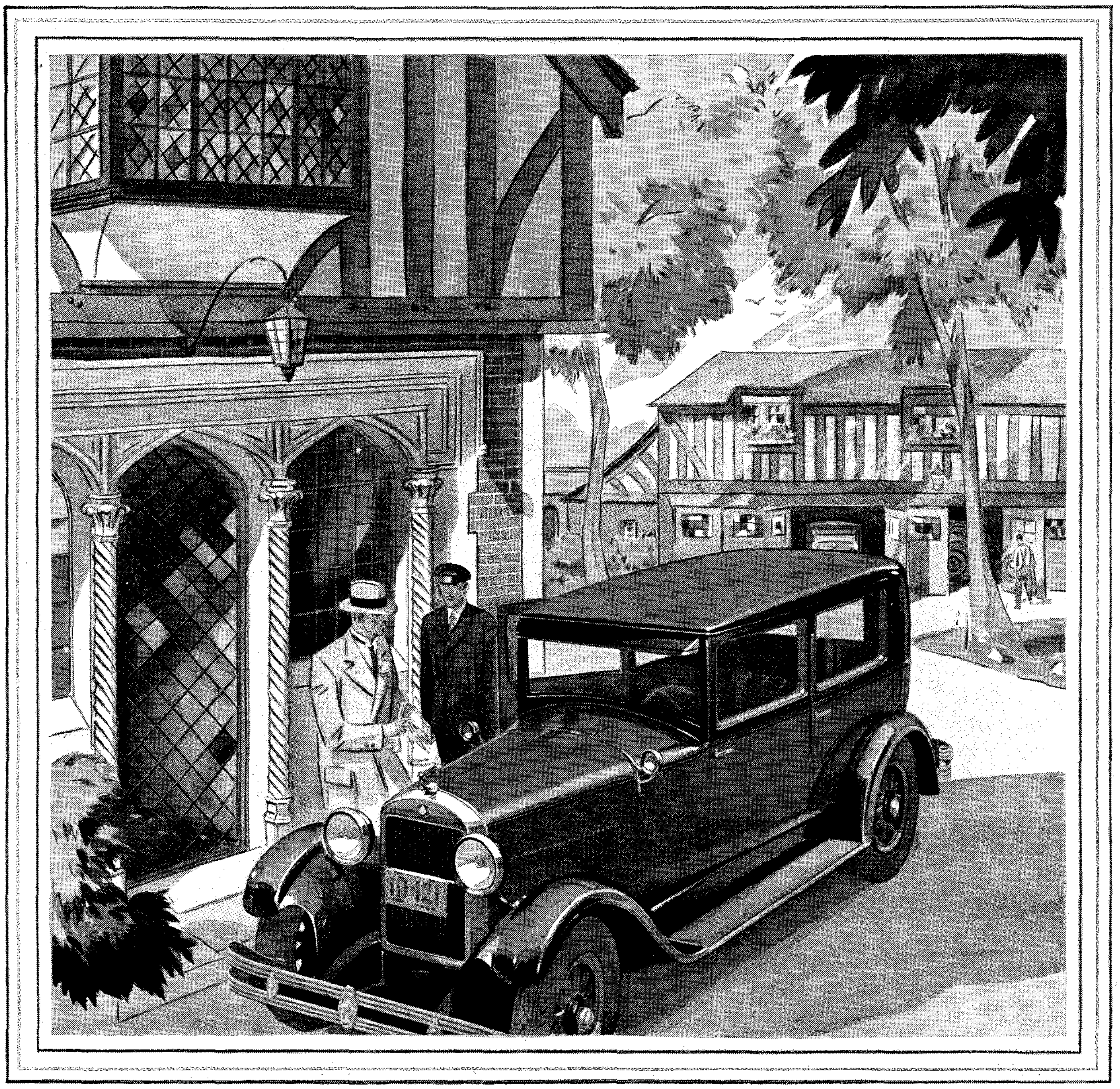
TO GEORGE MEREDITH

For the Centenary of his Birth, February 12, 1928

"Barriers are for those who can not fly."—Tragic Comedians.

By Charles Wharton Stork

Keen-bodied for the healthy joys of earth;
The plunge in salt waves, the exhilarant pride
Of Alpine lung-draughts, or the gentler mirth
Of gypsying through the Sussex countryside:
Keen-minded for a tilt at Saxon cant
Sheathed in its own conceit, your Cymric point
Glittering with humor, firmly militant
To find your lubber foeman's armor-joint:
Keen-souled to pity the foolhardiness
Of heroes self-delivered to mischance,
And fathom the too well-concealed distress
Of woman's heart at war with circumstance:
O whet, nerve, wing us with a buoyant throb
That lifts us truth-ward from the crawling mob!



The "First" Car to Legions

The great number of two, three and four car owners who choose Essex for their personal car, is tremendously significant to the family or individual who require but one car.

Men and women, these owners of big and costly cars tell us they personally drive the Essex because with the quality and comfort of their high-priced cars, it gives smooth Super-Six performance and the greatest driving ease of any car they know.

The smashing conviction of greatest value that Essex gives on sight, is confirmed by a wealth of costly car detail that was never before dreamed of in this price class.

With these physical values, Essex gives the further value of a factory, distributor and dealer policy that actively supports a great service program, worthy of the car.

No wonder everyone calls it "the World's Greatest Value."

4-Door Sedan $795 , Coupe $745 (*with removable rumble seat, $30 extra*) , Coach $735

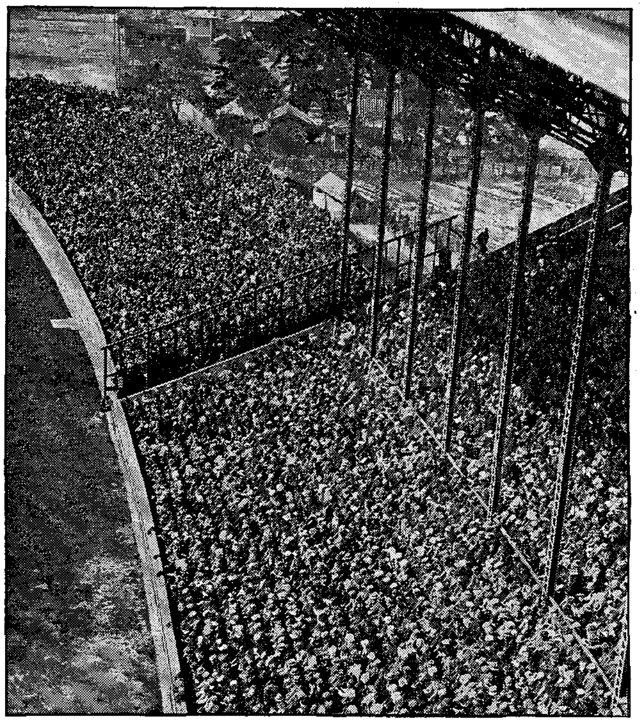
f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

ESSEX SUPER SIX

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

"PLAY BALL!"—WITH SAMURAI TRIMMINGS

IN THE LAST HALF of the ninth the score between the Christian missionaries and the monks of the Buddhist monastery was tied, 1—1. Then His Holiness, the Abbot of the monastery, playing short-stop, booted one and allowed the winning run of the missionaries to trickle across. So firm a hold, Harry Kingman tells us in *Asia*, has America's national game secured upon the Nipponese. Mr. Kingman has coached Oriental baseball and sets forth in his article the theory that its popularity in Japan is due to the belief that through the competition the old Samurai, or warrior class, traditions of courtesy may be kept alive. Japanese fans and players are courteous to opponents, they do not seek to rattle players with their noise, they lose gracefully and without show of emotion. They even do not boo the umpire. Aside from this, an important Japanese game, with 85,000 spectators, more than the Yankee Stadium will hold, has a distinctly world's series flavor, Mr. Kingman tells us as he proceeds to an account of such a contest:



Illustrations by courtesy of *ASIA* magazine, New York

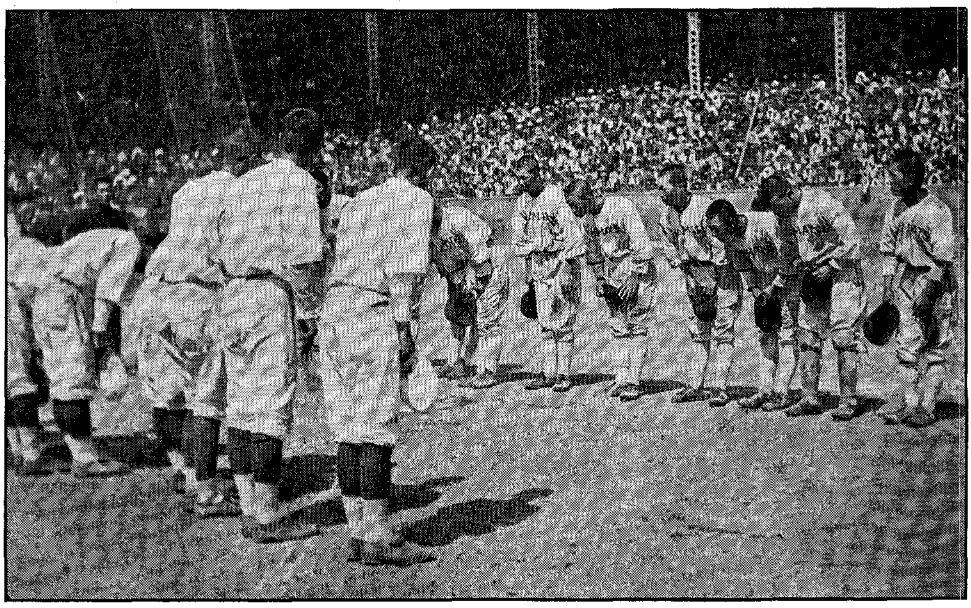
JUST A GLIMPSE OF 85,000 JAPANESE BALL FANS

Jammed into a steel-and-concrete stadium at Koshien, between Kobe and Osaka, they are watching with rapture one of the games of a high-school championship series.

> Sunrise found several thousands in their seats, and, when I arrived, other thousands were being turned away at the gates. In far center field, in the tops of some pine-trees outside the arena, scores of super-enthusiasts had climbed to a precarious perch. "We didn't expect such an audience on the first day," one of the promoters said to me. "There is no longer any doubt of baseball's firm hold upon us. This is the biggest thing we've seen yet."
>
> With twoscore other sport writers, men representing all the leading newspapers of the nation, I sat in the press-box back of home-plate; for I had been commissioned to cover the three-day series for the Osaka *Mainichi*. I was making a brief stay in Japan, chiefly in order to do a little coaching at Japanese schools and universities, on my way back from China to the United States. For years, as a member of the Shanghai American baseball club, I had been competing against Japan's baseball teams, but never before had I attended one of the championship series within Japan which year by year have been growing in interest and in glamour for the sport-loving Japanese.
>
> The opening of the day's activities reminded me of nothing so much as a world championship series in an American city. A band dispensed martial music. Telephone bells jangled—play-by-play reports had to be sent to bulletin-boards throughout the nation. A foul ball landed among the fans on the first-base side. A scramble ensued, and a young fellow in a light-brown kimono pounced on it. But instead of slipping it into his sleeve he chucked it back on the diamond. Noting my interest in this un-American practise, a Japanese graduate of Columbia who was sitting next to me smilingly remarked, "I imagine that, if any one threw back a ball at the Polo Grounds, the surprize would cause several deaths from heart-failure." Old Keio and Waseda varsity stars began making their appearance in the press-box. Thereafter, throughout the day, sporting and theatrical people kept dropping in and appropriating chairs intended for the hard-working scribes.
>
> A powerful siren shrieked. The advertised moment had arrived. Editor-in-chief Shingoro Takaishi of the *Mainichi* walked to the pitcher's box. A strikingly handsome and self-possest gentleman of about forty-five, attired in Western style, he took the ball, slowly wound up and threw to the catcher. The crowd clapped politely as the delivery cut a corner of the plate. "He is an old Keio star," remarked a fellow reporter.

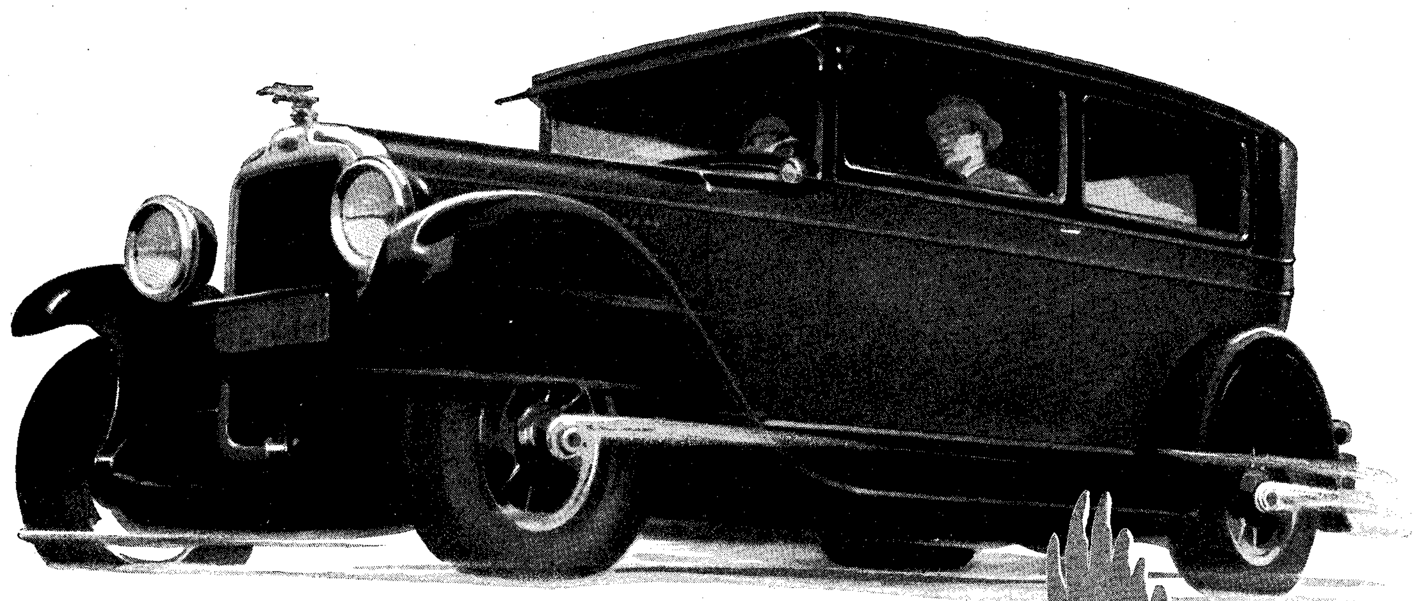
Then the game was on. "The first batter fouled off the second pitch, and the ball landed in a box, knocking over a cup of tea which an old gentleman had just placed on the railing." Every one laughed good-naturedly, we read, and:

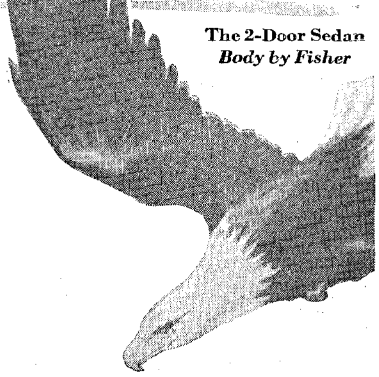
> The crowd took my interest again. It had broken into rhythmic hand-clapping—one, two; one, two, three. Americans



"AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!"

With this chivalrous ceremony between the rival teams across the plate, and with a strict code of honor and dignity, the Japanese are using baseball as a medium for the revival of the old Samurai ideals.





The 2-Door Sedan
Body by Fisher

The Biggest Quality Six *that Ever Sold for* $1045

A sweeping statement, that . . . the biggest quality six that ever sold for $1045. But it's based on facts and figures. Look them over. Get the truth for yourself.

* * *

A wheelbase of 117 inches. Piston displacement in cubic inches . . . 212. A crankshaft 79 lbs. in weight. Generously oversize tires . . . 29x5.50 inches. And so on through the entire specification list.

* * *

Then there are the spacious interiors. Leg-room for full-grown men. Deep, soft-cushioned seats with arm chair comfort. Everything that could possibly contribute to restful riding ease.

It's a whispering brute for power. A hurricane for speed. With snap and stamina and change of pace. And remarkable handling ease.

* * *

A clutch . . . big and soft in action. A gearshift smooth as silk. Four-wheel brakes responsive to the lightest pressure. Finger-tip steering, whatever the speed may be.

* * *

Yes, it's entirely out of the ordinary . . . truly, the biggest quality six ever offered at its price. You can learn this beyond any question by actually comparing the All-American Six with every other car in its field . . . for size . . . for style . . . for value!

Special Sport Equipment

Available on all body types: six wire wheels with tires . . . special front fenders with tire wells . . . two special tire locks and locking rings . . . collapsible trunk rack . . . $100 extra on open cars . . . $110 on closed cars . . . six disc wheels with same equipment, $75 on open cars . . . $85 on closed models.

* * *

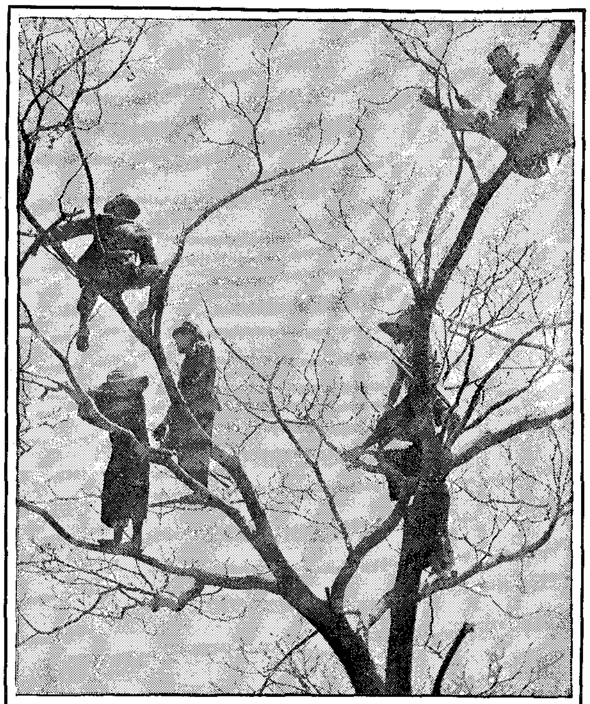
2-Door Sedan, $1045; Landau Coupe, $1045; Sport Roadster, $1075; Phaeton, $1075; 4-Door Sedan, $1145; Cabriolet, $1155; Landau Sedan, $1265. New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

who played in Japan years ago have said that Japanese baseball crowds used to sit in complete silence except for some dignified hand-clapping at the conclusion of the game. But these Koshien fans were a bit more demonstrative. At no time were they guilty of any rowdyism. They never booed an umpire's decision nor sought to disturb the team that they hoped would lose. But they made considerable noise. Enthusiastic hand-clapping followed every unusual or exciting play. One section of the stand followed a cheer-leader in some organized school yells. The audience, even toward the end of the eight hours—there were four games in succession that day—was still alert and responsive to all that went on before it.



IS THE JAPANESE BALL FAN A WILD-EYED SPORT?

Well, you can read the answer in this snap-shot taken during the progress of a game, when flocks of fans looked like crows among the branches.

At intervals of two or three minutes a *Mainichi* reporter loosed a carrier-pigeon. The bird would dart out across the diamond, circle the stadium once and then head for the sporting office, bearing the news that "Babe" Tajima had fanned or that "Shorty" Yamashiro had snagged a high throw. A dejected-looking man was pointed out to me. "See that fellow. That's the man who owns the sandwich, peanut and soda-pop concessions—the Harry Stevens of Japan. He prayed for good weather and a big crowd to-day, but now the sun is shining so brightly and the crowd is so huge that he is very unhappy. The aisles and entrances are so tightly packed that his boys can't get their supplies to the consumer."

"There are comparatively few women in the stands," I remarked to a friend. "Why so?"

He slowly scanned the faces of the crowd. "That's true; there aren't a great number here to-day," he replied. "We have a general feeling still that the woman's place is at home." His eyes remained fixt on two women who were sitting directly behind us. Indicating the one on the right, he smilingly asked, "Even if the number of our woman fans is small in quantity, what do you think of the quality?" I looked and then looked again. For what a little beauty she was!

A batter slashed a hit down the right-field foul-line and drew up safely at third. "Banzai, banzai!" shouted thousands of voices. "A squeeze play next," predicted Dr. Kinoshita, whom I had met in Shanghai several years before, when he had brought his famous Daimai club over to play the Shanghai Americans. As head of the *Mainichi* sporting department—with its budget in 1927 of something like 100,000 yen—this gray-haired, benevolent, courteous newspaper man shares heavily in the responsibility for having created the present nation-wide interest in baseball. Sure enough the next play turned out to be a "squeeze." The runner on third base started for home as the pitcher began his delivery to the plate. The batter laid down a bunt, on which the runner easily scored. "Banzai, banzai!"

When the final put-out of the first of the day's four games was made, the players of both teams trotted to the home-plate, we are told; and then comes this Samurai touch:

Lining up on opposite sides of the plate, the two nines bowed, first to each other and then to the umpires. For in baseball, as in the ancient sports, the participants never leave the field without extending formal courtesy to opponents and officials.

During the second game of the morning there were several close decisions by the umpires, decisions invariably received, by players and fans alike, without a murmur. The arbiters were drest in dark, Western suits similar to those worn by our professional umpires in the United States. Americans who have done any umpiring may not believe me when I say that no Japanese umpire ever asks or receives any financial remuneration. But it is true. His services are voluntary. In America an official in professional or semiprofessional ball is never entirely sure that he will not be the target of fist-throwing athletes or bottle-throwing bleacherites; so he naturally declines to work for nothing. The Japanese umpire, however, seems content to accept his pay in the respect and courtesy that are almost always shown him.

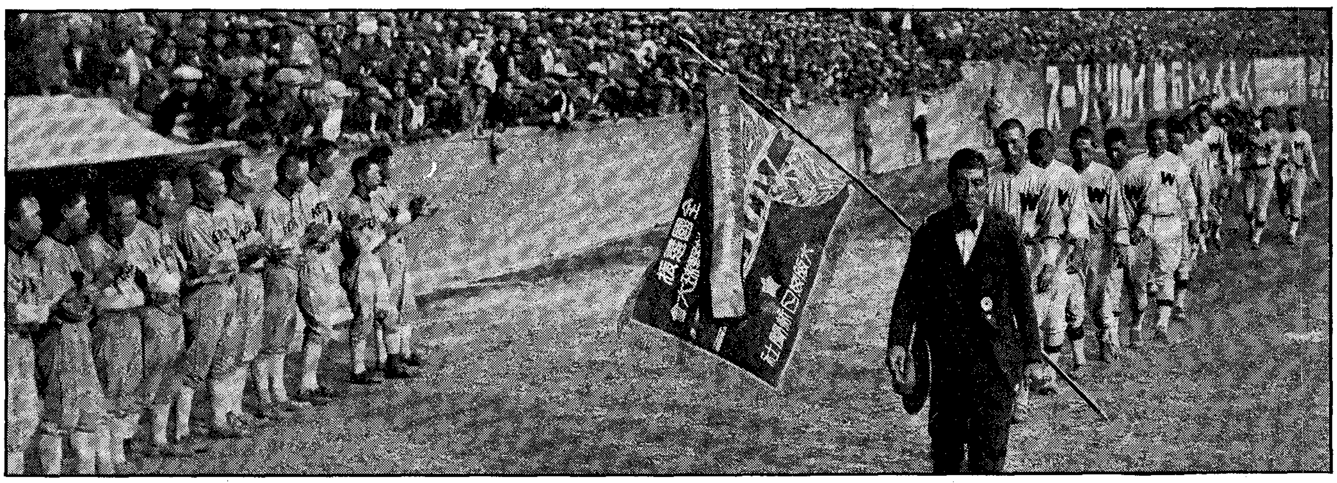
A runner hook-slid into second base. Getting up, he carefully brushed off the dust. Like everything else in Japan, baseball uniforms are kept scrupulously clean. Moving-picture camera men dodged about on the side-lines seeking to film the important spectacles. And they snapt some interesting scenes. The players were only high-school lads, but they were furnishing a class of ball that one would not expect to see in a high-school series in the United States, where the students do not work at baseball the year round. On the field were players whose names are known throughout the land.

On a line-hit over short-stop, the left-fielder came plunging in and, by a final dive, succeeded in making a "shoe-string catch" that brought the crowd to its feet. The lad walked to the dugout with a face that gave no outward sign of his elation.

It was only about thirty-six years ago, we learn, that baseball was first played in Japan; and Mr. Kingman gives us this little history of its introduction:

Some Japanese engineers who had learned to play while studying in the United States, organized a contest among the employees of the Shimbashi Railway in Tokyo, for which they were working. A Keio University student saw the exhibition and, grasping its essentials, began promoting the game at Keio. Then

(*Continued on page 41*)



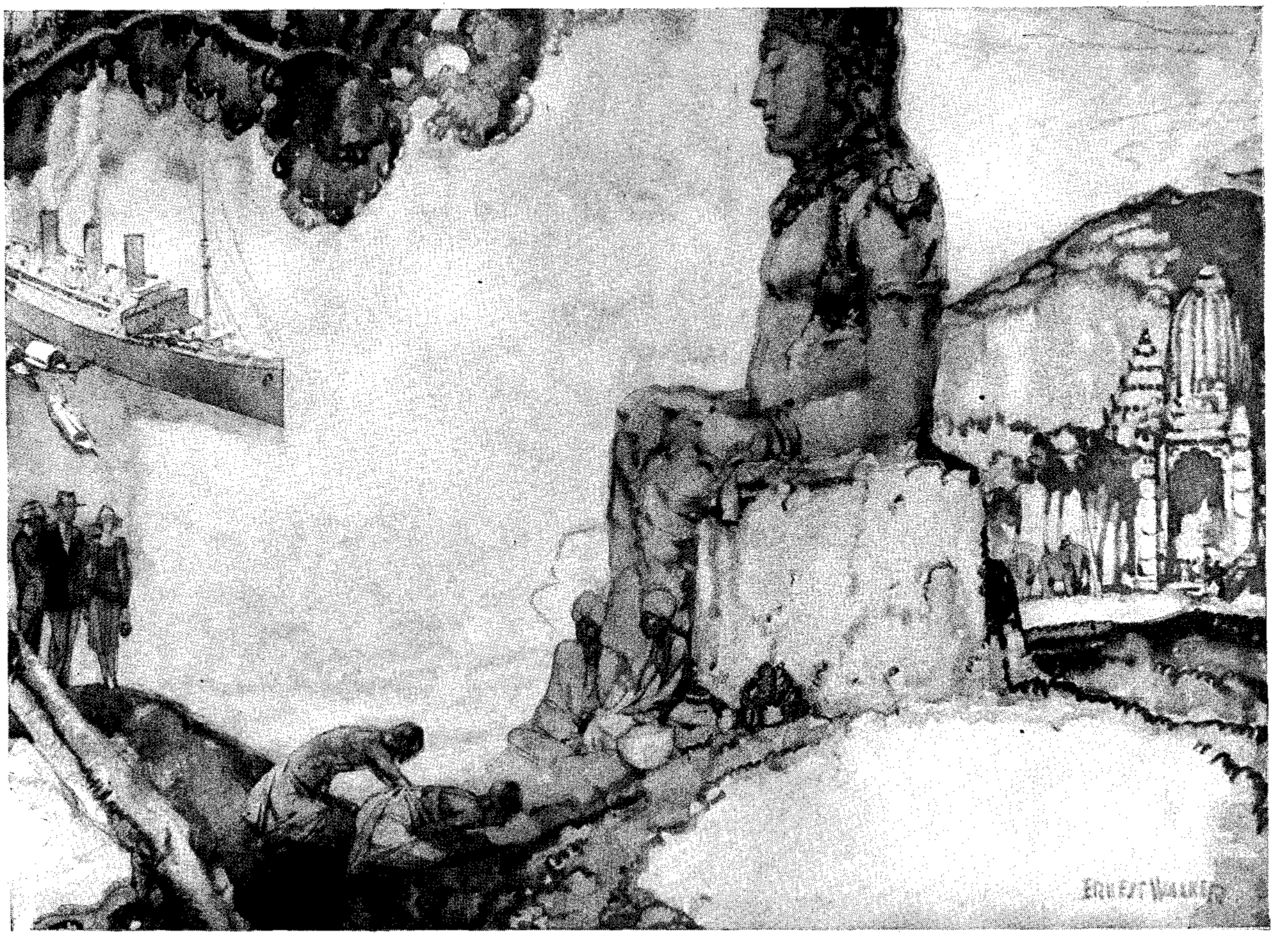
SEE, THE CONQUERING HEROES COME—APPLAUDED BY THE CONQUERED!

The banner is the trophy of the Japanese High-School Championship, here paraded by last year's winners, the Wakayama High-School team, which won at the same stroke a trip to America, whereby it toured the Pacific Coast last summer.

ROUND THE

World Cruise

SAILING FROM NEW YORK NEXT DECEMBER 1st



OVER 15,000 people have taken Canadian Pacific winter cruises. Over 2,000 have gone Round the World with Canadian Pacific.

Some have taken as many as six Canadian Pacific cruises. Hundreds do all their winter-vacationing on cruises.

And why not? A Canadian Pacific cruise costs no more per day than comparable living on shore. Your life is surrounded by service and cushioned with luxury. You bury responsibility 60 fathoms deep and the scenery changes every day.

For 1928, the feature cruise is again the Round the World Cruise. Imagination cannot conceive four months spent so pleasurably, so profitably . . . First, a continuous round of lifetime experiences. Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in the Holy Land. New Year's in Cairo. India in cool, gay January. Exotic Siam and China. Japan for the plum blossoms. The circuit of the wonder-belt of the World.

Second, the incredible smoothness of this 30,000-mile program . . . made possible by one management, ship and shore. Canadian Pacific has its resident agents everywhere. It maintains daily organized service two-thirds round the globe. It is agent in North America for the State Railways of India.

OTHER CRUISES, 1928-29
(All from New York)

SOUTH AMERICA-AFRICA . . . 104 days . . . Jan. 22, 1929 . . . Empress of France

MEDITERRANEAN . . . 72 days . . . Feb. 4, 1929 . . . Empress of Scotland

WEST INDIES . . . 29 days . . . Jan. 24; Feb. 27, 1929 . . . Duchess of Bedford (new)

Finally, wonderful living. The ship again is the Empress of Australia, 21,850 tons gross register. 3-room royal suites. Roman bath. Rooms of amazing spaciousness and airiness.

Cruise-wise people book early. Please write for booklets which detail where you go, how you live.

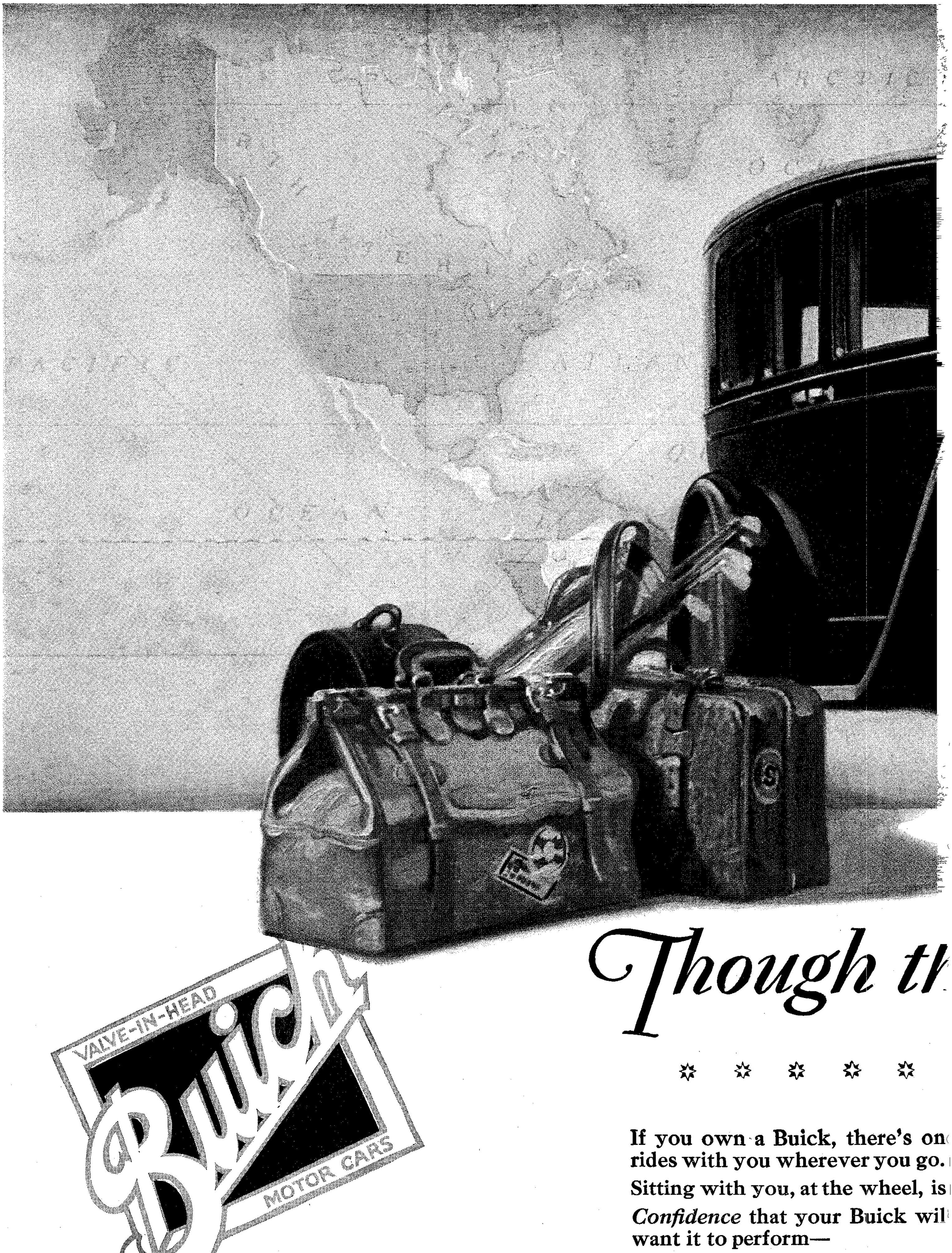
Your own agent, or Canadian Pacific District Offices listed below.

ATLANTA: Suite 1017 Healey Building. BOSTON: 405 Boylston St. BUFFALO: 160 Pearl St. CHICAGO: 71 E. Jackson Blvd. CINCINNATI: 201 Dixie Term. Building. CLEVELAND: 1010 Chester Ave. DETROIT: 1231 Washington Blvd. KANSAS CITY: 723 Walnut Street, LOS ANGELES: 621 South Grand Avenue. MINNEAPOLIS: 611 Second Avenue South. NEW YORK: Madison Ave. at 44th St. PHILADELPHIA: Locust St. at 15th. PITTSBURGH: 338 Sixth Ave. PORTLAND: 55 Third Street. SAN FRANCISCO: 675 Market Street. ST. LOUIS: 412 Locust Street. SEATTLE: 1320 Fourth Ave. TACOMA: 1113 Pacific Ave. WASHINGTON: 905 15th St., N.W. IN CANADA: Montreal: 141 St. James Street. OTTAWA: 83 Sparks Street. VANCOUVER: C. P. R. Station. TORONTO: C. P. R. Bldg. WINNIPEG: Main and Portage Streets. NELSON: Baker and Ward. SAINT JOHN: 40 King Street. NORTH BAY: 87 Main West.

Canadian Pacific

World's Greatest Travel System

EMPRESS LINERS TO EUROPE AND ORIENT . . CRUISES . TRANS-CANADA LIMITED . . BANFF . . CHATEAU FRONTENAC



VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

Though th

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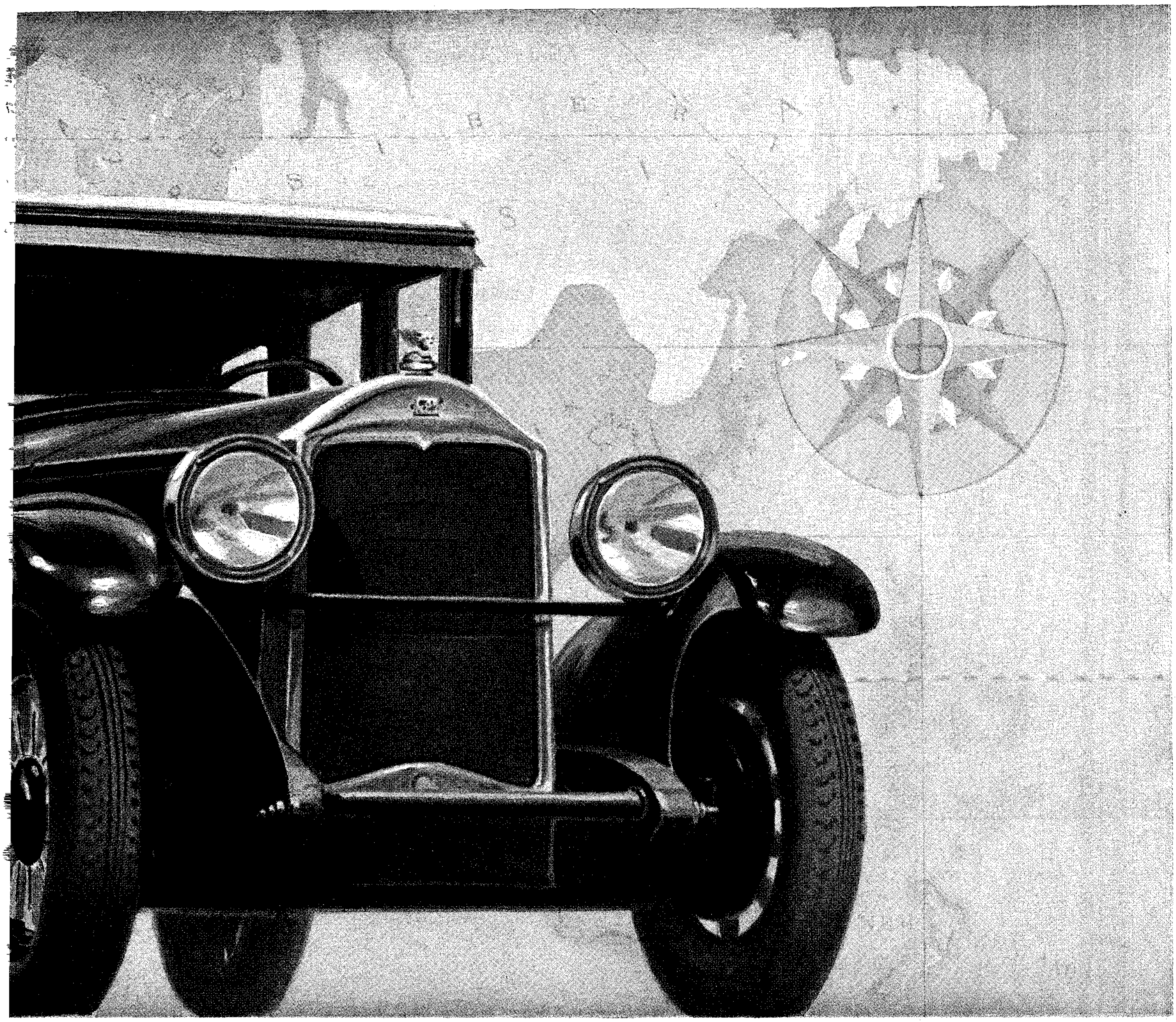
If you own a Buick, there's on
rides with you wherever you go.
Sitting with you, at the wheel, is
Confidence that your Buick wil
want it to perform—
Confidence that it will carry you

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE



end of your road ✲ ✲
lie around the World!

seen passenger that

FIDENCE!

form exactly as you

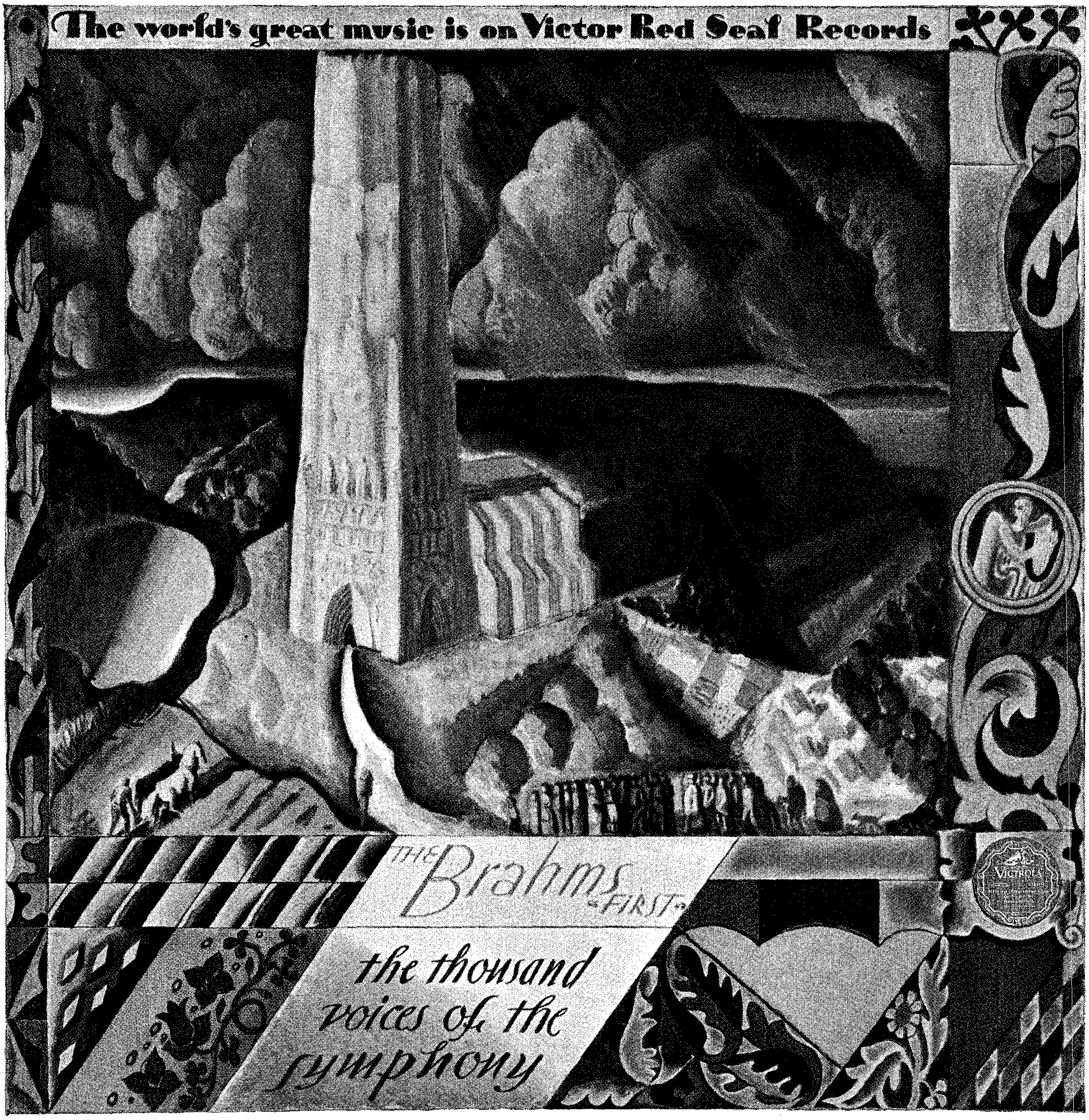
our destination with

the same certainty as a majestic liner or a luxurious train—*Confidence* that it will always be the same fine, trustworthy Buick. *Confidence!* Though you drive it for years—

—though you tour beyond civilization into out-of-the-way places of the earth—

—though the end of your road lie around the world!

UILT • • BUICK WILL BUILD THEM


The world's great music is on Victor Red Seal Records
THE Brahms FIRST
the thousand voices of the symphony
VICTROLA

VOICES. . . . Violins singing in enchanted choirs, woodwinds calling, brasses answering . . . drums like the summer thunder, distant horns. . . . Voices . . . receding, swelling, woven by a master's hand into a vast and lovely tapestry of sound.

Here is Brahms at his best—the great musical architect, magnificently inspired, displaying at its highest peak his tremendous feeling for beauty and the classic forms. . . . For to this, perhaps the greatest of his symphonies, he gave ten of the best years of his life. It has stood for more than half a century among the supreme achievements of the human mind.

The Brahms "First" has been recorded in its entirety by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. It is available in a special album, with an explanatory booklet and a preliminary record upon which Dr. Stokowski sets forth in his own words, and with the aid of a piano, the principal themes of the composition.

This is an Orthophonic recording, marvelously clear and realistic—a distinct acquisition for your musical library. The nearest Victor dealer will gladly play it for you, or any of the numerous Red Seal recordings. *Write today for the free illustrated booklet, "A Musical Galaxy," with foreword by Leopold Stokowski—a commentary upon six of the greatest moments in music.*

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

VICTOR *Red Seal* RECORDS

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

(Continued from page 36)

students in other schools heard about the new sport and sought instructors who could teach it. A group of high-school enthusiasts translated a Spalding rule-book into Japanese.

From the start a certain Waseda University professor threw himself into the plan to make baseball a leading sport among Tokyo schools. As a result of his work, Iso Abe, head of the Department of Sociology at Waseda, is called "The Father of Japanese Baseball." It is rumored that, because of his extended leadership of right-wing labor in Japan, he will no longer be called upon to conduct the invasions of the United States by Waseda baseballers. But his baseball service has been well done and will endure.

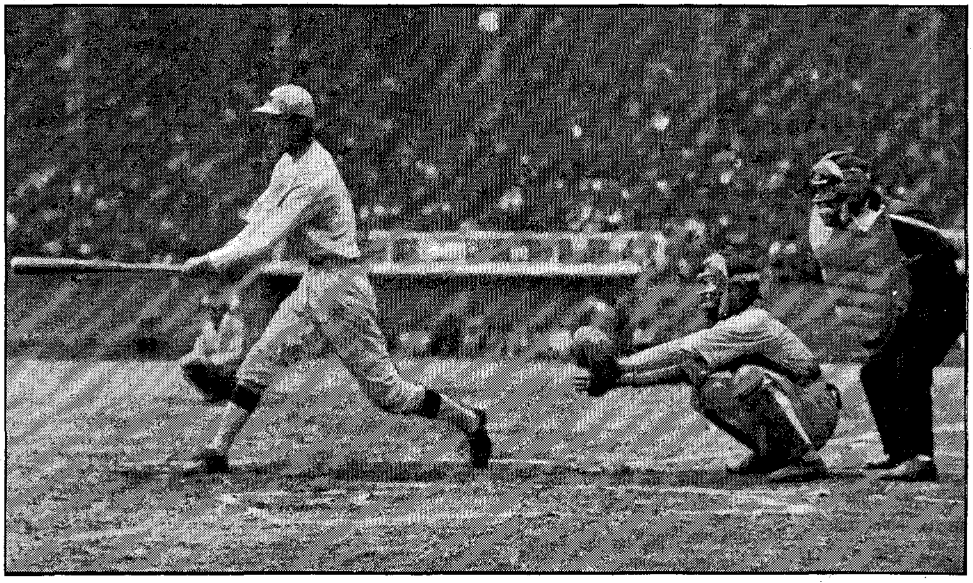
By 1898 baseball was being spasmodically played in the capital. The first game between Japanese and American players took place in that year, as the result of a challenge sent by a college in Tokyo to the American business men of that city. Intense excitement and enthusiasm resulted when the school unexpectedly won the victory. Largely as a result of Professor Abe's endeavor, supplemented by that of several American missionaries and some Japanese returned students from America, baseball now began to take its place as a major sport in Tokyo. Also, schools in Osaka and Kobe were turning to the game. Frequent contests were held in Kobe, Yokohama, and Tokyo between school teams and the local American aggregations. The foreigners, as a rule, proved themselves superior, but the students persevered. To-day, tho American business teams in Japan far outclass those of thirty years ago, they meet with little or no success against the best of the Japanese outfits. The American naval teams, too, which formerly found it nearly impossible to lose a game in Japan, now consider it an event meriting celebration when they put over an occasional victory.

In 1905 foreign teams in Japan were no longer a match for Waseda or Keio; so it seemed desirable that an attempt should be made to carry the battle into the enemy's territory. Professor Abe therefore set forth for American shores with his Waseda Varsity. The Japanese collegians tackled the best American school teams throughout the country. Because they carried only one experienced pitcher, they were unable to win a majority of their games, but they displayed a brand of baseball that made a first-class impression.

By reason of the meager data available, any account of early baseball in Japan is necessarily sketchy. Apparently, the first foreign group to make the journey to Japan for baseball was a Honolulu team, composed of alumni of Saint Louis College. The trip was made at the invitation of Keio University. Some misgivings had been felt concerning the willingness of Japanese fans to meet the heavy expenses entailed in importing a club from a distance, but, when these forebodings were proved groundless by the initial venture, Keio and Waseda established the precedent of alternating in bringing an American team yearly to the Far East. Most of the intercollegiate series played to date have demonstrated that Japanese college teams are on a par with those of the United States, altho in 1915 the crack outfit from the University of Chicago dampened Japanese baseball ardor by making a clean sweep of all its contests.

In 1920 American big-leaguers—the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox, under the direction of John McGraw and Charles Comiskey—visited Japan for the first time. Japanese enthusiasts who, as a result of numerous victories over non-professional American teams had begun to think that Japanese ball was fast approaching the standards of the best American play, were now forced to admit their mistake. They were overwhelmed with awe at the unbelievable hitting ability of the American professionals. Such sluggers as Sam Crawford of the Detroit Tigers, who had been drafted for the trip, made the Japanese parks appear the size of hat-boxes. Several of the big-leaguers happened to be especially imposing in size. Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete, who was a member of the Giants, ventured out one day in a rickshaw, only to have it collapse under his huge bulk.

By 1920 baseball was being played in the cities, and in the villages as well, and not only by the students but by all classes. Highest society placed the stamp of approval upon the game when the present Emperor, who was then Prince Regent, attended a game and donated a cup to be played for in the Tokyo collegiate championships. The two great newspapers, the *Mainichi* and the *Asahi*, with huge circulations covering every corner of the empire, devoted themselves more than ever to arousing enthusiasm for the new national game. Significantly enough, even the wrestlers, whose topknots proclaim them one of the most conservative groups in Japan, altho conscious that baseball was challenging their own prestige, formed nines.

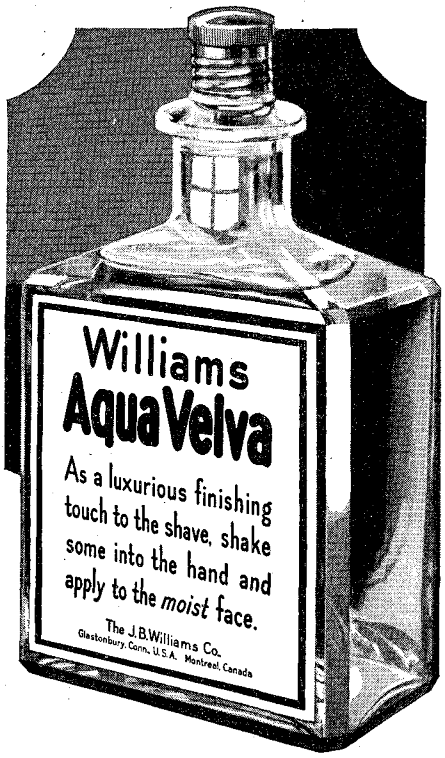


THE JAPANESE BABE RUTH "DOES HIS STUFF"

The idol of Nippon fandom, he is great alike as pitcher and batsman. His name is Ogawa, and he is the chief tower of strength of the Wakayama high-school team.

The children learn the game early in life, just as American youngsters do, sporting-goods stores flourish, and autographed balls are as sought after in Nippon as they are in the United States, we are told. And then the writer discusses the national code of honor in relation to the game; thus:

> Baseball has, it seems to me, become the national game of Japan because it allows for an expression of Japanese emotions and capacity, and because it trains Japanese youth along lines which to the Japanese seem desirable. In modernizing their nation the Japanese have come to appreciate the value of team-work. Perhaps it is here, in this matter of providing a cooperative task, a social undertaking, that baseball—as compared with ancient Japanese games—makes a distinctive contribution. The invigorating effect of the game on the health of the players has been a further consideration. But undoubtedly the chief appeal that baseball has for many in Japan is that it furnishes an outlet for the qualities instilled by *bushido*, the age-old code of the samurai, which Henry Norman calls "the strictest, loftiest and most punctilious code of honor that man has ever devised."
>
> Japan owes a great debt to its samurai traditions, the traditions of the warrior class. And the games of Japan have always been a means of perpetuating samurai ethics. Throughout the history of wrestling, for instance, all semblance of unfair play was avoided, and even the average competitor developed, while in the ring at least, a keen sense of honor. Scrupulous politeness was maintained toward opponent and umpire. So that now, with the samurai code meeting enemies in modern life which actually threaten its existence, Japanese educators have turned to baseball as one of the possible factors in keeping the spirit of fair play, courage, thoughtfulness for others, self-control, and loyalty alive in Japanese society.
>
> And on the baseball field the code of the samurai actually functions. In my six years of competition against Japanese teams I have frequently had occasion to marvel at the sportsmanship of Japanese player and fan. The American prides himself on his sportsmanship, but in several international series in Shanghai I have seen the visitors from Osaka and Tokyo take the honors. I have seen them quietly accept adverse and questionable decisions from an American umpire which Americans would not have taken from any one, were he Japanese, American, or of the angelic host. I have seen impressive displays of forbearance after exciting victory. In playing technique the Japanese baseballer still has far to go before the highest American


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

A splash!
A morning thrill!
Then all day Face Fitness from the
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After-Shave!

A tingling splash of Aqua Velva when the shave is done! Your skin feels smartly awake,—and looks it! Then all day a face that's Fit!

Aqua Velva was made for after-shaving—just for that! Eighty-eight years of finding out what things are best for beard and skin preceded it.

It tones up facial tissues. Helps to heal razor nicks—usually too small to see. Protects the skin. Keeps it flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Keeps it as Williams lather leaves it,—supple, *Fit!*

There's a virtue of face care in Aqua Velva you can't afford to miss.

50 cents for a big bottle at all dealers.
Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.
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Glastonbury, Conn., and Montreal, Can.

Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

standards have been reached, but in sportsmanship he clearly leads. I do not mean that his sportsmanship is flawless. For years the athletic relationship between Waseda and Keio universities had to be discontinued because of constant friction. In the Far Eastern championship games in Manila, in 1925, the Japanese track and field team withdrew from the field because its members became convinced that some of the decisions were too unfair to be submitted to. What I mean is that Japanese sportsmanship on the playing field is the best I have seen.

In saying that on the baseball field the Japanese actually practise a high ethical code, I am not saying, I wish to point out, that baseball is in any very significant sense really creating, or implanting more deeply, moral codes that function in all departments of life. The more I see of the product of American sport life, of men who on the playing field have lived up to the sporting code, and still would do so on the field, but who perpetrate crooked or unsocial acts in ordinary life, the more I come to believe that I have in the past overestimated the importance of the ethical contribution play can make. Altogether too frequently, sportsmanship seems to flourish under the favorable conditions of the playing field, but not as a general principle for all living. There is no more assurance that the ethical code Japan displays in her sport life will function in her dealings with China than that the sportsmanship of England's or America's playing fields will hold good as a general principle in the dealings of those nations with India and Nicaragua. Some shift of ethical habits there may be from one aspect of life to another, but it is easy to exaggerate its amount.

At all events, in baseball, Japan has found a game in which her ancient ethical code really operates. I have given examples of its presence; I think of others. For example, I have seen pitcher Michimaro Ono of the Daimai club pitch thirteen innings in a heart-breaking championship contest in which his team-mates could not contribute a single run. In the last of the thirteenth an opponent got a hit that brought in the winning run. A frantic but hopeless throw to home was calmly headed off by the big pitcher. Deliberately he put the ball in his pocket and walked off the diamond without the slightest sign on his face of the seething unrest inside. He was displaying the same stoicism which the Japanese constantly display in the face of earthquakes and other calamities that would throw another race into despair.

Or consider another exhibition of the Japanese code. On the center-field fence at Koshien, 375 feet from the plate, there is to be seen a round painted circle. Under it is a date in April, 1927, and the name "Dixon." A negro outfielder, of the Philadelphia Royal Giants, who played at Koshien in April, had smashed a Ruthian drive against the fence at the spot commemorated. A proud people, intensely ambitious to show the way themselves, the Japanese nevertheless paid dramatic tribute to the enemy. Stifling the false pride which would have prompted not advertisement but concealment of the superiority of an alien, they put up the reminder that in baseball, the Japanese national game, negro Americans were supermen.

A *cul-de-sac* in which I found myself in some coaching work illustrates still another outcropping of samurai ethics in Japanese baseball. In the course of my instruction to the players at Kansai University I suggested that they "talk it up" while in the field. In America, of course, a team that is not continually yapping and shouting in the field is popularly supposed to be half-hearted and pepless. Noticing that my suggestions on the matter were not followed, I made some inquiries and learned that this habit of yapping, which is universal among American players, is rather frowned upon in Japan. It does not fit in well with the tradition of suppressing self-assertiveness nor that of maintaining a courteous attitude toward the opponent. When

SEE HOW THE JAPANESE FANS ARE WAKING UP

Formerly, we are told, they would watch a game in complete silence, signifying their approval by dignified hand-clapping at the end; but now they are full of "pep," and voice their emotions after each fine play.

National MAZDA LAMPS

NATIONAL MAZDA
LAMPS

This *new* lamp reveals *new* beauty

YOU will first note the beauty of this new MAZDA lamp itself · pearl gray, chameleon-like in its response to color in its glass, parchment or fabric shade. Then comes the beauty of its light, cool to the eyes, soft and gentle though clear as day. There is new beauty in living where such light reigns, where all things look their best.

Have *you* discarded old-fashioned lamps for these new MAZDA lamps? Their frosting, strange as it may seem, is on the *inside* of the bulb. They are better, more rugged, easier to clean · and they cost you less than ever.

Put them in every socket—and shade them.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Co.*, Nela Park, Cleveland

A GE PRODUCT
GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA is not the name of a thing, but the mark of a Research Service centered in the Research Laboratories of General Electric Company.

HERE MR. SECRETARY IS THE ANSWER OF ONE INDUSTRY

No. 1 of a series inspired by the report of Secretary Hoover's Committee On Elimination of Waste.

MEETING THE STANDARDS OF AN AUTHORITY

The business world has come to look upon the report of Secretary Hoover's Committee on the Elimination of Waste in Industry as an epochal document.

Were Western Electric to put into words its own economic creed it would be but following out the principles stressed in that great contribution to industrial progress.

This company, as makers of the nation's telephone equipment, has long made it a practice to plan its manufacturing so as to reduce to a minimum time required for production, to level off the ups and downs of factory operation, to standardize its purchasing through simplification, to inspect and re-inspect materials, methods and equipment, and to distribute at minimum cost.

In these and other ways, Western Electric has sought to measure up to its three-fold responsibility as purchasers, manufacturers, and distributors for the Bell System.

Western Electric

Purchasers... Manufacturers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the Wisconsin University players who went to Japan in 1909 first took the field and started their chatter, the spectators began to hiss. Of course, as soon as the Japanese began to understand that the practise did not carry the significance they had supposed, they merely laughed at it. But for the most part, Japanese players have not yet got the habit of transforming themselves into chattering, quarrelsome monkeys when they take the field.

USING THE "DETECTIVE EYE" TO WIN

A TEN-FOOT putt was needed to win the U. S. open-golf championship. But the ball hit the back of the cup, leaving Walter Hagen tied with Mike Brady. "Well, he gave the ball a chance," was the general comment, but one keen-eyed observer added, "Did you notice that he jabbed that putt in place of using his usual smooth, even stroke?" "The detective eye," observes Grantland Rice in *Collier's*, "is a great thing for those to be informed or those who wish to improve their play." We continue with his precepts and examples:

Few pairs of eyes ever see anything but the outlines of the picture or the general run of a story. Yet by observing details the eye can teach a useful lesson by furnishing the right pattern to follow, for those who know how to look.

"In teaching golf," says Jim Barnes, winner of two open championships, "I take my pupil around the course and make him watch my method of playing each shot. I may play the same shot over two or three times until the picture has registered. Then I ask him to play the shot, as nearly as he can, in the same way.

"This system gives him freedom of movement. He is on the offensive and not the defensive. He has got his lesson from the eye rather than through the ear. I have found it more effective in improving average play than anything else I have tried."

Few in any big golf gallery ever give the eye a chance to teach a lesson. Only a few study Bobby Jones's foot action, for example, his method of pivoting and the position of his hands at the top of the swing.

There were several thousand spectators around the last green at Oakmont as Tommy Armour studied his ten-foot putt, needed to tie Harry Cooper for the U. S. open. There was breathless stillness as Armour addrest the ball. Yet there were not fifty who saw how Armour took back his putting blade and how completely still his head and body were held without any show of stiffness. They merely watched the putter and the ball.

The drama, of course, lay in the path of the ball—either into the cup or just a breath to the right or left. And that drama completely obscured the form and method of stroke-making.

"How did you happen to take the stance you use at bat?" Mr. Rice asked "Babe" Ruth one day, and quotes the home-run magnate's reply as he proceeds:

"I watched Joe Jackson's swing at every

DRURY COLL
Springfield, Missouri

"OFTEN SO TIRED I could hardly finish the program"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"In business all day—then, every evening well into the night, practising with our little orchestra . . . no wonder I began to feel continually tired!

"What sleep I could get didn't seem to do me any good. My weight dropped to 112 pounds, my face lost all of its old healthy color.

"As our engagements became more frequent I was often so fagged that I wanted to drop out, but of course I had to see it through.

"This kept up till I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate a cake before each meal, and in less than three months my color had come back and my weight was again normal. Today, instead of dreading our engagements I look forward to them with pleasure."

Edward T. Brown, Jr.

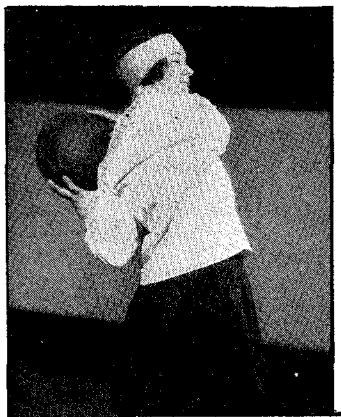
Mr. Edward T. Brown, Jr., of Philadelphia

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food, as fresh as the tenderest home-grown vegetables.

Easily, naturally it cleanses the intestines of poisons—softening the intestinal contents and toning up the sluggish muscles. The result is prompter, more complete elimination—improved digestion—a clearer, healthier complexion.

Fleischmann's Yeast frees you from those stubborn ills that rob life of all its joy.

Order 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. C-111, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



LEFT

ENJOYING HER new-found health . . . Miss Margaret Berry, in action on the basket-ball floor. She writes:

"I used to be all tired out every morning before going to school. I was nervous and irritable, and even resented the fact that I had to eat.

"And I was bothered with a breaking out of pimples on my back.

"My friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and, doubting, I began to eat it before every meal. Soon I began to enjoy my meals again. I now feel better in every way. And my skin is better, too."

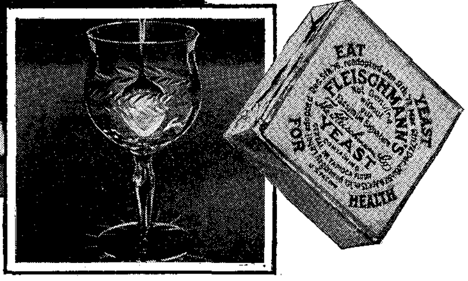
Margaret Berry, Chicago, Ill.

RIGHT

"I HAVE BEEN a long distance runner for twenty-two years. Work hard all day, then go to the gym and run ten miles or more three times a week. When in training for a long run, as for my recent 70-mile endurance test, I eat several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day around meal-time or between meals.

"I have eaten Fleischmann's Yeast for twelve years. I carry a little case that holds three cakes, and I defy anyone to catch me when I haven't got at least one with me. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps you feeling fit."

Harry Duell, Minneapolis, Minn.



New health, new zest in life—this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Pipe Smoker Lured By Aroma of Fellow Smoker's Tobacco

Asking name of fragrant smoke, he finds it to be his own favorite

Many a man has flirted with the belle of a fancy dress ball, only to find, when the time came to unmask, that he had been attracted by his own wife. The same thing can happen in the case of a man's favorite smoking tobacco. In fact, it *has*. Read the following letter:

Boston, Mass.,
April 21, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

This morning I had a smoking adventure worth recording.

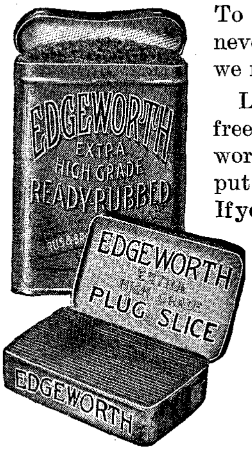
Next to me in the smoking car a gentleman was puffing his pipe contentedly. I was not smoking at the moment, and the aroma of his tobacco intrigued me exceedingly. For twelve years I had smoked Edgeworth without being tempted by any other brand, but the fragrance emanating from the pipe of the gentleman beside me was so agreeable that I could not resist the temptation to speak of it.

"That is wonderfully fragrant tobacco you have there," I remarked. "Would you mind telling me the name of it?"

"It is Edgeworth," he answered.

We then congratulated each other upon our mutual good taste, and I decided that I would continue to use his brand and mine.

Sincerely yours,
S. H.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

chance, and then I began to watch his feet.

"I saw he had his right foot well advanced, with his left well back. I saw this gave him a chance to get in a bigger turn, a better chance to make that bat whistle, because his hands and his left shoulder had a bigger arc to work in. And it all came from the way he planted his feet.

"I decided to try the same thing. Only I went further than Jackson did. I put my left foot still farther back of my right until they were almost in a straight line, with the back of my right shoulder toward the pitcher. This gave me an even bigger body turn and added just that much more to the wallop.

"Your eyes can show you a lot," Ruth added, "if you'll only use them. A smart pitcher will cover up or hold every ball the same way, but others tip you off by changing their grip on the ball or the position of their feet, or by some other slight sign."

Which recalls the fact that Christy Mathewson used to pitch to the position of Hans Wagner's feet at the plate, and meeting any change with a fast one, curve or fadeaway. No smarter pitcher ever threw a ball. If any one ever had the detective eye, it was Big Six of the old-time Giants, who could tell you what any one could and what any one couldn't hit. He had the type of eye and intelligence which takes in the important details and sends its message direct to the brain.

Further to point his moral, Mr. Rice now turns to other fields of sport and presents these cases:

> Tunney has the detective eye. Dempsey hasn't. The old Manassa Mauler's idea is to surge in and wham. One system in the ring to him was the same as another. Tunney makes a careful study of each leading fighter's style. He knows what to look for.
>
> Jack Delaney is another keen observer. When he met the late Tiger Flowers he noticed early in the action that, while the Tiger kept his left jaw guarded with a protective glove, he had a habit of slightly dropping this guard when a left hook reached the body. So along about the fourth round Delaney hooked a left to the body, feinted another left and then shot the right for the uncovered jaw. This was the knockout.
>
> Delaney's trained eye had detected the one weakness in Flowers's defense which others had never seen.
>
> How many watching Walter Johnson pitch have ever followed the deep backward sweep of his right hand and arm and the sudden bend of the right wrist just before he starts the forward movement? Yet this is one of the main reasons for his tremendous speed and his almost perfect timing of a throw.

The entire sporting whirl is full of interesting detail open to the detective type of eye, the writer suggests to those who would improve their powers of observation. We learn, too:

> I had watched Bill Tilden play tennis for three or four years before some old-time tennis star suggested one day that I watch Big Bill's foot action. It was something to look at, the uncanny way he had of apparently being out of balance and then landing on his feet as a cat lands, ready to move anywhere.
>
> The observing eye is most needed in football. There you have the rapid movement of twenty-two men, frequently in many different directions.
>
> One of the best detective eyes in football belonged to Charley Buell, the Harvard quarter-back. He could tell in a flash what each defensive position was, and what changes had been made as he was calling the next attack.
>
> In the Princeton-Ohio State game the Ohio quarter noticed Miles of Princeton playing somewhat deep, back down the field. He called a diagonal forward pass to Criss along the side-lines, twenty-five yards away from Miles. But as Criss caught the ball, Miles hit him and drove him out of bounds. One field general doesn't know yet how Miles covered twenty-five yards in about two seconds.

HOW THE "TIN RABBIT" IS PLAYING HAVOC WITH HORSE-RACING

INVENTED by an ingenious Texan, the "electric hare," which prances around an arena pursued by greyhounds, makes a spectacle which, as an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune* points out, "needed only an element of chance to popularize it." Readers of THE DIGEST have learned from a previous article in this department what a furor this style of greyhound-racing has made in England. Some of its disturbing results here and abroad are thus recorded in the editorial already quoted:

> The betting-machines, recognized as legal in some parts of the Union, and tolerated as they were in Florida for a time, fanned the gambling instinct in human nature, and dog tracks in Kentucky, Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, and Missouri yielded fabulous dividends.
>
> The craze spread to Great Britain, Australia, and India, and soon there was a shortage of greyhounds, with a startling advance in values. Shares in dog tracks in the neighborhood of London have mounted to dizzy heights. An attendance of over 100,000 at some of them is not unusual. Many who have hitherto found excitement in betting on the horses in England have turned to the dogs, with a consequent shrinkage in gate receipts at race-courses.
>
> It is said that the program privileges alone pay the purses and incidental expenses of the dog-races. Horse-racing has been unable to compete with them, and there is talk now of an abandonment of some of the courses or a severe cut in the already none too generous stakes and purses on offer at most meetings outside of Ascot.
>
> In this country the battle between the horse- and dog-racing fraternities has reached even the Supreme Court of the United States, with former Governor Stanley of Kentucky appealing against the interdiction of betting on the dogs, while wide-open betting under the pari-mutuels is tolerated in connection with horse-racing in the Bluegrass country. A refusal to reopen the case, which closed the dog tracks, solves the problem for the time being in Kentucky, but the dog men are active, and the end is not yet. Banished from Florida and Kentucky, they will probably fight all the harder to hold their own in other parts of the country.

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

Hundreds of pounds lighter but faster than ever

New work for lubrication

The weight of the average automobile today is hundreds of pounds less than five years ago.

But—the burden thus taken off your engine is more than replaced by the increased speed at which the lighter car travels.

And engineers will tell you that it requires three times as much power to pull your car along at 40 miles an hour as at 20 miles an hour.

Today's engines are made to operate at higher compressions, higher temperatures and at higher engine speeds. To protect such engines you must have an engineering margin of safety in your lubricating oil.

Gargoyle Mobiloil will *give* you that margin of safety. It is the world's quality oil.

* *

We have steadily improved Mobiloil to meet changing motoring conditions.

Our Board of Engineers is constantly in touch with automobile manufacturers in determining the correct grade of Mobiloil for each make and model of car.

This Mobiloil engineering practice is extended to the whole automotive field. It ends all guesswork—*makes sure* of scientific lubricating. That is why Col. Lindbergh used Mobiloil in his New York-to-Paris flight and on all his flights since—a total of 35,000 miles of flying. In the list of great feats in aviation, no oil stands out like Mobiloil.

Mobiloil went with Commander Byrd to the North Pole, with the U. S. Army Fliers around the world, and with the U. S. Army Fliers on the first successful flight to Hawaii.

On the motor highways today, three out of every four motorists who buy their oil by name ask for Mobiloil. And Mobiloil is by long odds the most popular oil among automotive engineers.

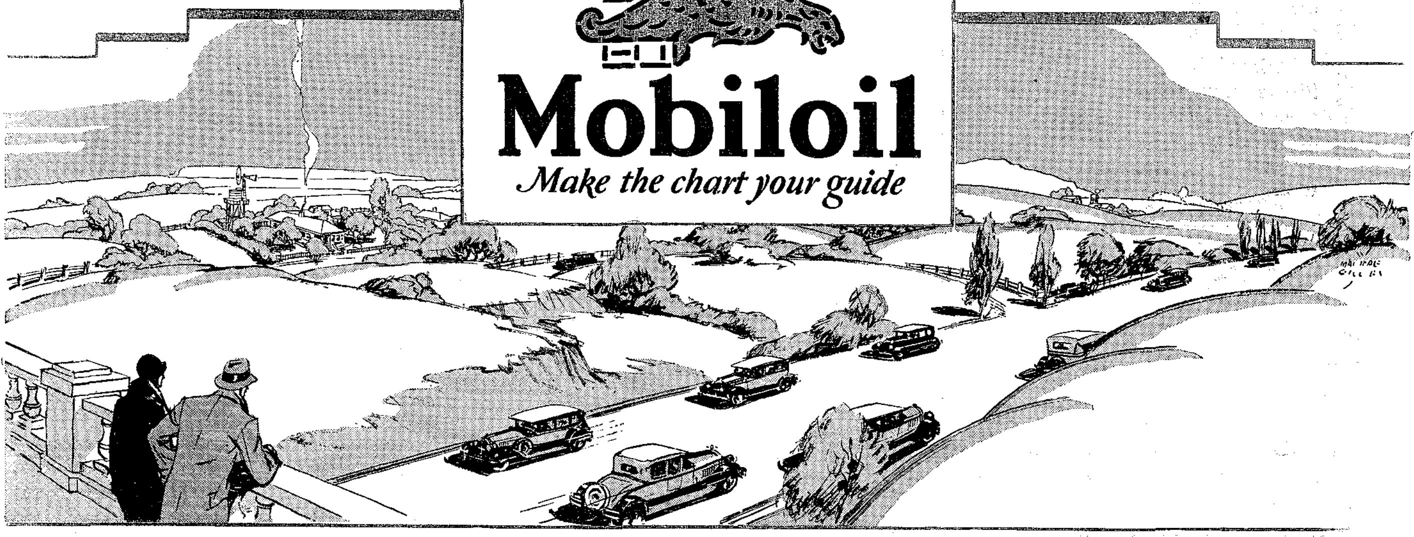
When you buy the correct grade of Mobiloil you will protect your engine with the greatest possible margin of safety that engineering experience can devise.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's, and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" *other mods.*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....



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Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis,
Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Bristol
GOLD LABEL

For your protection — look for this gold label on the shaft itself.

"What do you mean—
Uniform
Golf Clubs?"

THOUSANDS of golfers tell us that they prefer the Bristol Steel Shaft, because it is the one sure means of getting uniform golf clubs. You may ask, "What do you mean — uniform golf clubs?"

Here's the answer: Every golfer has one club in his bag whose "feel" is just right for his swing. Naturally he plays his best shots with that club.

The "feel" of a club is, for the most part, in the shaft. Because all Bristol Steel Shafts are made exactly the same in *quality*, you can choose one club with your own pet "feel", and then duplicate it in all your other clubs.

Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts are made of genuine spring steel (the only golf shafts that are). All well known makes of clubs can be bought equipped with Bristol Shafts.

"made of Spring Steel"

"Bristol"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Steel Golf Shaft
Patented Nov. 22, 1910

Write for booklet
Upon request we will send you an interesting little booklet on golf.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
303 HORTON STREET, BRISTOL, CONN.

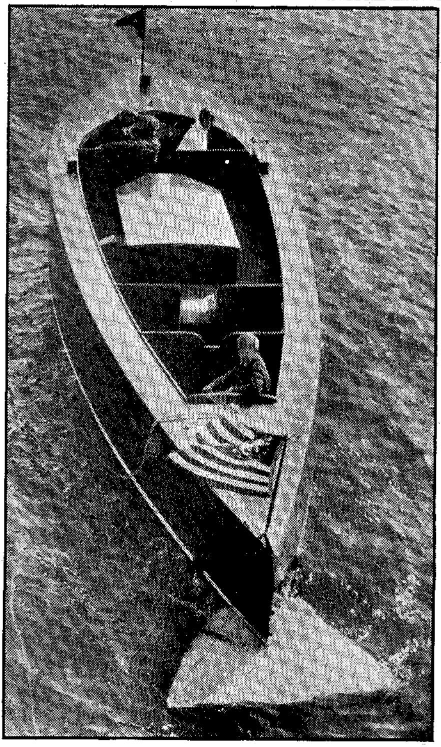
THE *FANTAIL'S* NEW MILE-A-MINUTE THRILL

THE eyes of the sailor on the old four-masted schooner beating its slow course across Oyster Bay were about to pop from his head. Toward him, on the waters of Long Island Sound, there dashed a power-boat at sixty miles an hour or more. It was full of men and women—two dozen—and yet, in the words of the New York *Sun*, it "rose out of the sea and skimmed along the very surface at breakneck speed, as tho it were going through air or skating on ice." The sailor saw the people in the boat wave a salute to him and automatically, altho dazed, he started to respond. But before he was able to do so, the thirty-eight-foot craft was nearly out of sight. The sailor wiped the sweat from his forehead and emitted a low, surprized whistle. He had never seen anything like it in his life. For an explanation, we read on in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> The device which made the performance possible is called a "fantail" by Johannes Plum, its Danish inventor. Attached to the stern of the boat under water, and well described by its name, it operates to achieve the hitherto unobtainable aim of marine engineers—the combination of the load capacity of a displacement boat with the speed of a sea-sled.

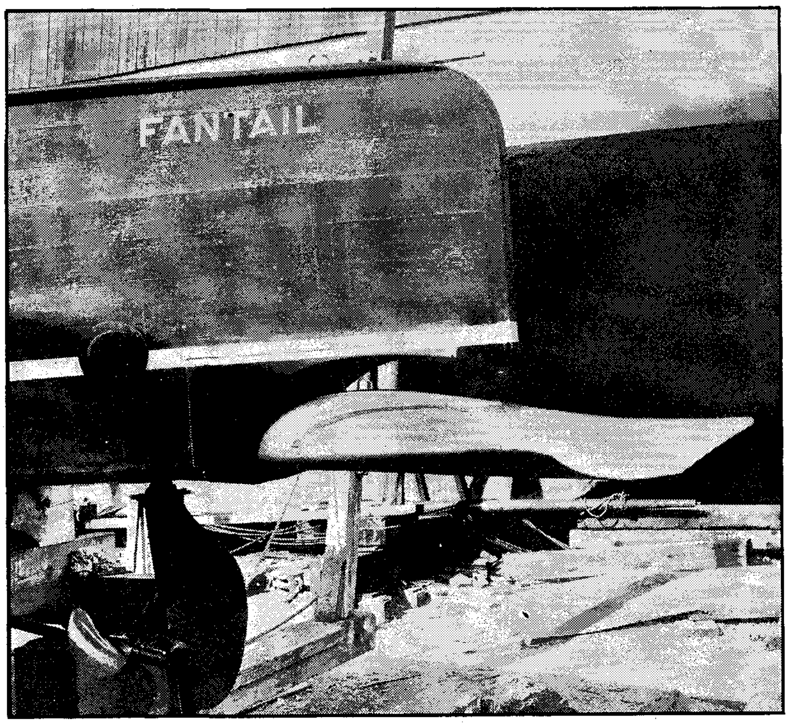
From the numerous New York dailies which reported the trial of the *Fantail*, we learn that it was piloted by Mrs. William B. Leeds, former Princess Xenia of Russia, who, with her husband, has aided the inventor; that the mile-a-minute speed attained shattered all records for power-boats, and that the performance was seen, in the words of *The Sun*, "as heralding a new departure in navigation." And now we follow *The Sun* into a description of the test:

> Those who made the breath-taking voyage included, besides Mr. and Mrs. Leeds, Prince Christopher of Greece, Prince Eric of Denmark, the Danish Consul-General, George Bech and Mrs. Bech, Gero von Gaernifitz, German banker, and sixteen others, all residents of the North Shore of Long Island.
>
> Mrs. Leeds was at the wheel with her husband beside her as the slim cedar and mahogany craft, thirty-eight feet long and nine feet beam, looking like any other handsome yacht, started out from the



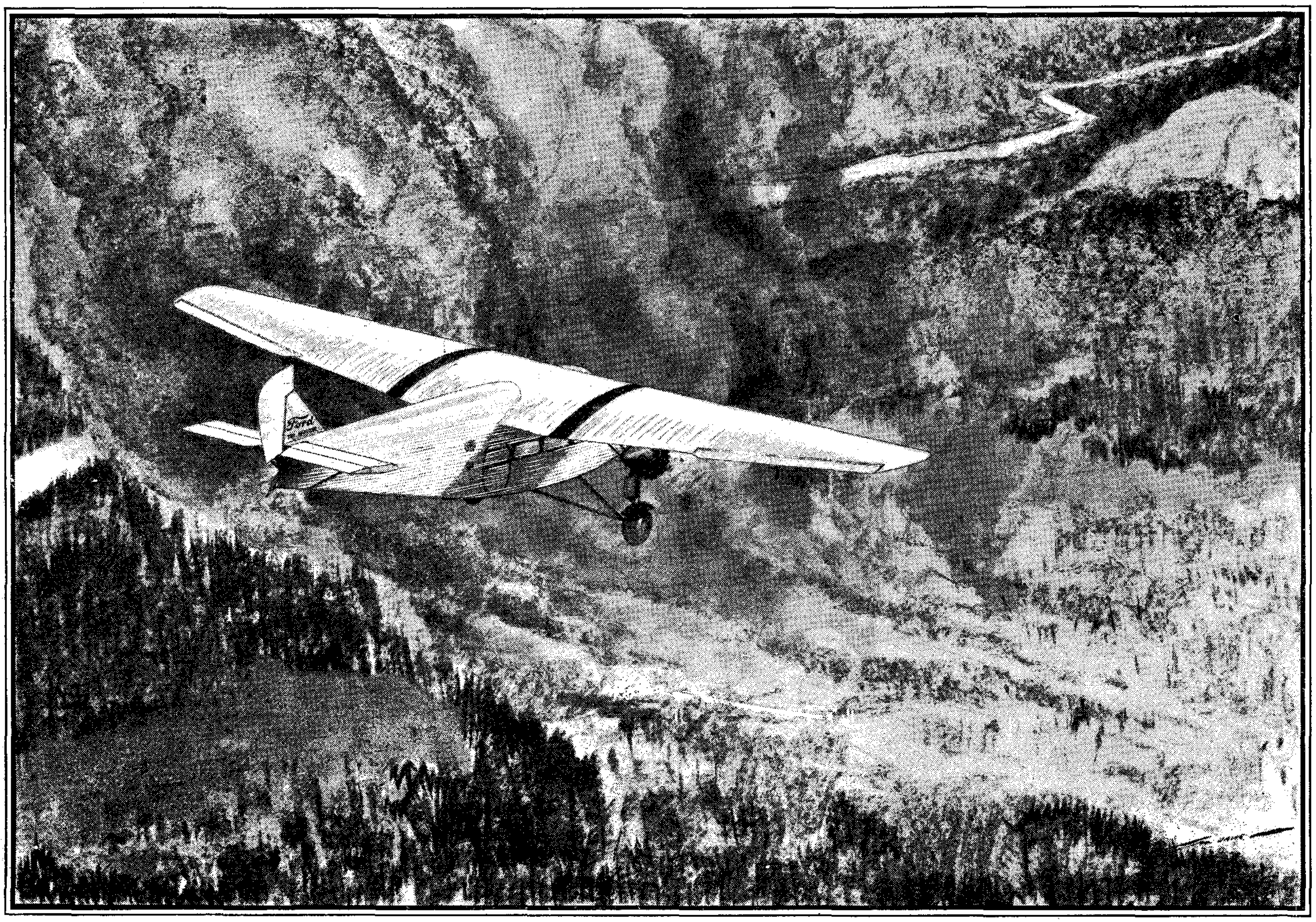
SEE THE *FANTAIL'S* FANTAIL

Only in repose is it thus clearly visible; at high speed it is obscured in a smother of foam.



A CLOSE-UP ON DRY LAND

In this view of the speed-boat's stern, we get a better idea of the fantail's form, and the mode of its attachment.



ACROSS THE FENCELESS SKY

WHEN forest fires or tornadoes strew the paths of civilization with wreckage and suffering . . . when levees melt away before uncontrollable floods, and entire countrysides are inundated . . . when blizzards smother city and country under paralyzing burdens of snow and sleet, *where does man look first for help from his fellow man?*

Upward! For across the fenceless sky first aid will come!

Florida, storm-swept . . . Yokohama and Tokyo, shattered by earthquake and blasted with flame . . . the Mississippi Valley, sunk in its floods . . . and New England, ravaged with sleet storms and turbulent waters . . . *all turned to the sky to re-establish communication with the outer world.*

Everywhere above the earth, it seems, planes are flying on errands of mercy, drawing mankind closer together in bonds of sympathy and understanding. Not only in the service of stricken communities, but in the service of individuals who otherwise would be beyond the help of man.

For among the small items of the daily news we read of a child born three thousand feet above the dim coast of the Carolinas, as its mother is being carried to a mainland hospital . . . of a surgeon dropping from the sky through the rack and darkness of a north Pacific gale to save a wounded woman in Alaska . . . of a plane lifting a baby from a jungle village to the safety of Ancon Hospital in Panama, 250 miles away . . . of first-aid experts flying with their equipment from Washington to rescue entombed miners in Alabama. . . .

So soon has this astounding miracle of man's conquest of the sky become an accepted fact of every-day life!

What may we expect next? Isn't it reasonable to expect that just as this federation of political states has been bound together by steel rails and surfaced highways, so the nations of the world will be brought into closer harmony when the skyways make possible smooth, safe transport from capital to capital . . . from the universities of one nation to the universities of another . . . from the industrial centers of one country to the markets of a neighbor? . . .

There is nothing visionary in this when considered against a background of achievement. Col. Lindbergh's spectacular flight from Washington to the City of Mexico awoke all Central America to a new sense of nearness . . . to a friendlier understanding of neighbors . . . *and to an immediate popular demand for regular air-lines connecting country with country.*

The Ford Motor Company has sound reasons for believing in a great epoch of air transport now being born. We measure our own achievement in terms of well over a million miles of useful commercial flying, and the safe transport of more than five million pounds of freight. And we are planning, building and operating our planes on the most advanced principles of safety, speed and economy of operation.

The great Ford Airport at Dearborn is the scene of continual and increasing activity. Passenger station . . . shops . . . research laboratories are pulsating gages of the progress being made. It is the Ford policy to plan in advance for great expansion.

Who has not thrilled with thoughts of the golden pathways that lead across the fenceless sky?

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Off-Color Taste / Temper

—always together

Discover this scientific way to relieve bad after-taste and remove {not cover up} unpleasant breath.

CHEER up! Never again need you let the disagreeable after-taste of smoking or eating get the best of your temper and make you feel down-in-the-mouth.

Perfected by science to soothe sore, raw throat, and to relieve cold, Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is also a refresher!

Quickly it *cuts and neutralizes the bad after-effect of tobacco or too rich foods* and leaves the mouth tingling with a delightful freshness that lingers for hours.

As you may know, off-color taste signals the presence of unpleasant breath. As Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant removes one it also removes the other.

Be Good to Yourself

Morning . . . noon . . . and night, whenever necessary, use a dash of Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant in a glass of water.

Use it as a gargle when you feel a cold coming and your throat is sore or irritated.

Use it as a mouthwash to keep breath sweet always and taste clean, sparkling and wholesome.

They All Say This

Everybody's enthusiastic about Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. Men and women say there's nothing better. It has . . .

Power to protect oral passages from infection and remove (not cover up) bad breath

Persistence to safeguard delicate mouth and throat over a long period

Penetration to work into moist tissue and render harmless disease-breeding germs (excepting, of course, advanced focal infection).

And it is safe . . . pleasant to use . . . refreshing . . . without a telltale odor to tell the world of its embarrassing presence.

Try Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant, today. And we promise that you'll use it always. That's how effective it is!

At all druggists—two sizes, 35c and 60c. Prepared by the Forhan Company, New York, Makers of Forhan's for the Gums.

Forhan's ANTISEPTIC REFRESHANT

FOR MOUTH, BREATH AND TASTE HYGIENE

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

boat-house on the Leeds estate at Cold Spring Harbor.

Mrs. Leeds steered the boat out and headed it toward the Connecticut shore. She opened the throttle and the speed jumped from five to twenty knots. A little more gas and the 500-horse-power Wright marine engine sent the craft to thirty knots. It was then that the queer-looking fin at the stern went into action.

Then it was that the *Fantail* rose, lifted by Mr. Plum's device, and skimmed along the surface of the Sound, and the sailor on the schooner had the surprize of his life. We read on, into the *Sun's* account of the principle involved and the manner in which the inventor, a former attaché of the Danish legation in Washington, came to conceive the notion of thus speeding up water travel and injecting a new thrill into aquatic sports:

The application of aeronautical principles to naval architecture resulted in the development of the device involved—a "fan-tail" resembling the fin of a fish—which, its inventor says, has solved the problem of carrying a heavy load at sea without reducing the speed of the craft.

The designer said he started to work on his invention when he was experimenting with a speed-boat in Denmark. He found that with one person aboard he could make nineteen knots, but on taking another passenger the speed was reduced to twelve knots. He discovered, however, that he could tow a hydroplane with two, or even three passengers aboard, and still maintain the nineteen-knot speed.

He set to work to apply the principle of the hydroplane to the speed-boat and the fantail resulted. The one used on the yacht *Fantail* is of duralumin, and not very large.

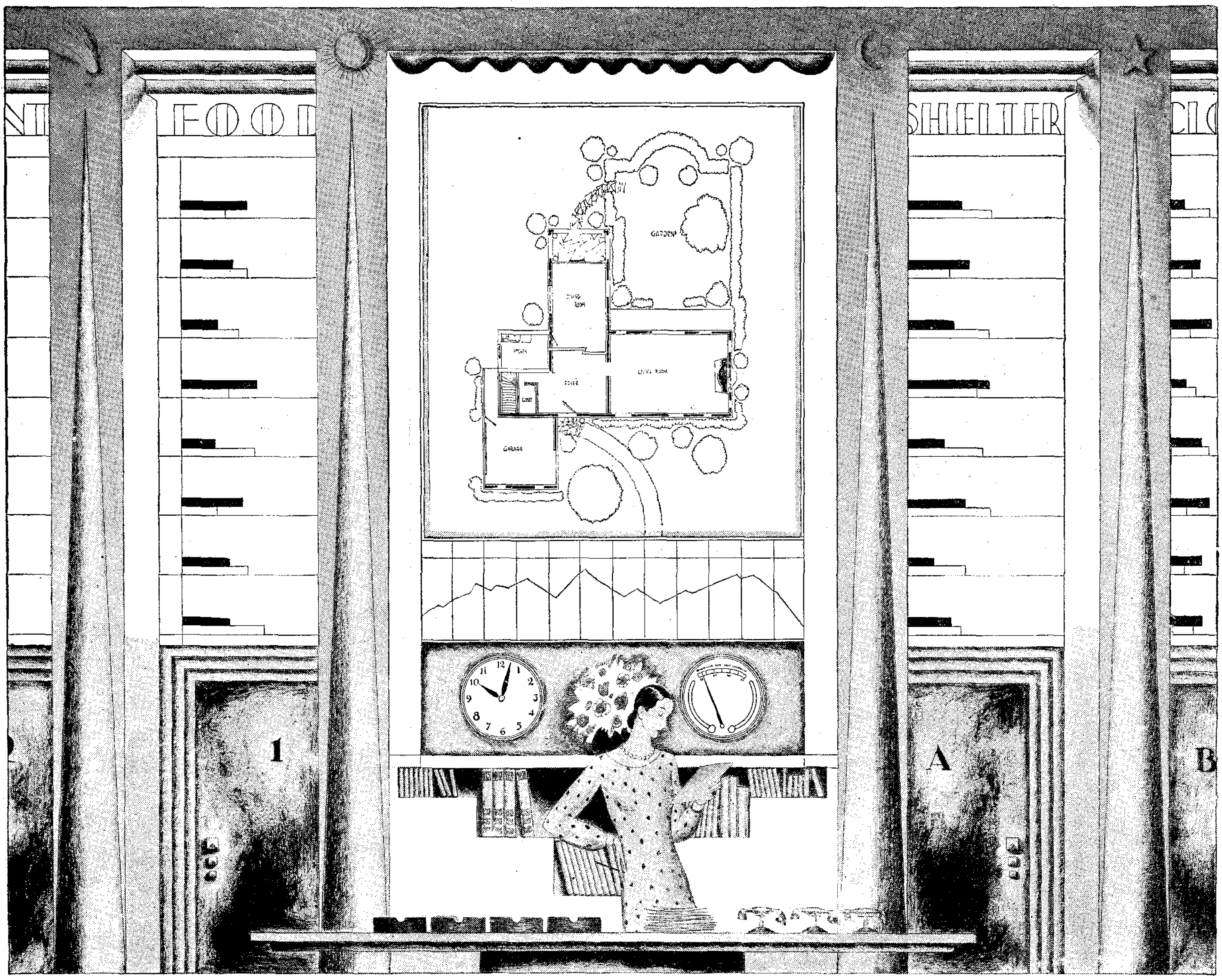
Mr. Plum said he believed the device would be of use in naval boats. He said it could be used on torpedo boats, and even on submarine chasers of the type used in the last war.

The last thought is elaborated thus by *The Evening World:*

Mr. Leeds in commenting on the performance of the *Fantail* yesterday said that Mr. Plum had apparently solved a problem which has been studied by the navies of the world—high speed with load-carrying capacity. He foresaw, he said, boats of the type in use as complementary to torpedo boats. A boat the size of the *Fantail*, he said, could be carried on the davits of a torpedo boat, from which it could be powered and sent darting off against capital ships with a load of one or more torpedoes.

The swiftness of the little boat would make it a very difficult target, and might easily enable it to return to the mother-ship unharmed after having performed its mission.

The immediate usefulness of the *Fantail* type, Mr. Leeds said, was that it would enable yachtsmen living out on Long Island, up the Hudson, and at near-by New Jersey resorts to go to their city offices by water in from twenty minutes to half an hour faster than in the present type of speed-boats of its size. The backers are



The Little Woman, G·P·A·

Businesses may have their treasurers, their comptrollers, even their boards of directors who watch expenditures. By careful perusal of charts and graphs, by weighty conferences, they determine how annual income is to be spent.

But homes have their wives who do the same work in 25 million independent businesses, the households of America. Without elaborate research, without the counsel and the conferences of big business, *these* executives spend annually 40 billion dollars. They spend it amazingly well, too, though they are not specialized purchasing agents any more than they are specialized cooks, or interior decorators, or educators, or furnace tenders.

Their decisions are governed by the welfare of their families. "Is this breakfast food better for my children to eat?" . . . "Will this davenport and these curtains, this lamp and this piano, make my home a pleasanter place to be?" . . . "Will this school give my daughter what I know she needs?" . . . "Would another kind of heating equipment make our home more comfortable, more healthful next winter?" These are samples of the questions they ask.

Always they visualize the ideal, these wives and mothers, before they consider economies. But they watch for economies as few business men do. By aptitude and training they are excellent shoppers. The competition for their attention, the courting of their favor, is tremendous. The way to their hearts and their purses is not easy, but it is clear. These general purchasing agents are readers of advertising, consistent, critical readers of advertising. It has been estimated that they buy more than eighty per cent of all advertised merchandise.

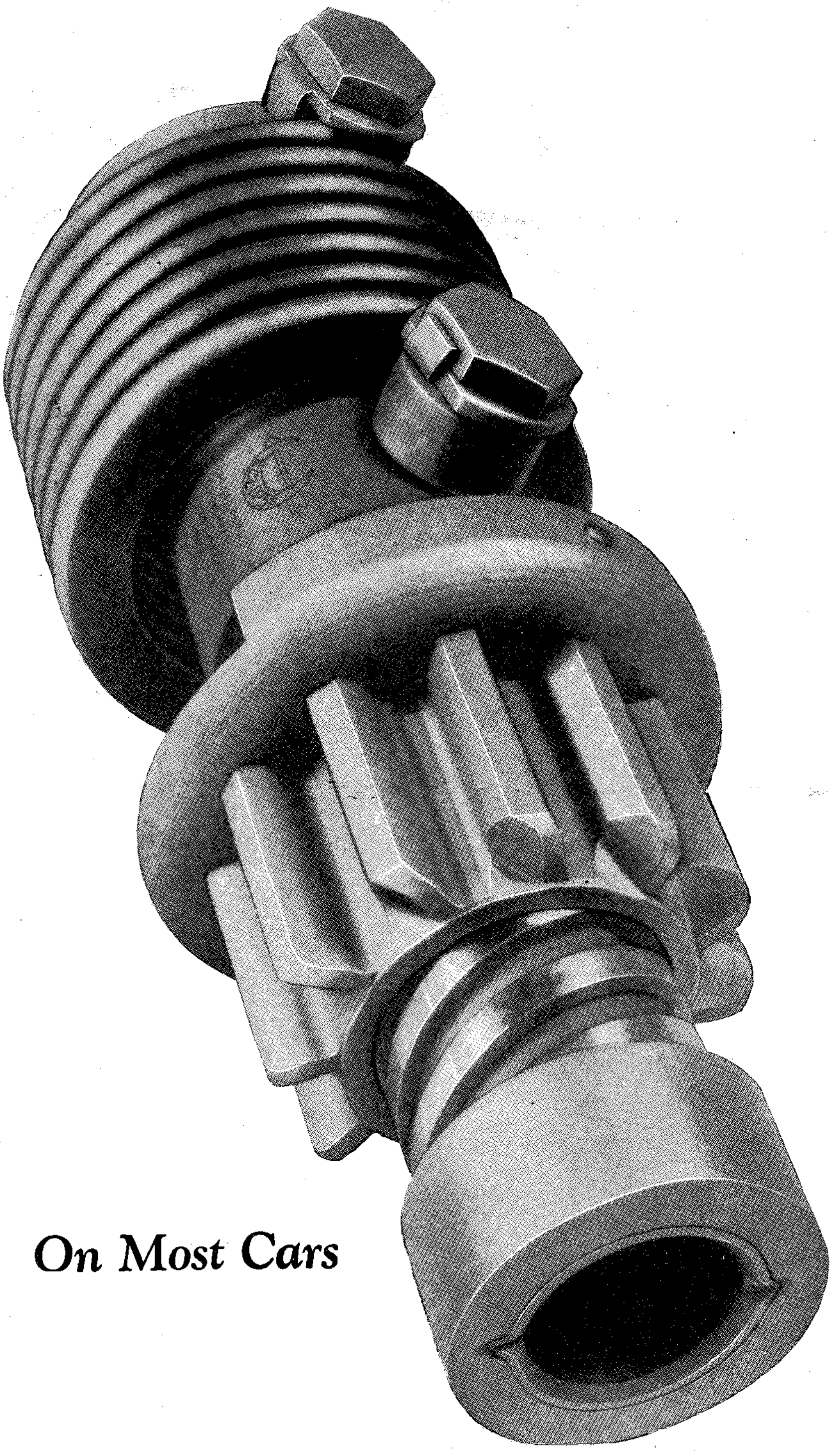
Addressing the women of America on the printed page is an art, but an art that can be applied with almost the exactitude of a science. Already it has meant the growth and continued success of many concerns who manufacture products useful in the business of making a home and rearing a family.

N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS* PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE

—"The mechanical hand that cranks your car—the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the fly-wheel of your engine. Takes hold . . . cranks . . . lets go! . . . Automatic in every operation.

ECLIPSE MACHINE CO. :-: Elmira, New York
Eclipse Machine Co., East Orange, N. J.
Eclipse Machine Co., Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.



On Most Cars

Approximately 1½ Times Actual Size

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

considering a trip to San Francisco through the Panama Canal, and believe it can be made in six days.

"At the Twenty-third Street anchorage of the New York Yacht Club in the East River," Mr. Leeds said, "there are every summer day, fifty boats which have brought in residents from the north shore of Long Island, and which will take them home again. We believe that the number will be doubled and trebled with this type of boat available. The commuter can travel by boat faster than by train or automobile.

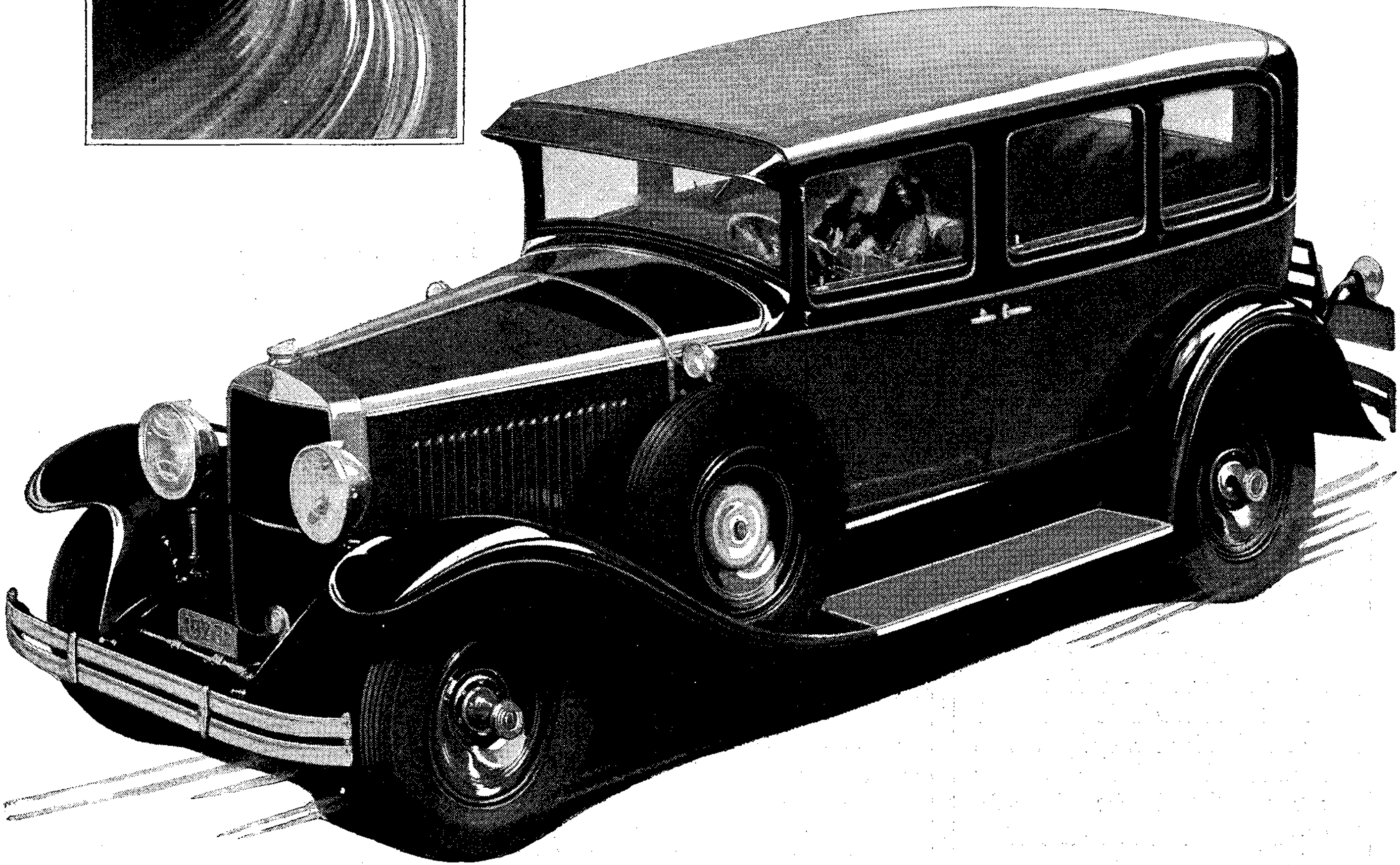
"I am going to put a fantail on my sixty-five footer. Without it I can make forty-five miles an hour. Plum says a fantail will increase that speed to fifty-five miles an hour."

Editorial comment on the *Fantail* has been wide-spread. In *The Spur*, Alfred F. Loomis, writing on what he considers the true significance of Mr. Plum's device, its virtues and its drawbacks, observes that "a speed of sixty miles an hour in a motor-boat is no longer anything to get excited about, as years ago a record of more than eighty miles an hour was chalked up." Mr. Loomis, however, does not regard the eighty miles as an absolute basis of comparison, as he goes on to explain:

> But the holder of that record was a shell-like hydroplane, with a carrying capacity of two persons, which was good for no earthly thing beyond skipping over the surface of a mirror-like river. After the record had been attained, the motor-boat speed specialists turned their thought away from hydroplanes and toward displacement boats which number carrying capacity, longevity, and seaworthiness among their assets.
>
> However, when the inventor, Johannes Plum, began figuring on high speed plus great carrying capacity he deliberately chose the hydroplane (which is pushed over the surface of the water instead of through it like the ordinary boat), and set about devising means for adapting it to his ambition. After his experiments had progressed to a certain point he enlisted the enthusiasm and material help of Mr. William B. Leeds, and the result is the speed-boat *Fantail*, which has attained a speed of sixty-three miles an hour with a group of passengers and a deadweight load of 4,000 pounds of pig lead.
>
> The name of the speedboat is borrowed from Mr. Plum's invention, a duralumin, balsa-filled fantail, roughly resembling a whale's tail, which projects from the stern of the boat above the propeller and forces the boat to plane, regardless of the weight carried. The fantail is flexibly tho strongly mounted in the stern, and is actuated by air valves. An expert, who timed *Fantail* on her official trial trip, and who is naturally disinclined to extravagant statement, tells me that the action of this duralumin tail is positively uncanny.
>
> This expert pictured the boat to me as traveling smoothly over the surface of Manhasset Bay at a speed of fifty miles an hour. The engine was "all out," and the boat seemed to be at her top speed. Mr. Plum's fingers, hovering over the air

Swiftness

It is for those times when moments are really precious—not for the wanton abuse of speed—that the ability to travel swiftly, in comfort and safety, becomes so desirable to those who drive and ride.



Motor cars upon which we proudly place our name

In them you will find the reflection of our ideas of distinguished appearance, of thoroughgoing comfort, of dependable construction, of fully satisfactory performance, and substantial worth.

GRAHAM
PAIGE

A wide variety of models and body types —prices beginning at $860, f. o. b. Detroit.
Illustrated is Model 629, 5-passenger sedan $1985.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM-PAIGE

Old Briar
TOBACCO
"The Best Pipe Smoke Ever Made!"

Smoke it in your old briar pipe—

It makes a perfect combination!

Light up your old briar pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Enjoy its comfort and cheer. Notice the natural tobacco taste. Draw in the fragrance of the slow burning, flavory leaf. Smoke it awhile. Then see how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar Tobacco is.

Every day from everywhere men are sending us the message that Old Briar Tobacco is the end of a long search for genuine pipe pleasure—a perfect combination for the finest old briar pipe.

It has taken experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and generations of tobacco culture to develop and perfect Old Briar Tobacco. And by the application of quantity production methods, it is possible for you to enjoy Old Briar at such a reasonable price.

Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

In sizes at 25c, 50c, $1 and $2

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

SPECIAL OFFER

To make you acquainted with all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking, we will send you on receipt of this coupon a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco. **Send 10c—coin or stamps**—for postage and mailing expense.

Tear out and Mail this coupon *with 10c—coin or stamps—to*

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Print Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City and State ____________________

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

triggers, touched two of them, and without alteration of the engine's throttle the speed of the boat suddenly leaped to sixty miles an hour. What had happened? The pitch of the fantail had been slightly altered. Instead of gliding on her hull, like an ordinary hydroplane, *Fantail* had lifted until only her forward step and the tail rested on the water. Friction had been reduced to a minimum and wasteful propeller slip minimized in like degree.

The amazing feature of the experiment was, however, that weight of load had little effect on *Fantail's* speed. Her power, together with the design of underbody and tail, fitted her to a speed of a little more than sixty miles an hour, and this speed was attained whether she had no ballast aboard or two tons of it. This seems to be "goin' ag'in the laws of nater," for in every other vehicle that one can bring to mind the speed drops as the load increases. But the explanation is that by manipulation of the fantail the boat, together with its load, is brought to the surface of the water and once there resistance to its forward progress is kept at a minimum.

Will Wedge, writing on the motor-boat show in *The Sun*, apparently likes the *Fantail*. The action of the tail he described as wiggling "up and down and sideways like a fish's flapper." It is designed to control the angle of trim, he adds, and, in other words:

> It keeps the boat on a more even keel when the engine is humming to the full extent of its 500 horse-power. The fantail by bearing down on the water keeps the bow of the boat from sticking up high out of the water and prevents that characteristic of some motor-boats of navigating on their heels, as it were. The fantail craft literally skims the surface without fighting and plowing its way deep through the waves. The hull of the boat has a longitudinal concavity that gives stability and decreases resistance.
>
> The plan is to build about ten fantail boats for use this coming year. The sole fantail now in existence has an $18,000 Wright whirlwind engine and is worth altogether about $25,000. Young Billy Leeds, who at present is in the South Sea Islands, has ordered the first of the 1928 output for commuting.

The invention of the *Fantail* seems to have provided much food for thought to the editorial writers. The Providence *Journal* is already thinking of the possibility of attaching the device to ocean liners, and exclaims that "a trip to Europe at that speed would be something to talk about."

The question of whether the boat means another suggestion taken from nature is something on which the Charleston *Mail* and the Philadelphia *Record* are not in agreement. "Yes," says the southern paper; and "No," its Philadelphia contemporary. As *The Mail* puts it:

> In other words, the fish have beat us to it ever so many millenniums, if not billions and billions of years. And, ever since man has tried to navigate the ocean both on its surface and beneath he has had the fish as his object lessons, but up to the present time has been too stupid to imitate the finny tribe.

While *The Record* sums it up thus:

> Is man really inventing something which is not an imitation of nature? We have copied the flight of the bird in the air, the course of the fish under the sea, but what creature skims over the face of the water with practically no displacement?

CHICAGO ADDS A SPORT TO ITS WINTER PROGRAM

CHICAGO should be grateful, *The Tribune* of that city advises, for a new winter diversion. Coming up from Cuba, by way of New Orleans the Basque game, *Jai Alai* (pronounced hyaly, we learn, and also known as *Pelota*), has taken by storm the city on the shores of Lake Michigan and, *The Tribune* continues, "is attracting hundreds, if not thousands, every night." Speed and excitement the journal grants to the game, and then proceeds to discuss its virtues as a spectacle, and as an addition to the city's somewhat meager list of cold-weather activities:

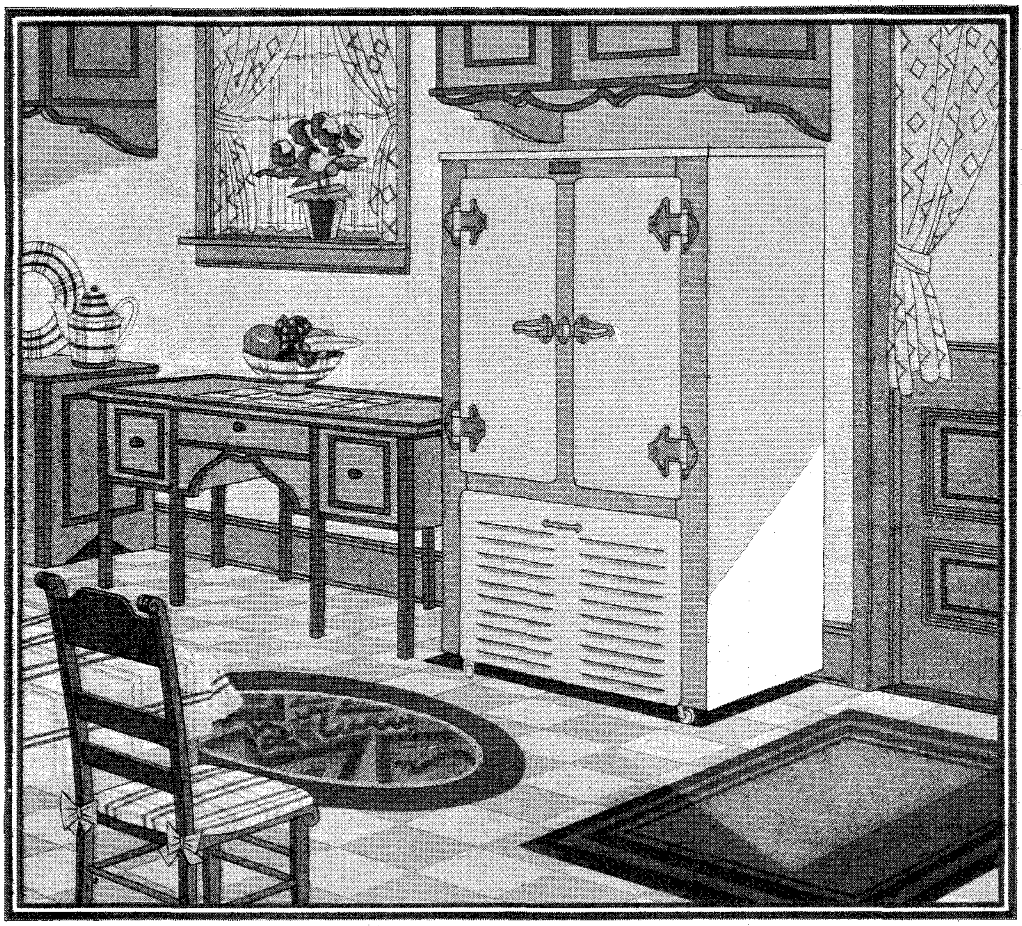
> The game is played indoors, but the scale is heroic, requiring superlative agility, speed, strength, and dexterity. The game is new to Americans. It will be some time before our boys become proficient at it, but it is difficult to believe that they will not take it up.
>
> In this latitude we must be grateful for all good winter games. Basketball was invented to fill the need. Last year we imported professional hockey from Canada. It is played indoors, but it has stimulated interest in skating, which remains the best of the outdoor sports in this region. With no tobogganing and only limited opportunity for skiing and snowshoe-running, skating in Chicago is the only outdoor pastime which can be widely enjoyed in winter. Skating, like swimming, is a sport which can be enjoyed at small expense and at any time of life, and it is more exhilarating than swimming. What all the popular outdoor sports—swimming, tennis, golf, baseball, and the rest—are in summer, skating is in winter.
>
> *Jai Alai* is too exciting a game ever to compete with skating as a winter sport for more than a few, even if playing space could be provided. None the less, it is welcome. It is worth seeing. Betting on the result may heighten the interest, but the game can be enjoyed without the gambling. The success of *Jai Alai* may lead to the importation of other indoor sports. There is need for them during the months when the outdoors offers limited opportunity for recreation.

A view of the game as a game, without regard to its suitability for Chicago, is taken by *The Sportsman*, which furnishes us with this account of *Jai Alai's* origin and the improbability of general amateur play:

> Chicago and Miami, Florida, are the only American cities where this noble game is played, and in both places it is played only by professional barnstormers from Europe or Cuba. The size of the court and the character of its construction involve a very large investment, which can only be justified by a first-class "gate." American

FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY

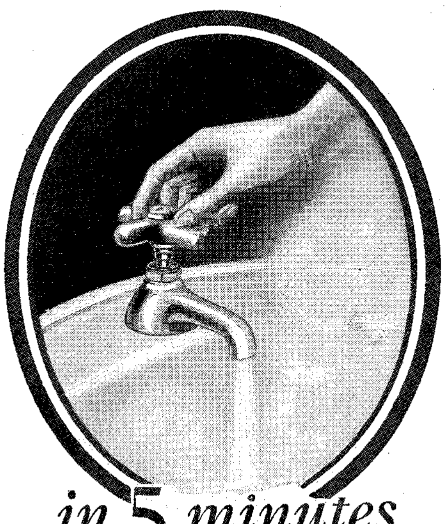


Now has come the realization that health depends upon wholesome food, and the wholesomeness of most foods upon proper refrigeration. Out of that realization has grown the demand for Frigidaire. Not mere refrigeration, but dependable, electric refrigeration. And as that demand has grown, quantity production has made prices low. So today Frigidaire has become a safeguard to health that is an economical investment for any home.

Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



in 5 minutes

hot water

to start the day!

WANT steaming hot water? Touch a match to the wick of a Perfection or Puritan Kerosene Water Heater. In five minutes there's hot water for shaving—in ten enough for the dishes. It's easy to start the day right when you have one of our newest models. Send for our new booklet. It tells all about them.

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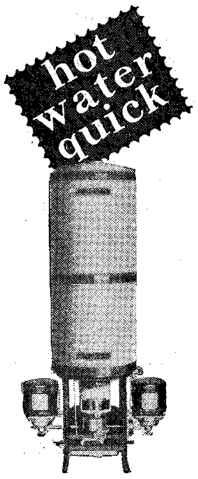
There are five models of Perfection and Puritan Water Heaters—all fast. Two have thermostats—an exclusive Perfection Feature. One has a 30 gallon "Stay-Hot" storage tank. This keeps the water hot 36 hours after the flame is out. All burn Kerosene, the cheap—safe fuel. Priced from $23 to $190—which buys the finest heater made. The new booklet has full details.



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

tourists to Havana or the Basque resorts in France and Spain who have seen the game before will be eager to see it again. In fact, it takes very little *pelota* to make an addict. By far the most brilliant and colorful of all the court games, it has a combination of speed and spaciousness which is extraordinarily appealing. The Basques, who have played from childhood, develop an amazing skill, and their play is marked by a grace of gesture and poise which may be racial or instinctive or perhaps the result of highly developed "form." In any case, no game that I know has more moments of sheer plastic beauty than a good match of doubles by competent *pelota* players.

To arrive at real excellence one must play for years, but the game is not essentially difficult for any one with a good eye and knack. If more courts are built, it is possible that Americans will take the game up; it should suit our national temperament rather better than the slower and more difficult game of real tennis. But it will probably be a long time before any Racquet Club can afford to construct a *Fronton* here for amateur play.

BENNY LEONARD DISAGREES WITH BERTRAND RUSSELL ON BOXING

TWO captains of the "cauliflower industry," as W. O. McGeehan has renamed it in the New York *Herald Tribune*, trying to out-hammer, out-think each other to a knockout in the prize-ring, cheered on by thousands of other men raised emotionally to a state of frantic enthusiasm, make a spectacle susceptible of strikingly different interpretations. "Sadism," says Bertrand Russell, British philosopher, in an interview by Edna B. Mann in the New York *World*, admitting that he has never seen a prize-fight because "it just never came my way." Mr. Russell proves himself as pronounced a pacifist concerning the prize-ring as his reading public finds him in regard to war. But his diagnosis of fight-fan excitement does not go undisputed. "The normal outbursts of normal people, excited by exciting events," contradicts Benny Leonard, undefeated lightweight champion of the world, writing in the same paper. In the interview Miss Mann asked why men love fighting and prefer a "he-man prize-fighter like Dempsey with his knockout blows." It might be, she suggested, mentioning the rough play of children and puppies, pure delight in the activity. "Doesn't the world need this delight?" she asked, and we read Mr. Russell's reply:

"There is a difference between playing and fighting," said Russell. "You watch two puppies. What they are doing when they pretend fighting is not fighting. It is playing. Altho they seem to be going to bite, they never do bite. They just rehearse movements. It is the same with the children you describe. Real fighting is different. There is a sentiment of anger, a flow of adrenalin, and so on.

"Prize-fighting, I think, comes near to

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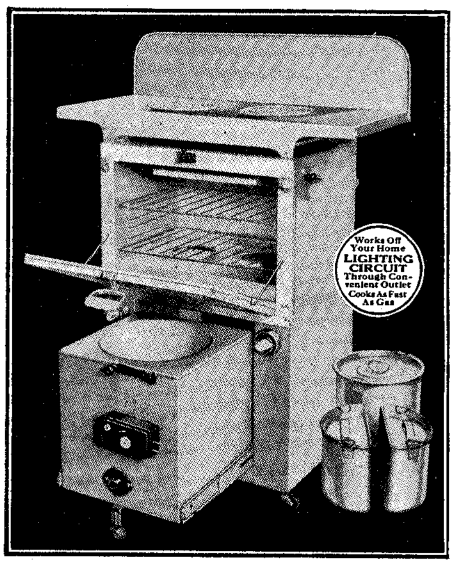
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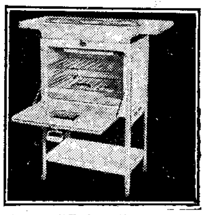

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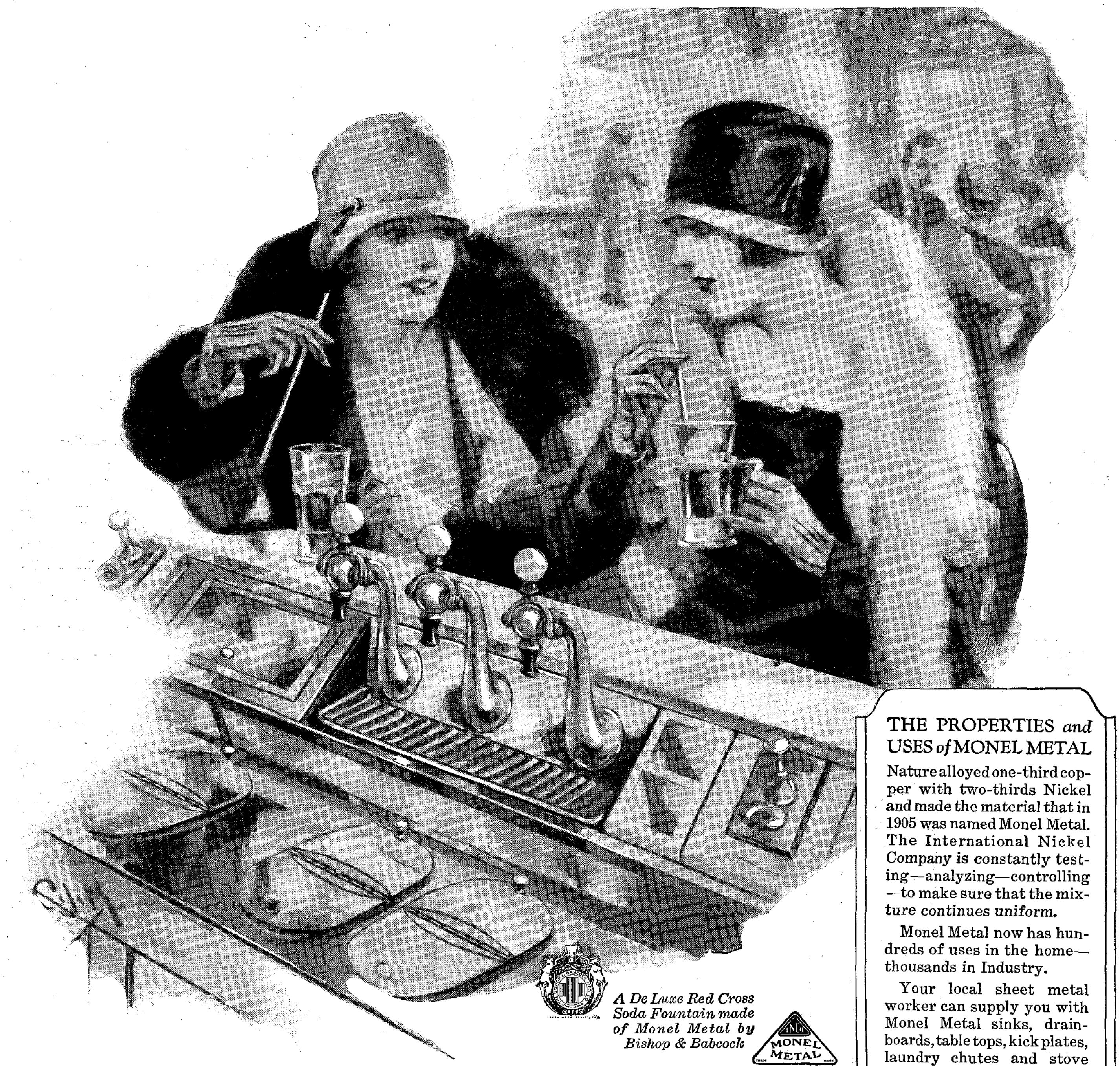

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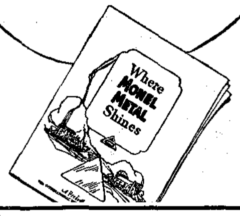

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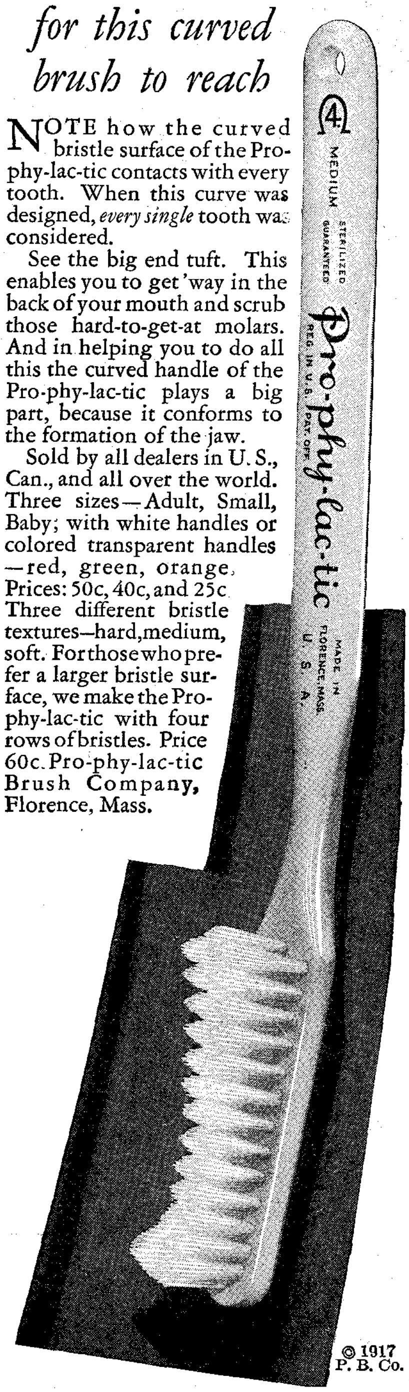

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the real thing. It gets too close to it. I think it arouses brutal emotions. It appeals to Sadism in man, his lust for cruelty. The ordinary person has far more cruelty in his nature than he realizes. We go about looking for legitimate opportunities to satisfy it."

This, then, is why the average fight fan complains he does not get his money's worth when there is no knock-out or heavy hitting; it explains why the fighter with a paralyzing punch—a killer—is so much more popular than a clever boxer who lacks the knack of a knock-out; it explains the crowd's savage roar of excitement when a hitter connects and his unfortunate opponent staggers groggy from the blow. The basic appeal of prize-fighting is to man's primitive Sadism.

To this charge Mr. Leonard speedily made the following reply:

"In the first place, Dr. Russell admitted he had never seen a boxing exhibition—he calls it a prize-fight. Hence, what the philosopher knows of boxing is merely what others have told him.

"It may seem strange to Dr. Russell when I state that boxing is just the opposite of what he pictures it to be. I wish he could come with me some day and see what boxing has done for thousands of boys in every section of the city. It has curbed the gang spirit; it has helped to refine countless boys, who, because of the conditions that surrounded them, were ever eager for a brawl, when the boot was used as quickly as the fist.

"It has curbed the headlong lad ever eager to settle a quarrel with his fists. Instead, boxing has taught him restraint. It has taught him that the battle is never won by the lad who loses his head; that an argument does not have to be decided by the fists, with possible injury to his opponent, but is frequently won by the lad who keeps his wits about him.

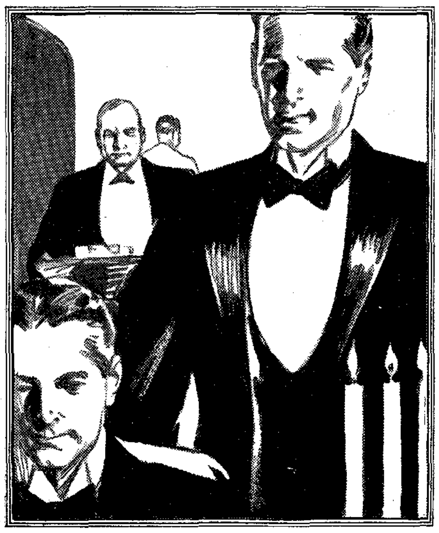
"Dr. Russell dwells at considerable length on the cruelty of the prize-ring as a form of Sadism. The very fact that he never saw a bout discounts his argument.

"There is nothing in the ring that shows the slightest suspicion of Sadism. The boxers have no malice in their hearts. They know that a blackened eye, a sore side, a broken nose, while it may hurt, seldom causes permanent injury. When they measure their opponent for the blow that deprives the rival temporarily of his senses, there is not the slightest bit of malice, and, in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases, not the least bit of anger.

"Sadism does not exist in the ring any more than it does in other rough sports, such as football, lacrosse and hockey."

For Bertrand Russell had given a clean bill of health to certain other sports. The interviewer had asked him about football, baseball and other popular diversions in which the fight element is strong, and he had replied:

"There you have genuine play. Games satisfy in imagination what you would otherwise satisfy in reality. We mustn't be cynical about any human impulse. We should instead find the least harmful way of indulging it. Football, athletic contests, debates, work, offer abundant useful outlets for the fighting impulse."



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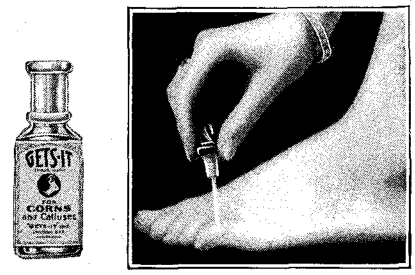

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Before Miss Mann had come to interview Russell, she had been talking with a he-man editor of vigorous bulldog proportions, who, we learn as we read on, now stood revealed in the light of Russell's analysis:

> "We want no pacifistic stuff," he had said to me. "It's fighting that men like. Why, when I look back over my whole life (he is now over forty-five and is an important figure in the magazine world), I get most satisfaction recalling a fist fight I had with two sailors out on the snow in front of a saloon. For an hour and a half we battled, rolling over in the ice and snow. My face was cut and bleeding from forehead to chin. It was so black and blue and bruised I was hardly recognizable. . . . Then there was another fight," he licked his chops with relish, as evident as it was sincere, over other fist fights in, before, behind saloons, cafés and dives, all the way up and down the scale.
>
> "I like to win," he said, "but even when I don't win, it's the fighting I like. Damned if I know why."
>
> "Do you mean to say," I asked, "that nothing in your life, no other achievement, say in your work, or with women, has given you satisfaction equal to fighting?"
>
> "Women?" he stumbled over the word as tho an inner resistance blocked him. "Women? I never got much out of women. Never had much to do with them—but it was too much for my own good. Never want much to do with them, either. But don't think I've stopt fighting because I don't want to fight. It's just because I'm too old and fat. It's fighting I get the kick out of."

Miss Mann told Bertrand Russell this story, and he replied:

> "The way to deal with Sadism is to make men more satisfied, happier, to find out the sources of happiness and try to realize them. I am constantly struck with the fact that there is a great deal of Sadism in America."

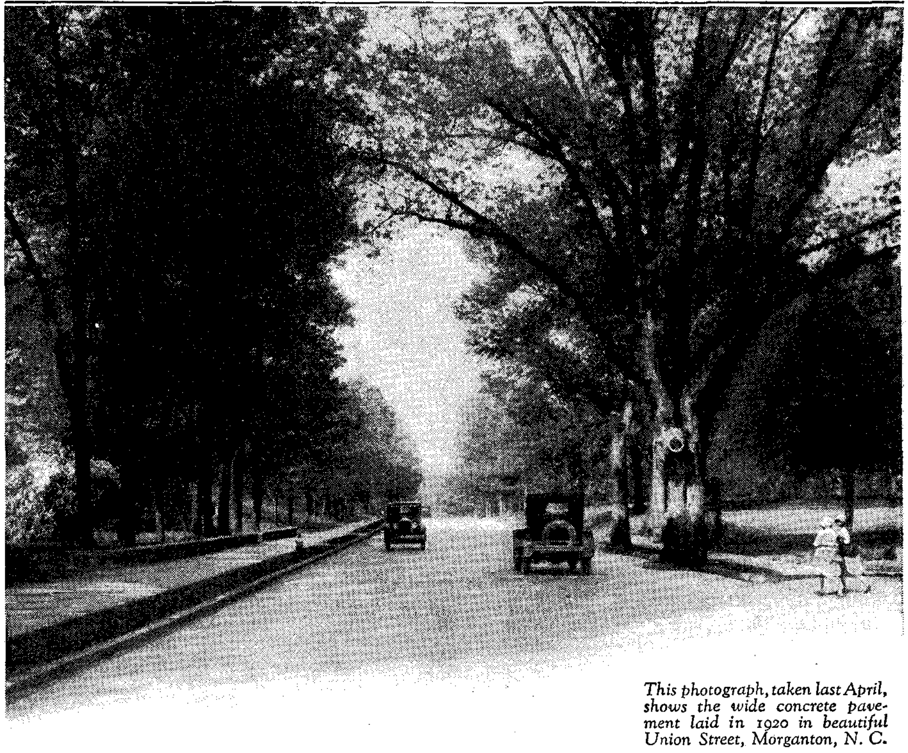
But to return to Mr. Leonard. The former ring star, and present sports writer, takes up Mr. Russell's assertion that Sadism does not enter into other sports, and retorts:

> "Certainly it is not Sadism when we shout with joy as the full-back of Notre Dame plows down the field, and several of the opposing line are stretched out on the field, their wits temporarily knocked out of them.
>
> "Not at all; that's not Sadism; that's red-blooded American men and women venting their excitement in shouts at a great exhibition of sport.
>
> "Perhaps the good doctor has seen a lacrosse game, where there are more injuries in one clash than in a dozen battles in the ring. Certainly the philosopher would not call a lacrosse player a Sadist as he bashes in the nose of an opposing player.
>
> "Dr. Russell's interview was most interesting reading, but I fear that few of us, especially those who like red-blooded sports, will agree with him that our delight in these games or lines of athletic endeavor are exhibitions of Sadism."

And, to conclude, Mr. Leonard makes an offer, thus:

> "I wish Dr. Russell would be my guest at some big bout in Madison Square

Are Your Streets this Wide?



This photograph, taken last April, shows the wide concrete pavement laid in 1920 in beautiful Union Street, Morganton, N. C.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Garden. I know he is no Sadist. But I venture the prediction that it would require one or two of the special police to keep him in his seat when the old cry of 'there he goes' rings out as one of the boxers starts to sag and his opponent measures him for the finishing punch.

"Sadism on the part of Dr. Russell? Not at all; just a red-blooded man doing what nine out of ten, who never had training in boxing, will do—losing his head."

A YALE MAN DOES THE "IMPOSSIBLE" IN A POLE VAULT

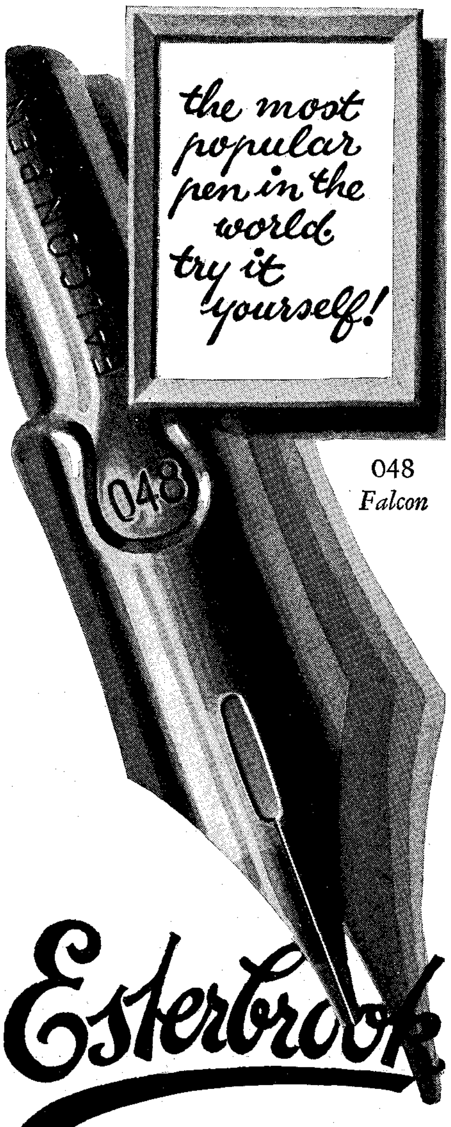
"OLD-TIMERS must have opened their eyes in amazement!" exclaims the New York *World*, while John Kieran of *The Times* philosophizes that "if any athlete in this country stands out decisively over his field, Sabin Carr of Yale is that athlete." The reason, we learn in a variety of quarters, is that Mr. Carr had just set a new world's indoor record in the pole vault—fourteen feet and one inch. "Twenty years ago," continues *The World* in reminiscent mood, "any such performance would have been thought impossible." Then, the editorial proceeds:

> The record was 12 feet 9½ inches, and it was held by one Dray of Yale. He was regarded as a wonder, and was thought to have gone as high as human legs and arms could possibly carry him.
>
> In Dray's day it was held impossible that a man could ever vault 13 feet. Yet in 1912, only four years after Dray made his best record, one M. S. Wright vaulted 13 feet 2¼ inches. In 1920 the record was boosted to 13 feet 5 inches by F. K. Foss. And then Charlie Hoff came along. He pushed it up to 13 feet 6 inches, to 13 feet 9¾ inches, to 13 feet 10½ inches, to 13 feet 11¼ inches. And then, when he was within three-quarters of an inch of a new foot, Mr. Carr stole the honor away from him by vaulting 14 feet, last May, in Philadelphia. Now Mr. Carr starts the record on another march to another impossible figure.
>
> Fourteen feet 1 inch! Most of us, if we tried to come down that far, would mash our feet flat and probably break both our legs. As for going up that far, we would probably have to sit down and puff if we did it on a stepladder.

In contrast with the preceding commentator, Mr. Kieran in *The Times* looks toward the future and asks:

> Just what is the limit on this pole vaulting? No other event has moved ahead so rapidly in the past decade. Better equipment may be a partial explanation, but better coaching, better training and more competitors is the more logical answer.
>
> The "roof" was once placed at fourteen feet. But Carr raised that "roof." And the chances are he will give it another lift before he puts aside the bamboo pole for the last time.

The winning vault, made, it will be recalled, in Madison Square Garden at the indoor track meet and field championships of the National A. A. U., exceeded, the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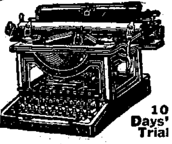

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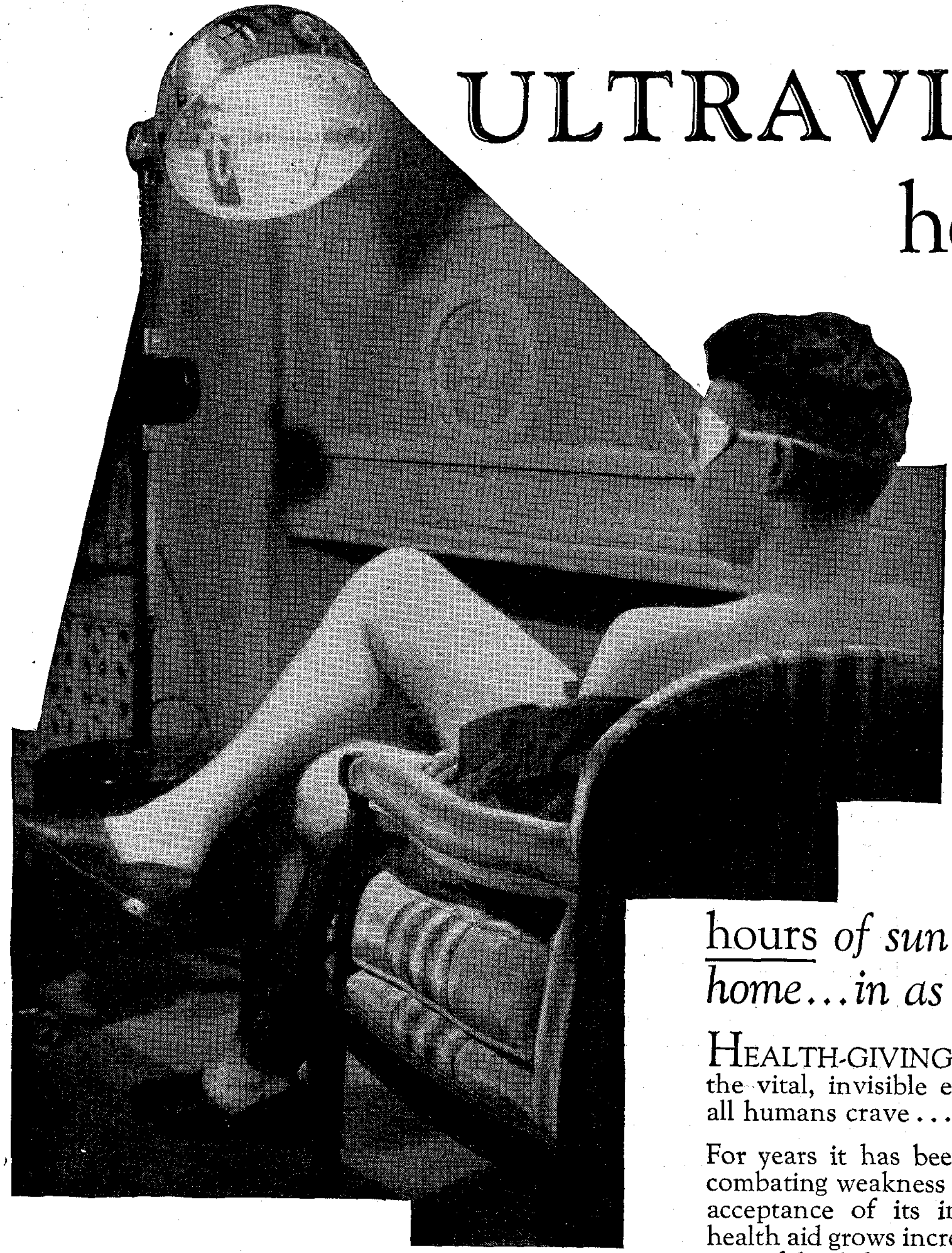

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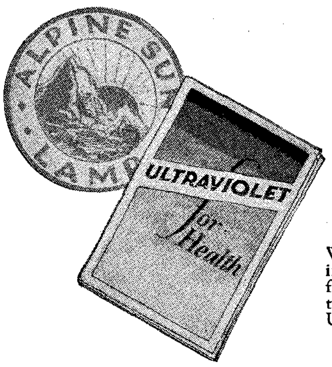

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Times reports, "the world's outdoor record, fourteen feet, set by Carr last summer." In the same account, by Bryan Field, the champion's performance is described:

> The performance of Carr was faultless. He started to vault at a height which was about the limit for other competitors in the event, and they were athletes of note. Then he cleared 13 feet 4½ inches, without the slightest hesitation. This created a new championship record.
>
> Then the bar was placed at 13 feet 10 inches, three-quarters of an inch higher than the old indoor world's record. Carr went down the runway with a rush and over the bar in a perfect arch. Upon official measurement it was found that the height was 13 feet 10¼ inches.
>
> It had been announced, of course, that Carr was trying for a new world's record. When he landed in the sawdust pit and looked at the bar, which was still securely sitting on its perch, the crowd let out a great yell. Carr was congratulated right and left by bemedaled officials. After some discussion the bar was raised to 14 feet 1 inch. It was not known where it was, the idea of Carr or of some officials being to tack on the extra inch so that the mark, if made, would be the greatest vault ever made in athletic annals.
>
> Carr did another roaring rush down the runway with his feet thudding loudly on the loose boards as the crowd held its breath for the result. He went over swiftly, easily, harmoniously. Just like rolling off a log was the way he rolled over the bar.

"CAP" ANSON—ONE BASEBALL IDOL WHO NEVER FELL

ONE of the large men knocked the other large man through the window of the Philadelphia street-car bound for the ball park, where Chicago was playing the home team. They had been sitting side by side, peacefully enough, when one turned and said, "What do you think of the teams?"

"They look pretty close to me," said the other.

"Well," replied the one who had opened the conversation, "I guess they play to win or lose as best suits their pockets."

Whereupon Adrian, later "Cap," Anson, third baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, got up and indulged in the only brawl of his career, which, writes H. H. Westlake in *Baseball Magazine*, was without blemish. "Anson is now a legendary figure," Mr. Westlake writes, and continues with:

> Some few remain to tell a heedless fandom there was only one spotless player in baseball, and his name was Anson.
>
> They called him "Baby" Anson when he was registering kicks with the umpires. They roasted him unmercifully when he was having a bad day. They said he was an old fossil when he was managing Chicago in the late 'nineties. But when he drew his release from Chicago in 1898, every fan in the country waxed indignant, and once more spoke of him as the "old man," "Old Anse," "Pop" and "Cap."
>
> He was manager of the Chicago National League team for twenty seasons, but no one ever thought of him as Manager Anson. He was always Captain Anson. There is a world of suggestion in that title. Anson was everything that a real captain is supposed to be. He was an honest and fearless leader, and he was probably the most independent character baseball ever knew. Americans love the man who brooks no interference or dictation and the fans idolized Anson because they knew nothing could stand in his way once he had settled on what he thought was right.
>
> He could have remained in baseball for years longer than he did, even after Chicago removed him as manager. Andrew Freedman deposed Bill Joyce as manager of the New York Giants in 1898 in order to make room for Anson. After just one month as leader of the Giants, the old man discovered he was manager in name only. He resigned at once.
>
> Freedman offered him a large sum of money as a present. Anson accepted one month's salary—no more.
>
> When he was released by Chicago, the fans, headed by Albert G. Spalding, started a subscription for him, which they estimated would total more than fifty thousand dollars. As soon as "Anse" heard of it, he wrote an open letter to the press refusing to accept it. He stated with pride that he was no pauper, that baseball owed him nothing, and that he could and preferred to make his own money. He granted no favors, he never asked for one.
>
> During his régime in Chicago, Anson won five pennants, but after his great White Stockings of the 'eighties were broken up, he never succeeded in putting across a winner. It was formerly a much-discust question in baseball as to whether Anson was a great manager or merely great because of the playing skill of his White Stockings of 1880-1886. But it was Anson who collected that team of players and welded them together.
>
> His very independence cost Anson additional pennants. He relied on no one player. When A. G. Spalding, the Chicago owner, wished to sell Mike Kelly to Boston, he asked Anson if he could spare him.
>
> "Sure, spare anybody," was the quick answer.
>
> Clarkson, the pitching ace of the White Stockings, followed Kelly in a short while, and Anson found it necessary to develop a new team. He almost succeeded, but the Brotherhood war in 1890 took his young stars away from him, and after that he found it impossible to build up another championship team.

Loyalty to his word and promise sometimes cost "Anse" a good deal, Mr. Westlake reflects, as he continues:

> When the National League was organized in 1876, Al Spalding secured Anson's promise to come to Chicago with him. The Philadelphia Athletics offered him much more money than Chicago before the season started. There was then no strict law of baseball to hold Anson to Chicago, but he kept his word and reported for duty after failing to induce Spalding to release him from his oral promise.
>
> In the Player's League war of 1890, Anson could have had almost any club in the Brotherhood, if he had wanted it. But his loyalty was so well defined at all times that the promoters of the outlaw league never even asked him to desert the

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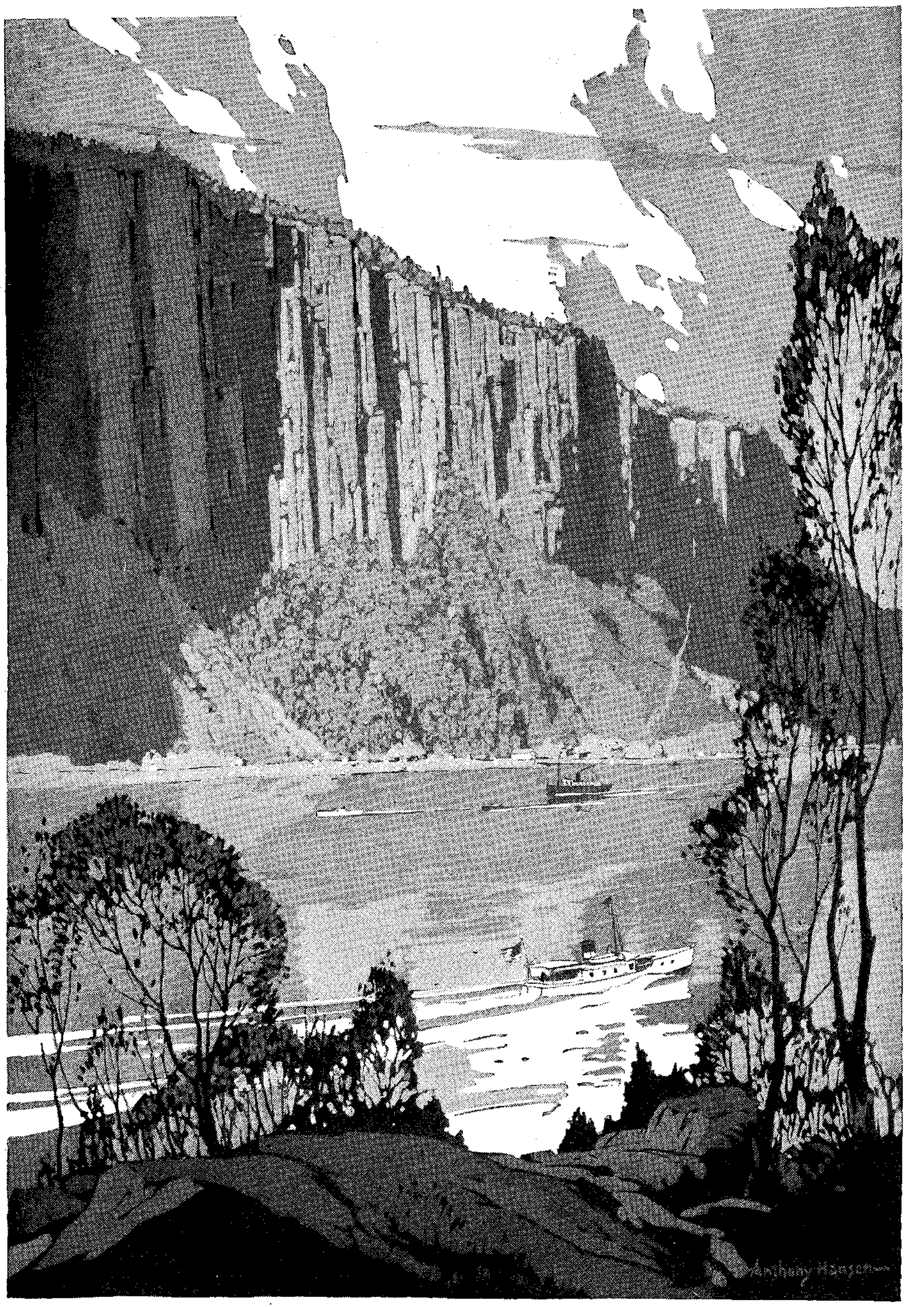

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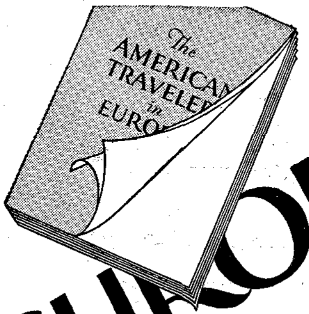
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

National League. They knew what his presence with them would mean in public prestige, but they also knew it would be useless to urge him to turn against the old league.

"Cap" Anson was the connecting link between ancient and modern baseball. When he first took up his task as a professional player in 1871, the popular favorites were Harry and George Wright, Dicky Pearce, Dave Force, Joe Start, Jim White, Lip Pike, Dave Eggle, John Hatfield, Bob Ferguson and others. During his own prime he watched players like John Burdock, the Irwin brothers, Charley Comiskey, Pete Browning, Fred Pfeffer, Mike Kelly, Ed Hanlon, and Ed Williamson, come and go. When he quit the game in 1898, the stars were men like John McGraw, Jesse Burkett, Ed Delehanty, Fred Clarke, Hans Wagner, Nap Lajoie, and Willie Keeler. He held his own place through three generations of ball players, a wonderful record.

The public loved the old man for his temper and his serious play on the ball-field. Baseball fans take the game seriously. It is not to be marveled at then that "Anse," who thought that every game was a battle, should be idolized by the paying public. Anson always meant to win, and he hated defeat.

He handled his players with a leniency considering his own devotion to duty and set rules of conduct. Sometimes "old Anse" was imposed upon by his players, Mike Kelly and, later, Bill Dahlen, being the chief offenders.

It would be suicide to play a man who was under the influence of liquor in a game to-day, but Anson was sometimes forced to play Kelly when the "King" was not quite so sober as he should have been. At that, the only thing Kelly could not do on a ball-field when he was a little bit unsteady, was judge a fly ball.

One day at the old Recreation Park in Pittsburgh, Kelly got under a fly ball, circled around several times and then dropt it. Knowing his outfielder's condition that day, Anson stood at first base, hands on hips, looking at Kelly's gyrations with the ball. After throwing in the ball, Kelly winked wisely at Anson and said, "By gad, Cap, I made it hit me hand, anyhow." The look the old man gave his irrepressible star was such a one as great Jove might have cast on the mischievous Mercury.

Bill Dahlen was a follower of the ponies, and often during a game would waste much time on the bench, and cause worry to Anson by trying to find out the results of the day's races. Finally, old Anse in desperation one day, when Bill was trying to get the bat boy to go out of the park and place a bet for him, told Bill he would take the bet and pay him regular odds if he won. Anson figured this would reduce Bill's restlessness during the game to a minimum. It did. Dahlen would get the results as soon as the races were over, from the wire operator at the ball park, and then he would lay a bet with Anson on the winner. This kept up for some time before "Anse" caught on to the reason he was steadily losing money. Then he exploded. Bill forgot racing for a considerable period after the old man opened up on him.

During his Chicago career, Anson took

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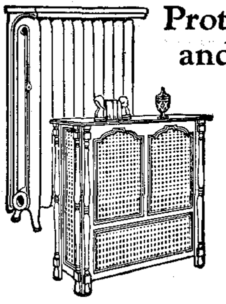

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part in 2,250 games, was at bat 8,947 times, and made 3,013 hits. "Those figures speak for themselves," says the writer, as he begins a brief biographical sketch of his subject:

> Anson was born at Marshalltown, Iowa, April 17, 1852. He played for the Marshalltown team as early as 1868. He began as a professional player with the famous Forest City team of Rockford in 1871. Two years later he went to Philadelphia to play for the Athletics, and then signed with Chicago in 1876.
>
> He became manager of Chicago in 1877, and remained in that position until his release in 1898. After leaving the game he ran a billiard hall in Chicago. He was City Clerk at Chicago for one term. He also had considerable success in a vaudeville monolog, in which he appeared for several years. "Anse" died at Chicago, April 14, 1922, within three days of his seventieth birthday.
>
> The proper place of "Cap" Anson in the story of baseball must always be of the highest. His independence and combative nature frequently involved him in endless arguments with the umpires, which often disgusted the fans. But he fought for every point so hard they always forgave him. Listless ball-playing had no place in Anson's scheme of things.
>
> As a hitter, Anson may not have been the hardest or most scientific batsman who ever played, but he was by far the most consistent hitter of his time. He drove the ball on a dead line mostly to center-field, and did not often try to loft the ball over the fences. His style of play always adapted itself to new innovations that came into the game during the many years in which he played. He was a good catcher and an exceptionally clever third baseman. It was in 1879 that he first went to the initial bag to play, and he became one of the best guardians of the bag the old game has ever seen.
>
> Anson, a big man himself, liked big men as ball players. The old Chicago White Stockings were real giants. It was a memorable sight to see Anson lead Clarkson, Kelly, Williamson, Dalrymple, Pfeffer, Corcoran, Burns, Flint, et al, onto the field to combat an enemy.
>
> The most aggressive player who ever batted, Anson's appearance at the plate was always a signal for applause. If he fanned, there was a commotion. If he hit safely, the fans cheered madly. Mind you, these scenes did not last for just a single season, but for a quarter of a century. And at the time when "old Anse" could no more stoop for the low ones and his batting eyes were slowly dimming, the public still cheered him when he appeared on the field, for old times' sake. Beyond the aging Anson of the late 'nineties they could see the ghosts of that heroic legion of baseball, the White Stockings of the 'eighties.
>
> The old man was not the greatest figure in baseball's storied past, but certainly he was unique.
>
> His abrupt manner and impulsive temper made powerful enemies for him who kept him from buying the Chicago team after his active playing days had ceased.
>
> As usual, with men of his type, Anson had not much room in his make-up for the humorous side of life. He appreciated a joke, but not on the ball-field. The game was "Pop" Anson's Bible, and he treated it reverently.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

BATTLES WITH MODERN MONSTERS OF THE DEEP

THE ocean beneath the fishermen's boat off the Florida coast was alive with sharks, groupers, and barracudas. Yet the other fish continued to bite. One of the men was pulling in a yellowtail when, swish! a big barracuda passed like a gleam of silver, and the fisher discovered that his catch had been cut clean in two, as if with a meat ax. He let the remnant float on the water, and in an instant the sea tiger was back, to be fooled by the jerking away of the bait. The fisherman's companion now leaned over with a gaff to strike at the next approach, which came immediately. Swish! The barracuda was off with the rest of the yellowtail before the man could strike. "I had often seen barracudas leap out of the water to grasp a fish which was being lifted up the side of the boat," writes Hamilton M. Wright in *The Sportsman*. "But a barracuda defying a man with a club with a hook on it was something new," he confesses, as he continues:

The theory is that a barracuda strikes at a moving object—a red or white rag, a trolling spoon, the flashing limbs of a swimmer—not from viciousness, but because the thing is moving; because his impulse of pursuit is so swiftly motivated by his vision that he rushes and strikes first and finds what it is all about afterward—usually to his misfortune, for he is one of the most easily caught of fish.

So far the theory is in a measure correct, tho I think a barracuda is inherently savage. He will slash right and left among a school of mullet, not stopping to pick up the remnants, apparently for the pure joy of killing. But the inference that he will never attack a still object is only partly right. The barracuda and many other voracious fishes ordinarily caught trolling can be "chummed up" to the frenzied gulping of bait on a hand line, tho some of them will not take cut bait, but require a small fish, preferably a live one.

And thereby hangs a tale. Bill had filled a large, meshed sack with about three quarts of macerated bait and cast it overboard by a heavy sash-cord. It had hung over the side for ten minutes, when I saw the cord suddenly become rigid as it cut the water, and as swiftly go slack, drifting to the surface with the tide.

"Great guns, what kind of a fish would seize a sack of bait?"

"I'll get you that fellow," said Bill, as he sliced off the head of a big grouper, ran a large hook through it, and handed me a heavy line.

"Don't wind it around your wrist," he added. "He'll cut off your hand."

Somewhere down in the green depths below the launch a submarine makes fast to the heavy line and begins to move off. I brace my feet against the slimy rail and still the line pays out. The thing begins to tug the line and, to keep it from slipping, I try to hold it against the thumb and palms. My hands bleed, but I am too much thrilled to feel it. The sweat pours in streams over my glasses. The fish starts away. Up to now it has just been

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fooling. I can't stop it. It's a bigger man than I. My friend to the rescue—two of us on the line.

"Too big for one man without a rod," he grunts in effort.

The submarine starts to rise, and we take in the slack.

"It's a whopper amber-jack, sure's you're born!" cries Bill.

Again it takes out the line, and we two men have to give it leeway for fear that the line will break. More battles, and still more. Now at last in its wanderings it nears the launch. Far in the translucent depths a faint, yellow shadow appears; it is always a surprize to see what one gets in the ocean's grab-bag.

We heave ho, like sailors on a rope. The great fish is too played out to break the line, and as the yellow shade assumes form and appears near the surface, Bill leans out with the twelve-foot gaff and by hard work pulls into the launch a massive, deep bodied, buffalo-humped, amber-hued fish that reaches shoulder-high.

A new species, classified by Jordan and Evermann, is a new sailfish, *Istiophorus volador*—the flying sword-bearer—caught at Long Key, Florida, in February, 1924, Mr. Wright tells us:

Out from the blue sea he comes, with purple-splotched sail boldly flaunting to the heavens. He comes right up to Jerlaw's bait trailing seventy feet astern. He noses the bait. Jerlaw lets three feet of line go slack. The sailfish taps the bait with his long beak. No doubt he thinks it is a little wounded fish, for he mouths it. And Jerlaw strikes—strikes to set the hooks in that hard, bony mouth. The sailfish leaps in air like a catapult. He dives, circles, and leaps again. I can see the horizon under his tail. He loops the loop five or six times with indescribable power. He skids over the top of the water like a skipt stone. He is three hundred feet away, headed in our direction. The water boils. He passes near the stern of the boat as swiftly as the shadow of a cloud on the surface.

"Reel him, Jerlaw! Man, reel him in! If he ever comes to the end of that loose line, he's gone!"

Jerlaw works the reel furiously. But the great fish goes under. A few seconds later he rises again in a magnificent burst of speed, leaping across thirty feet of water near another launch, which is six hundred feet away. They are cheering him on the launch. But he is back in the water before the spray has fallen. He nears our boat. Now he skitters over the surface on his tail, shaking his great head in fury and terror, to cast the hooks. For twenty, forty, sixty feet he walks the water. His sail is still partly raised. His white belly gleams like silver in the sun. Then he loops the loop, in and out of the water for fifty feet in great arcs. He starts away for Spain and we turn the engine at full speed after him. We are broached sidewise to his course, when Jerlaw cries, "Turn the launch! He'll strike us!"

He comes so fast that Jerlaw can not take in the slack. The launch reels like a drunken man when the helmsman jams the tiller hard over. But she turns quickly enough, and the big fellow just misses our stern. Jerlaw is biting his upper lip like a cowboy on a bucking horse. There seems no limit to the strength of that fish. But Jerlaw sets the butt of the rod in the leather socket of his belt and bucks up to a hard battle. The sailfish has finished jumping.

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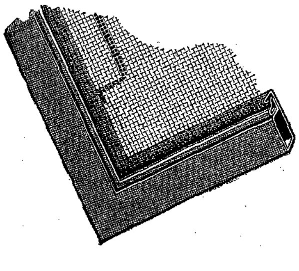

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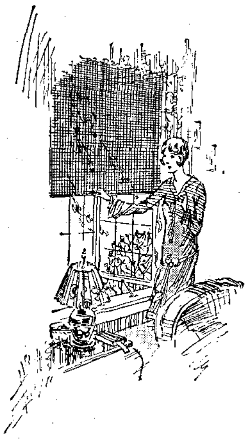

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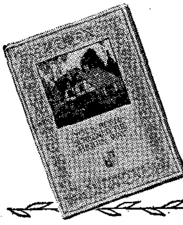

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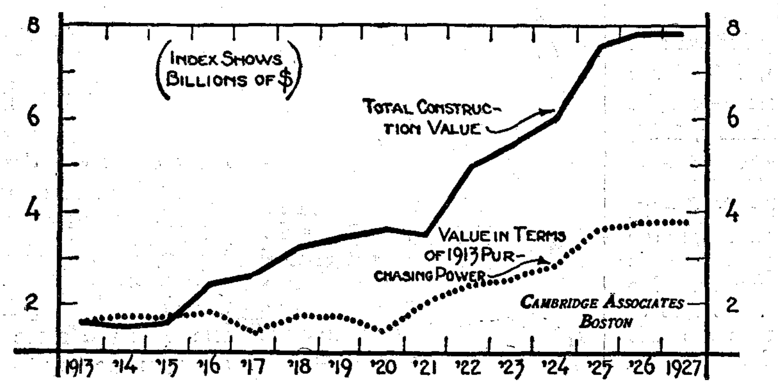
INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

BETTER BUILDING PROSPECTS FOR 1928

BUILDING HAS PLAYED so large a part in our prosperity for the last decade that all business authorities have been closely watching for signs of a slump or a boom in building in 1928. We must remember, writes Prof. Lewis H. Haney of New York University, in the weekly *New York*, that "building means the consumption of steel, cement, lumber, nails, glass, plumbing fixtures, floor covering, furniture, and hundreds of commodities." In this way, continues the New York economist, building conditions indicate both the prosperity of the people and the trend of the demand for many basic commodities—"building materials, too, supply no small part of railway-freight traffic." This being the case, trade authorities are cheered by the reports which indicate a distinct revival of building activity in the first quarter of 1928. Plans already filed, declares W. S. Cousins, writing for the King Features Syndicate, "insure an active season for the first quarter of the year.". The expectation is wide-spread, report the Cambridge Associates of Boston, "that building activity, altho it may not prove record-breaking, will for some time continue enormous as compared with normal volumes." In a preliminary way, cautiously observes Moody's Investors Service, 1928 is beginning to look like an active building year. *The Engineering News-Record* expresses itself with conservative hopefulness, agreeing with other commentators that the signs point to a maintained activity of about the same rate as in 1927. "Building is picking up splendidly, and undoubtedly is proceeding at a higher rate than it was at this time last year," writes J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York. *American Builder* (Chicago) "is happy to report a flourishing and stable condition in the building industry," and, incidentally, it forecasts a total building expenditure of $7,382,176,618 for 1928. In the bulletin of the National Association of Building Trades Employers, we read: "A general survey of building conditions throughout the country indicate that, except a few spots, construction work will go ahead and that there will be plenty of work for building mechanics this coming season." Turning to a representative of banking, we find the National City Bank of New York in its current bulletin pointing to the good beginning made in the New Year by the building industry as one of the most reassuring features of the present business situation:

> The value of construction contracts awarded throughout the country in January was 11 per cent. greater than those awarded in January a year ago, and even the figures of permitted building in leading cities, which heretofore have been showing consistent decreases, recorded a gain further confirming the indications that the slump in construction work has reached bottom. Notwithstanding the large amount of building that has been going on in recent years, leaders in the industry look forward to a good year in 1928. On the whole, conditions are said to be sounder than they have been in some time, with a falling off in speculative building, a concentration of work in more responsible hands, a labor supply rendered more efficient by the presence of some unemployment, and an abundance of funds for financing projects. Trend of building is expected to be toward large units requiring large amounts of capital, with public building and engineering projects such as road building and bridge and subway construction looming large in the totals.

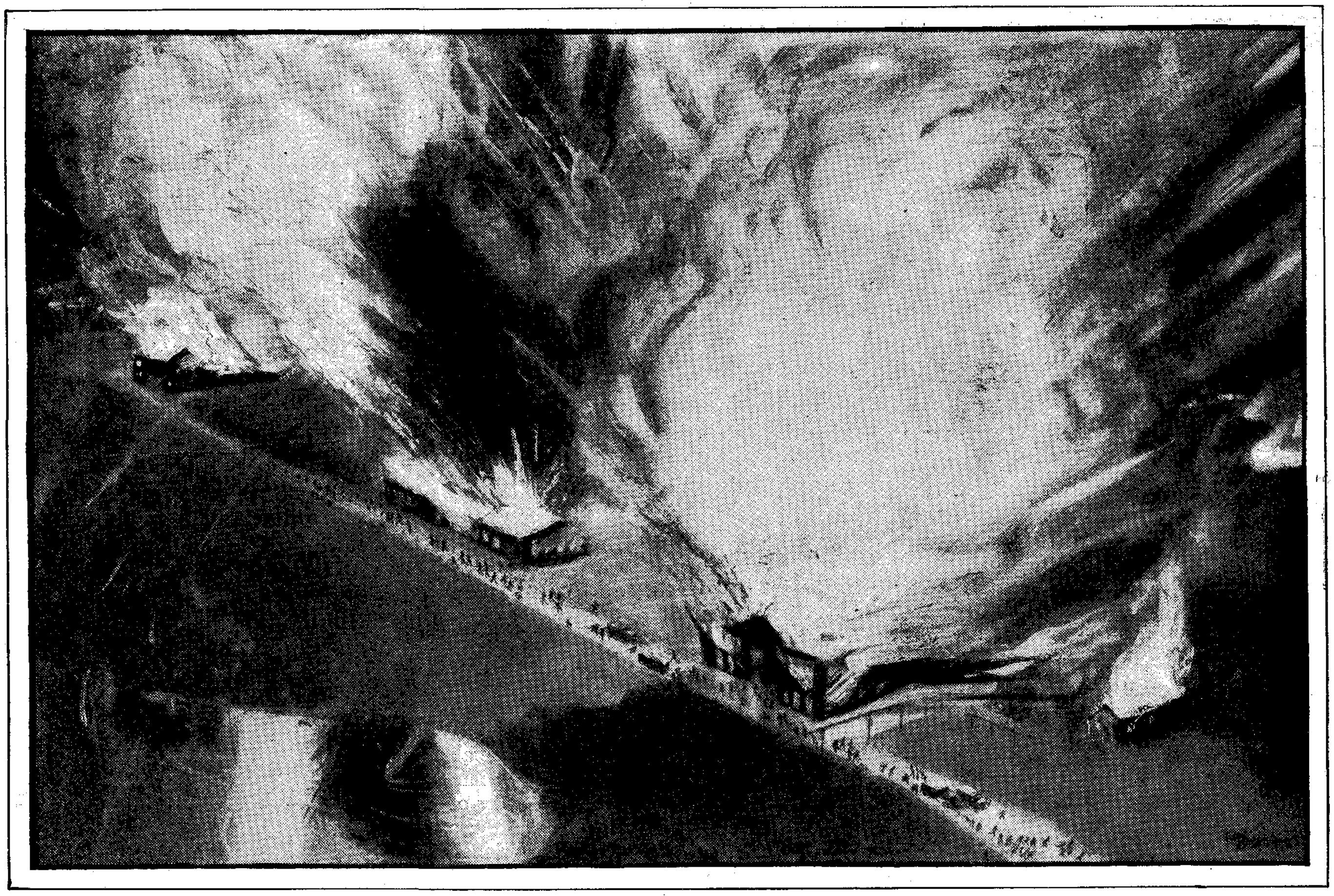


REAL DIMENSIONS OF THE AFTER-WAR BUILDING BOOM

The Engineering News-Record (New York) estimates the actual value of 1927 building in the United States at $7,800,000,000, but at only $3,780,000,000 in terms of the 1913 value of the dollar. On this basis there is a growth from $1,600,000,000 to $3,780,000,000 since 1913, a by no means excessive increase. The upper curve shows the construction value as usually estimated; the lower shows the increase in terms of 1913 purchasing power. The diagram is made by the Cambridge Associates (Boston) to illustrate *The Engineering News-Record's* estimates.

The more pessimistic observers are particularly imprest with the drop in building in 1927, which seemed to be accentuated toward the end of the year. Just how much of a drop it was is hard to say, since there are no complete statistics on building. One authority uses building contracts as a basis, another permits; one includes only a section of the country and another only certain cities. There is a difference of opinion, too, as to the extent to which engineering construction should figure as building. And there is a vast amount of building, especially in the rural districts, which can only be guessed at. All this must be borne in mind as we quote various sets of figures. The sharp decline in building plans filed in December, as reported to S. W. Straus & Company, impresses the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, which concludes that the period of inflated building work is at an end. In a recent market letter the Stock Exchange house of Goodbody and Company, studying F. W. Dodge figures, calls attention to the shifting from one type of construction to another. "From a peak in 1925 residential building has declined each year," while public works and public utilities have increased. The conclusion is reached that "industry has the space it needs, and the lack of residential building caused by the war has been largely made up" and "the outlook on all building is for a slight recession from 1927 levels." *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* presents its own figures based on building permits in 354 separate cities which "show a decrease of 11.1 per cent. in the projected new building work in 1927 as compared with 1926, after a decrease in 1926 as compared with 1925 of 5.5 per cent."; and "the falling off in December, the closing month, was the heaviest of all." Declares the editor: "if all this does not portray an unqualified downward trend in building projects, whatever the engineering projects may show, we do not know how the case could be made any clearer."

Altho 1927 fell below 1926, it showed the highest construction volume of any year in our history, except 1926. The F. W. Dodge Corporation figures show a drop in building and engineering work in the States east of the Rockies of only 1 per cent. from the record total of 1926, and for the whole country the 1927 construction volume is estimated at a little over $6,800,000,000, a loss of 3 per cent. from 1926. According to *The Engineering News-Record*, the total value of construction last year was $7,800,000,000, but the value in terms of 1913 building dollars was only $3,780,000,000. Another estimate is that made by the Copper and Brass Research Association of a total of $9,775,000,000, including repairs and maintenance, in 1927; and



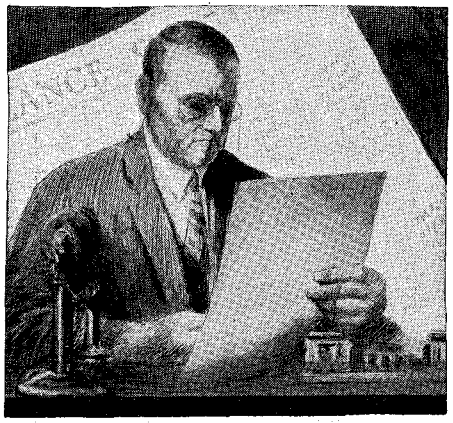
The Spirit of Service

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

In July, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the $80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed. In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get the message through."



Face the Facts
Behind the Figures

When cold figures on your balance sheet reflect that dangerous tale of fluctuations in factory production and the steady rise in cost of operations—it is time to concern yourself with fundamental causes.

Business executives striking at the heart of the cause are turning to the territory served by Carolina Power & Light Company. Here investigation shows an ample and increasing supply of skilled labor—strike hazards practically eliminated—low costs, lower plant investment, cheaper power; all favored by an equable climate.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

of $9,690,000,000 for the present year, including a repair and maintenance charge of $4,000,000,000.

When we turn to the first figures for the current year, we find the F. W. Dodge Corporation reporting a considerable gain in January building contracts and permits granted over the previous month and the previous January. This authority reports that this gain is repeated in such February figures as are available. If the early 1928 building promise is sustained, say the Cambridge Associates, "this vast industry should prove a strong prosperity bulwark this year." Mr. J. C. Royle, in one of his Consolidated Press articles on business conditions, is deeply imprest by the February activity. He learns that the volume of construction in progress at the end of last month was about 9 per cent. larger than it was the year before. Residential building has slackened, but—

> The construction which is counted on to raise expenditures above the $7,000,000,000 mark this year is industrial, commercial, utility and engineering construction. Engineers and architects say that the day of the sky-scraper has just dawned. In the last few weeks, plans for more than a dozen office buildings of over forty stories and towering between 700 and 800 feet in the air have been announced.
>
> There is no apparent lack of funds for the financing of this tremendous amount of building.
>
> The financing of construction will be in larger units than in 1927, owing to the character of the buildings projected. Some of the sky-scrapers will cost between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000. Costs are fairly stable. The trend in the price of materials is somewhat higher, but skilled labor scales are stable, and the cost of unskilled labor seems likely to decline slightly below the 1927 levels. Rentals have shown a slight decline in many cities during the last few months, especially for housing, but the trend is now reversing itself. No marked advance is in prospect, but the situation is commencing to show much more stability.
>
> The demand occasioned by the work on the many new structures is having a most encouraging effect on the material trades.

Next, we come to one of the most elaborate recent forecasts of building. *Building Age and National Builder* (New York), counting in all elements and estimates of "hidden building," makes a total estimate for 1928 of $7,412,739,000. This paper contends that the after-war building boom is over, but that it takes more than $7,000,000,000 a year simply to provide for the normal residential, and non-residential building requirements of our growing and thriving population. It thinks that if there is any change, 1928 construction will be larger than 1927, and says:

> All signs point to approximately as great a volume of building construction during 1928 as during 1927 and 1926. We are building to-day for increasing population

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and obsolescence. There are other reasons, the chief of which is the amazing development of the financial status of the individual and of his standard of shelter. We are building in this country because we want new and better buildings for all purposes, and because we have the ability to pay for them, not on account of the accumulation of wealth so much as the vast development of commercial interchange. Labor is being traded for luxury and brains exchanged for the better things of life to a degree never known before in this country or in the world, and it is but natural that this amazing development must carry the basic economic activity of shelter into related activity. As in the automobile field, the people are demanding not only performance but looks. The time has passed when any kind of structure will sell. The people want good-looking structures, more and better interior equipment, more built-in conveniences, more built-in labor-saving devices, better heating, plumbing, and lighting, and finer fittings and decorations throughout.

Finally, we note *American Builder's* similar observation in connection with its building forecast, that "the country is gradually awakening to the fact that a seven-billion-dollar building year, under present conditions of prosperity in the United States, is normal—not a 'peak', not a 'boom'—but a healthy normal, to meet the present standards of the people of the United States."

HANDICAPS OF QUANTITY PRODUCTION

IT is everywhere recognized that our methods of quantity production are very largely responsible for our industrial supremacy and, indeed, our national prosperity, but some people think that the idea may be carried too far. One such observer is a Frenchman, André Siegfried. Noting what he says on the subject in his recent book, "America Comes of Age," the editor of *The Stone and Webster Journal* (Boston) concludes that he may be very largely correct, and goes on to tell why:

> Quantity production causes one effect which is frequently lost sight of, that is, the inability promptly to take care of inventions as they occur. When a factory is fully equipped with stamps, dies, jigs, as well as the established routine which goes with them, it is a serious matter to scrap them and start all over on a new basis. The larger the production, the harder it is to make the change, for besides the cost of the new equipment comes the falling off in output during the period of readjustment. Perhaps the best illustration of this is the recent abandonment of the model T Ford automobile, and the development of the new model. Model T, which had served its purpose admirably, became out of date. Mr. Ford boldly decided to stop manufacturing this type and to make a new one. It took months to change the equipment, tools, dies, stamps, etc. What vast sums it has cost can only be surmised, but with the cost was the entire stopping of output. Dropping from a daily production of some 6,000 cars down to none meant, not only that the Ford Company's income from the single of cars fell from millions of dollars per day to nothing, but also that the principal means

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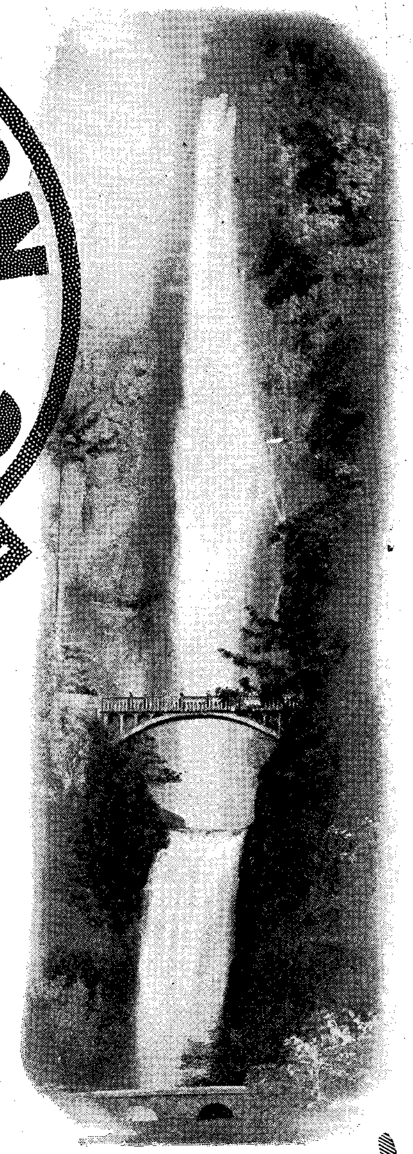

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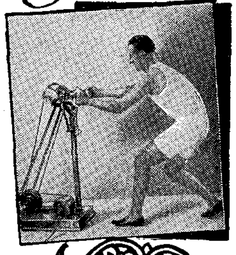

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

of livelihood of some five or six thousand distributors was taken away for many months; even now, after the change-over has been made, more months must elapse before the output will be back to normal.

When the four-wheel-brake idea, a French development, was shown to be a success, it took American manufacturers a long time to adopt it, owing to the inertia of the plants which were equipped for the production of two-wheel brakes. Had our production been on a smaller scale, where the cost of capital change-over or where the mental inertia was less, the new idea would have been adopted more quickly.

And in the telephone industry the same handicap has been noticed. For instance, for many years the Bell telephone receivers, we are reminded, "were made with exposed metal binding-posts or terminals" which occasionally gave shocks to telephone users. Smaller independent telephone companies were able to adopt a new receiver within closed terminals almost as soon as invented. But the big Bell organization could not install them until it had absorbed the cost of the millions of phones in use that had to be scrapped. Here was a case where quantity production held up progress. Similarly, the new French type of desk set is being demanded, but the telephone company can not afford to substitute it for the present type. "If offered at the price of the old one, every one would demand it, yet the factories could not promptly supply the demand." So the company is meeting the problem by supplying the new type "at an additional cost, thus slackening the demand and allowing the factories time to catch up with the requirements." Similarly, there is a new and improved type of fuse plugs that is not being adopted—to the discouragement of inventors—because the manufacturers must "maintain interchangeability with the millions of fuse receptacles now in use, and with the cost of the change-over of their manufacturing processes staring them in the face, they must be absolutely sure that the new device is sufficiently superior to warrant its introduction."

The editor of the house organ of this great public-utility financing and operating corporation—Stone and Webster—concludes the discussion with this paragraph—

These illustrations are not given to disparage quantity production but simply to indicate one of the hurdles which large production has to jump to keep its product up to date. It is reported that some American inventors have even been forced to take their inventions to England or to France, where the quantity production handicap is not so great, in order to get them used. Altho eventually this country takes notice of these meritorious inventions, nevertheless, the time lag, due to our quantity-production idea, which we have so thoroughly adopted, is a decided detriment to American inventors.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

February 29.—Five United States marines have been killed and seven wounded in an ambush by Nicaraguan rebels, it is reported from Managua.

Marshal Armando Diaz, Commander of the Italian armies during the latter part of the World War, dies at his home in Rome, aged sixty-seven.

March 3.—Premier Mussolini defends the Fascist policy in the Italian Tyrol, asserts that charges of brutal treatment of the German-speaking inhabitants are false, and threatens to suppress all such newspapers repeating such charges.

March 4.—The Egyptian Government rejects the proposed treaty of alliance with Great Britain on the ground that it is incompatible with Egyptian independence, and the Egyptian Cabinet resigns.

March 5.—The Security Committee of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations decides that all resolutions adopted shall be subject to the approval of the September meeting of the League of Nations Assembly.

An epidemic of influenza is sweeping Japan, and 2,000 people are reported dead and 500,000 ill.

March 6.—Ibn Saud, King of the Hedjaz and Sultan of Nedj, is reported to have made a formal declaration of war against the three British mandates, Irak, Kaviet, and Transjordania.

DOMESTIC

February 29.—With the approval of the Senate Commerce Committee, of which he is Chairman, Senator Jones of Washington offers a bill authorizing Federal appropriations of $325,000,000 for flood-control in the Mississippi Valley, the Valley States to pay only for rights of way for levees and one-third of the cost of constructing new levees.

March 1.—Will H. Hays, former Chairman of the Republican National Committee, testifies before the Senate Public Lands Committee that Harry F. Sinclair, oil operator, contributed $160,000 to meet the debt incurred by the National Committee in the 1920 campaign.

With the Rockefeller interests not voting, Col. Robert W. Stewart is reelected Chairman and Director of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

March 2.—A Federal grand jury in Washington indicts Col. Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, on two counts, charging him with contempt of the Senate in refusing to answer two questions by the Senate Public Lands Committee in the Teapot Dome oil investigation.

The Navy dirigible airship *Los Angeles* reaches Lakehurst, New Jersey, on her return trip from the Panama Canal Zone.

The Senate passes the Caraway bill requiring the registration of all paid lobbyists.

March 3.—Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana consents to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President.

March 6.—The Senate ratifies the new treaty of arbitration with France.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

King Canute's Chariot?—For Sale—Dodge Coupé . . . Late 1026 model.—*Galt (Cal.) paper.*

Chasing the Overhead.—Judge—"Why have you not made these alimony payments?"

Defendant—"I can't start till week after next, Judge. There are still two instalments due on the engagement ring."—*Life.*

Tender Trophy.—Molly—"What makes you insist his heart is in the right place?"

Polly—"He laid it at my feet yesterday."—*Life.*

Stringing It Out.—Chamberlin completed work on the plane, in which he is to make a 30,000-mile lecture.—*Peoria paper.*

Gone Native.—"These Indians have a blood-curdling yell."

"They are college graduates." — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Placing the Guilt.— He — "Oh, you mustn't blame me for my ancestors."

She—"I don't. I blame them for you."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ma à la Mode.—"There's mother's ashes in the jar on the mantelpiece."

"So your mother is with the angels!"

"No, sir; she's just too lazy to look for an ash-tray."—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

Page Joshua.—Exposure to natural sunlight should only be undertaken when the sun's rays are properly regulated and under the direction of a competent physician.—*Dr. Charles F. Pabst in the Western Medical Times, quoted by The Literary Digest and spotted by several of our canny readers.*

Art in the Kitchen.—Wife—"John, I'm writing a paper on calendar reform for our club. Do you know which Pope gave us our present calendar?"

Husband—"Pope? Good heavens! I thought it came from our grocer."—*Life.*

Yum Yum.—Angry Customer (tossing a package on the counter)—"Makes washing a pleasure, does it? Does the washing while you wait, does it? It's the little flakes of soap that—"

Grocer—"Madam, one moment, please. This is not soap."

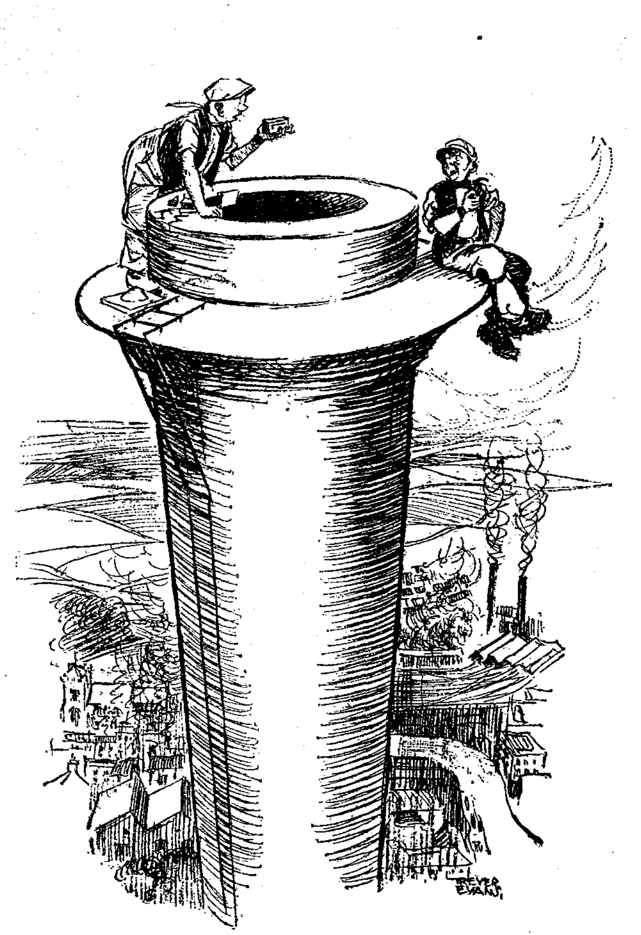
Angry Customer—"Not soap? Not soap?"

"No. Your daughter asked for a half-pound of grated cheese and a half-pound of soap flakes. This is the cheese."

"My stars! And last night I made a pudding—"—*Progressive Grocer.*

Sex Appeal.—Likewise, a fool and his money are soon petted.—*Life.*

Singing Methuselahs.—
1728—The Survival of the Fittest—1928
"THE BEGGARS OPERA"
With the Original Cast and Orchestra
—*Ad in a Minneapolis paper.*



Harry: "I got the rise I asked for, Bill. Why don't you ask for one?"

Bill: "I would, but I ain't got the bloomin' nerve!"

—*The Humorist* (London).

With Fixin's.—
Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard it oft before—
And then she passed her plate again
And had a little more.
—*Sample Case.*

Perpetual Motion.—An old, old man one day met a young, young woman. Each was attracted by the oddity of the other's employment.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked the young, young woman.

"I'm trying to lift myself over this fence by my bootstraps," replied the old, old man. "I've been trying for years to accomplish it and I'm almost discouraged. Now, what, if you don't mind, are you doing?"

"I'm trying to drape this skirt so as to cover my knees," said the young, young woman.

"Shake!" said the old, old man, extending his hand. "Your job's harder than mine."—*Elks Magazine.*

Love Nest.—Responsible party will board child or 2 young men, loving care.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Gentle Brickbat.—"Have you heard that Edna is engaged?"

"No, who's the plucky man?"—*Life.*

Wuxtry Speshul!—"Oh, Mother, our Young People's Conference was so exciting! We voted to abolish war."—*Life.*

Hunting a Thrill.
Flies from Georgia to See
Friend Injured in Crash—
—*Boston Herald.*

Pie-eyed.—Judge—"What is the charge, officer?"

Officer—"Driving while in a state of extreme infatuation."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Parked with the Sandwiches.— Lunch Kit—Lost Court St. Station; kindly return teeth.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Sultans Prefer Brunettes.—
New Sultan of Morocco Entitled to Four Wives;
He Favors Mahogany
—*Omaha Bee News.*

Young and Tender.—A delicious supper was provided, including individual chicken pies. In all 124 were served, more than half of these being ladies.—*San Jose (Cal.) paper.*

Undercover Work. — Professor—"What did you learn about the salivary glands?"

Girl—"I couldn't find out a thing, Professor. They're so darn secretive."—*Life.*

Turn the Hose on 'Em.—Notice—Any one pouring out ashes or any other rubbish in the streets of Elkhart, will be cleaned up at their own expense.—*Elkhart (Ind.) paper.*

Time's Topsy-Turvy.—"Here's a dime, son; get yourself an ice-cream soda at the corner saloon, then stop at the drug-store and bring your old man home."—*Pitt Panther.*

Where the Shoe Pinched.—The Strong Man from Norway was booked on the Orpheum Circuit. His specialty was breaking paving stones with a sledge-hammer on his wife's head. It was a wow, as we used to say in the old country. Suddenly his bookings were switched. They put him on the small time, where he had to do four and five shows a day.

He did it for several weeks, then canceled his contract. "What's the matter?" they asked him. "Is your wife getting headaches?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that," apologized the Strong Man, "but I'm afraid she's getting fallen arches."—*New York Graphic.*